

GIRLS ♦ SPORTS ♦ BEER ♦ GADGETS ♦ CLOTHES ♦ SSAGE

MAXIM

JUNE 2005

JACKPOT!

VEGAS, BABY!

WHAT BAD LUCK—
VANESSA MARCIL
HAS LOST HER SHIRT



MAXIM VISITS TV'S
HOTTEST LESBIAN
(AND IT'S NOT ELLEN!)

**SHE WANTS
TO CHEAT**
SEX SECRETS OF
THE HOTEL BAR

**THREE
LUCKY
BASTARDS**
BIG PIMPIN' IN
POKER PARADISE

**BULLETS AND
BOREDOM**
SOLDIERS' STORIES
YOU WON'T
SEE ON CNN

SUMMER MOVIE BLOWOUT!

■ BATMAN BEGINS ■ FANTASTIC FOUR
■ THE ISLAND ■ WAR OF THE WORLDS

AVOID THE SUN — IT BURNS!



Hey, is
that a sailor
knot?

PLUS!

The Devil
Paula Zahn
Kevin Dillon
A Panty Quilt
(Don't Ask)



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 **SOLSTICE**

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~~"If I could re-arrange the alphabet, I'd put U and I together."~~

~~"Are you from Tennessee? Because you're the only ten I see!"~~

~~"I seem to have lost my phone number, could I borrow yours?"~~

~~"Do you have a map? I keep getting lost in your eyes."~~

~~"It's not my fault I fell in love. You're the one that tripped me."~~

~~"My name is Justin. Justincredible."~~

~~"If you were a tear in my eye, I wouldn't cry for fear of losing you."~~

~~"Can I have your picture so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?"~~

~~"Do you believe in love at first sight or should I walk by again?"~~

~~"I must be a snowflake because I've fallen for you."~~

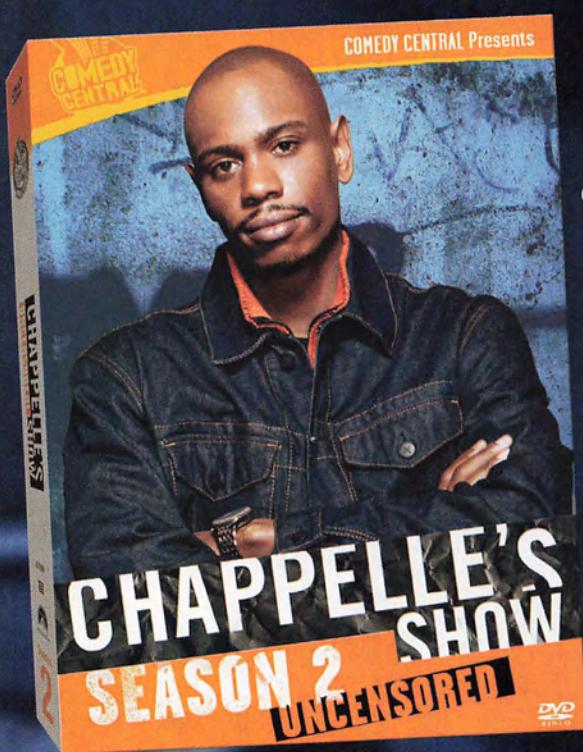
~~"Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?"~~

~~"Well here I am, what are your other two wishes?"~~

~~"Are you tired? Because you've been running through my mind all night."~~

NEW SEASON STARTS MAY 31

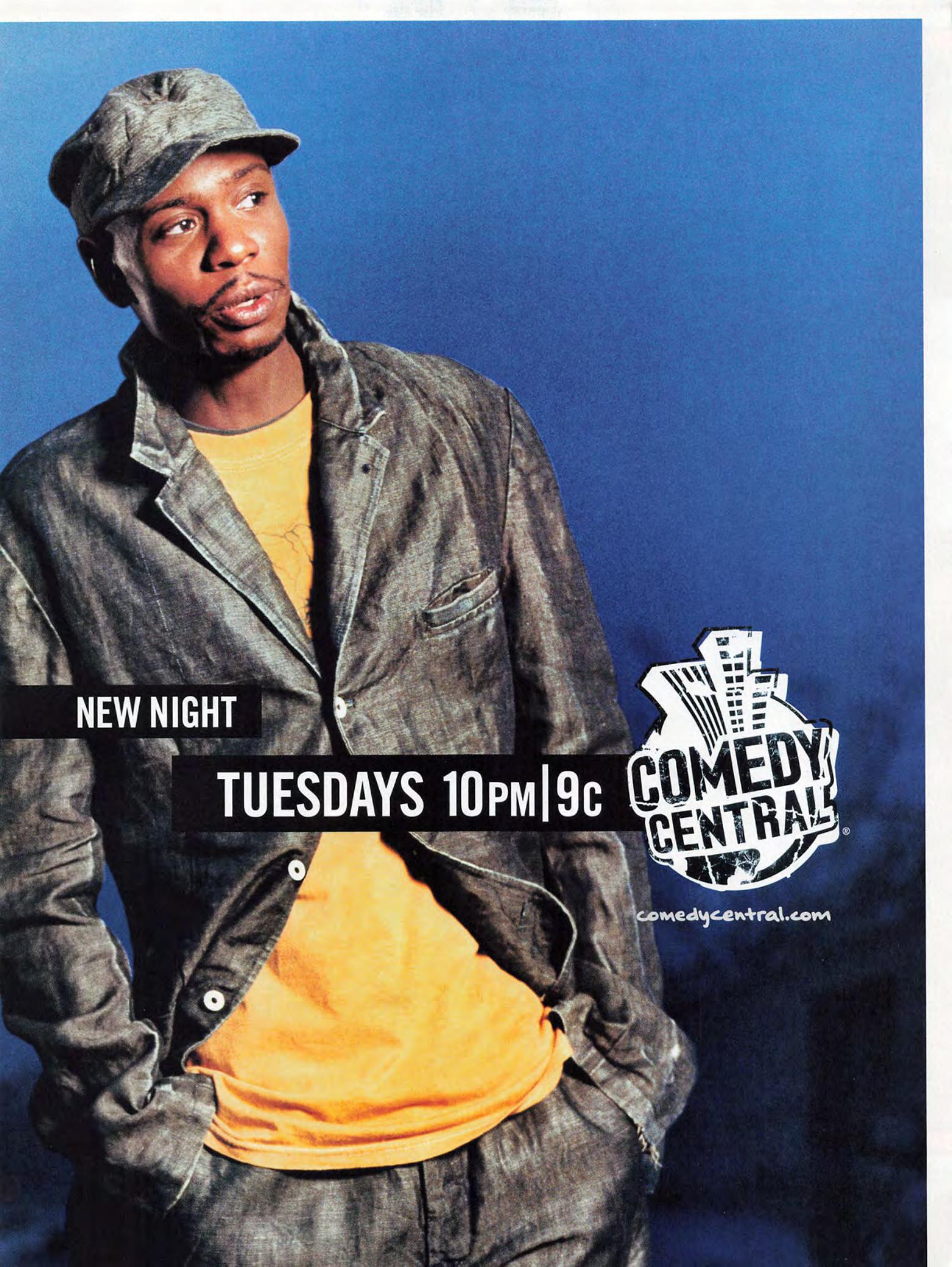
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strike a pose,
you have to
score an invite.

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Tampa
Orlando
Ft. Lauderdale
San Juan

JUNE 2

MAXIM FEATURES



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VIVA VANESSA
VANESSA
MARCIL

She allegedly was the inspiration for Prince's "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." We take a longing look at the luscious *Las Vegas* star, who makes us wish we still had a raging gambling addiction.

INSTANT EXPERT
90 THE DEVIL

We get up close and personal with the Prince of Darkness.

NATURAL BEAUTY
92 SARAH SHAHI

The L Word's lesbian DJ explains why even a nice girl will on occasion feel the need to knee a man in the balls.

THE POKER PACK
100 THREE KINGS

Ever bet thousands...on mini-golf? Join a trio of world-class poker players and discover how to wager like a real man.

QUEEN BRITTANY
110 BRITTANY LEE

Our Hometown Hottie 2004 will soon go out into the world. But Brittany consoles us with a farewell pictorial. *Sniff, sniff.*

SEX & RELATIONSHIPS
126 ROCK THE HOTEL BAR

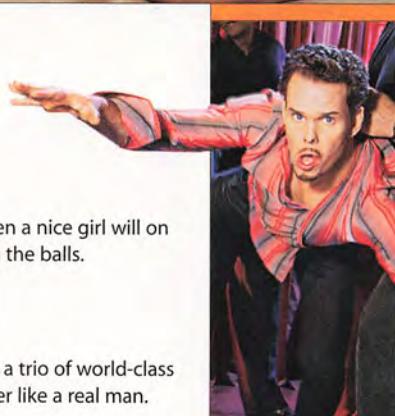
Tired of watching *Spectravision*? Head to where you'll find women as desperate as you (though none as flatulent).

SOLDIERS' STORIES
132 FIGHTIN' WORDS

Read these troop letters and see what it's like serving in Iraq. (Letting soldiers speak for themselves—what a concept!)

WE WANT ANSWERS!
154 KEVIN DILLON

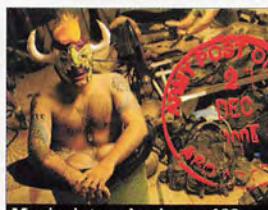
The *Entourage* star/Matt Dillon bro's offscreen life differs from his TV one: He encounters hotter babes. Nepotism rules!



None shall sneak into the cover shoot! p.154



Them dogs can play, p.100



Maxim intern hazing, p.132



No question, this is the sexiest prison break ever, p.110

118

SUMMER MOVIES
ACTION!

Get the goods on the films you're dying to see, from *Batman Begins* to *Fantastic Four* to *The Island* to *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. And for contrast, we also included *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo*.





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SKECHERS

JUNE 2005

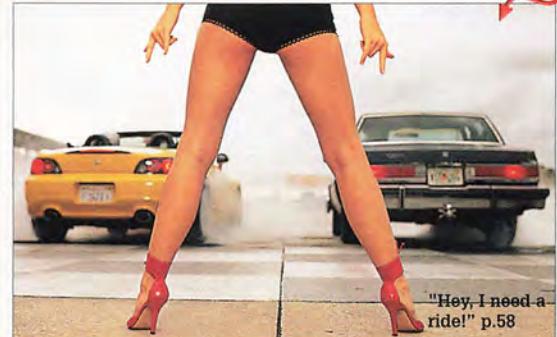
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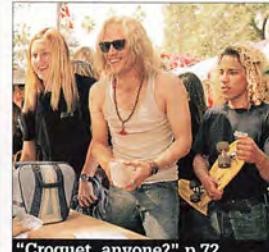
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS
FABULOUS
FRÄULEIN

Meet Eva, the actress who's delighting Deutschland. Also, get an exclusive peek under Paula Zahn's anchor desk and attend a nude dinner party. Make certain that you do not drop your napkin.



"Hey, I need a ride!" p.58



p.158



p.174



READERS' LETTERS

16 WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

We may have let you down in the past, but this time we promise that we will write back to you. Pinkie swear.

THE FUNNIES

22 LAUGH, STUPID!

Nick Di Paolo goes broke trying to get his date smashed.

BACK TO SCHOOL

58 THE FAST & THE CURIOUS

Go to racing school and learn the art of hauling ass.

LIFE'S A BENCH

64 THE ART OF PINE LIVING

Not every NBA player can be MJ...or even Will Perdue.

CELEBRITY ADVISER

70 ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL

We waste *The Dead Zone* psychic's amazing gifts.

HOT ZONE

72 SKATE OR DIE!

Lords of Dogtown is skateboarding's *Bad News Bears*. And, yes, Walter Matthau can rip.

TOP GEAR

157 THE AVIATOR

Experience the thrill of flight from your La-Z-Boy.



Love that devil may care attitude, p.90

50

HOW TO
MAKE A
MASH-UP

DJ Danger
Mouse gives you the skills to fuse two perfectly good songs into a single lousy one (face it, you won't make no Grey Album).



GIVES A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO “CABIN IN THE WOODS.”

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EDITOR'S LETTER**MAXIM****ON THE COVER: VANESSA MARCIL****PHOTOGRAPHED BY**

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STYLING Karen ShapiroHAIR Bernhard Tamme
at cloutieragency.com
using MatrixMAKEUP Monika Blunder
for Scott Barnes/
celestineagency.com**PROPS** Kyle Kannenberg**CLOTHING** Stylist's own

To adequately prepare you for the forthcoming season of heat and public nakedness, we briefly considered following the age-old magazine tradition of running a lengthy story on the "secrets" of getting a washboard stomach. But let's look the truth square in the face here—if you're out of shape today, you're almost certainly going to be out of shape tomorrow. So let's not expose each other to unreasonable expectations. Instead, we've designed a program of summer activities that won't require any humiliating shirt removal, because this summer we're staying indoors: in the hotel bar, the casino, and the movie theater.

On page 118 you can find our exhaustive guide to this summer's movie blockbusters, featuring men digging deep down inside themselves in search of solutions to seemingly insoluble problems. Remember last year's *The Day After Tomorrow*, in which Dennis Quaid, when confronted with the prospect of not being able to outrun the advancing ice that froze to death everything it touched, went that one superhuman yard further than anyone else and...turned on the stove? How will they improve on that?

On page 100 we meet three men who are cleaning up in the world of high-stakes poker, a game that, thanks to the Internet, has suddenly become a genuine career opportunity—although sitting in front of a computer screen analyzing figures all day sounds alarmingly similar to a job in the insurance industry.

And as if that weren't enough to get you through the dog days, there's also a guide to the mysteries of the hotel bar and the businesswomen who hang out there, far from home, bored, and lonely. So on with the Hawaiian shirt and the trusty mandals because it's destination: Sheraton—summer's officially begun!

Enjoy the issue.

**THIS MONTH IN MAXIM**

Staffers who tossed their cookies this month as a direct result of work-related endeavors

4

Staffers whose very first snowboarding experience resulted in a broken wrist

1

Number of crudely drawn penises that now grace her cast

5

Number of dorky plays by "drama club" *Maxim* editors currently showing on New York stages

2

Summer movies featuring Will Ferrell

3

Age range of women hit on for Hotel Bar feature (p.126), in the name of science

21-49

Number of times the Phil Mickelson picture was submitted this month for Found Porn (p.28)

145

Total minutes played by NBA "stars" Mateen Cleaves and Mamadou N'diaye, at press time (p.64)

81

Percentage of crew sprayed with champagne at Brittany Lee's photo shoot (p.110)

100

Times a day we give thanks for this job

4



lunch with coworker: \$0
lunch with dad: \$0
lunch with plumber: \$0
lunch with dog walker: \$0
lunch with cousin: \$0
lunch with accountant: \$0
lunch with crossing guard: \$0

(always being able to say, "it's on me": priceless)



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06.05



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WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

LETTER OF THE MONTH

HE'S GOT A NEW DRUG

WIN \$200!

My oldest son, Jason, broke his nose and was scheduled for surgery. His face looked worse than a Joan Rivers chemical peel and sandblasting treatment. When he was wheeled out of the OR, I asked if there was anything I could get him. Before he could answer, the nurse came in and inquired if he was ready for some painkillers (morphine!). Then he grabbed my arm and said in a low, croaking voice, "Dad... can you get me a *Maxim* magazine?"

My kid chose *Maxim* over morphine. I'm the proudest father ever. Thanks for helping the recovery process.

Ron Kooken
Lomita, CA

That's just another day at *Maxim*: At the forefront of the War on Drugs since... uh, looks like June 2005.



Chicks dig disfigurement!

Bush Wacky

I laughed my ass off when I saw your spoof of Jenna and Barbara Bush ("Double Trouble," April). It was funnier than a fart in church! Who'd have thought they could look hotter than the devil's nuts? I was wondering how long before they'd strip and bare all. Better late than never!

Mickey Martin
Miami, FL

Glad to hear it. And for the record, Satan's testicles are actually quite frosty (he's been trying to boost his sperm count). For more on your good buddy Lucifer, check out p.90.

Diff'rent Jokes

You evil bastards. What kind of sick joke is this? I got my "new" *Maxim* this month, and it was the same one I got last month! Y'all will surely burn in hell for this one. At least I don't have to pry the pages of Sara Foster apart anymore.

Cal Parker
Reynolds, GA

We'd love to say "April Fools," but the truth is we just hate you, Señor Sticky.

Tute Your Own Horny

I'm currently deployed out to sea and I have a question about virginity. A shipmate of mine was in a port in Italy last summer, and he told me he was planning on losing his virginity to a prostitute, or "tute," as other sailors refer to them. So he went ahead and got his tute and

FOR YOU



If we printed your letter this month, you win a year's supply of delicious Snapple. E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.

YOURS FOR THE TAKING

THE GIFT OF GUITAR

With his ax Slash is a hoochie-magnet. Without it he's a wad of hair. Here's your chance to get in on the groupies.

No matter how big a putz you are, if you can strum "Sweet Child O' Mine," you'll be able to score. Enter to win this Fender guitar with amp and change your libido's destiny. We won't guarantee it'll

make your bulge bigger or send the women running (well, not toward you, at least), but this is definitely your best shot at manhood. Do not let it slip away. For details, go to maximonline.com.



Now, that's our kind of wedding dress

has had many others since. Does this even count as a loss of virginity?

Ian Layman
Orange County, CA

It most certainly does not. Sailors can only lose their virginity to mermaids, sirens, or the first mate if he wears a coconut bikini. You can't argue with nautical tradition!

Regret Smart

I'm writing to you because I know you twisted little monkeys will print just about anything. Knowing that, I need your help in saving the best thing that ever happened to me. I screwed up with the woman of my dreams, and now she

won't speak to me. I'm begging you to print this so she'll know how truly sorry I am. I must be sorry if I'm willing to admit I'm a total idiot in front of millions of people.

Shannon W.
Chino, CA

Admitting you're an idiot is easy. Claiming it as a disability is the hard part.

Spineless

I check my mailbox every few weeks to clear out the junk mail and bills—and get my *Maxim*. This month my joy turned to sorrow when I



The only thing missing is talent!



IT CONTROLS
THE WEATHER* **VIVE Cuervo**

Hecho en México. Desde 1795.

*NOT TRUE. ONLY THE GOVERNMENT CAN DO THAT.

DRINK RESPONSIBLY. www.cuervo.com

> OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Dig deadly swordplay and ferocious hand-to-hand combat? Coin the best caption for this nuclear disaster preparedness seminar and we'll reward you with a prize pack of bloody games from Sega. E-mail caption@maximmag.com!

> APRIL'S WINNER

**Winner:**

"You're complaining? My husband was neutered!" —**Justin Dougherty, State College, PA**

saw a renewal notice glued to the spine. I've spent the last year carefully merging the spines to form what I hoped would be a true masterpiece. Removing the notice only made matters worse. I had to make an appointment with a document restorer, who assures me the picture can be restored to its "original quality." Yes, you've gotten me to renew, but at what cost?

Ted Harris
Via e-mail

Sorry about the discomfort. Next time we'll staple the renewal notice directly to your scrotum.

Breakfast Flub

In your article "The Greatest Movie Douchebags Ever" [April], how could you possibly leave off the biggest, most wretched douchebag of 'em all: Paul Gleason, a.k.a. Principal Richard Vernon,



"OK, Simon says
breathe in the
mustard gas."

SUBSCRIBE

Get a subscription or fix it by writing to Maxim, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142 or calling 386-447-6312. You stay classy, America.

a.k.a. Dick from *The Breakfast Club*? Don't mess with the Bull, *Maxim*—you'll get the horns!

Greg Feinstein
Brooklyn, NY

Criticize us again and it'll be two hits. Us hitting you, then us hitting...the bottle...to drown our sorrows and anxieties.

Art Attack

You guys print the best articles, jokes, and photos of the most beautiful women in the world. So it only stands to reason that if you published my artwork, it would be the best. I may not be the best artist in the world, but I think I'm better than anybody I've seen in your magazine so far.

Wilford Hill
Umatilla, OR

You may be the best artist in the world, but you're

not the timeliest. We ran that photo in January 2003. Welcome to the present, Rembrandt.

Birthday Trash

Six months ago my girlfriend actually called *Maxim* a "trashy magazine." Can you believe that? So for my birthday I asked her to renew my subscription and give it a chance. It changed our lives, and now she can't wait for the next issue.

Dave
Randolph, MA

We're glad she finally realizes we're a classy publication. Incidentally, now's the perfect time to propose that threesome with her sister.

**Curry Up**

Jeez Louise! Adrienne Curry's spread in the April issue ("Spice Girl") was so freaking incredible. I never watched *The Surreal Life*, but now I'm searching to find the reruns wherever I can. I still can't believe she hooked up with Peter Brady.

Sean Lynch
Columbus, OH

We're as shocked as you are. We had our money on Sam the Butcher. What's this world coming to?

Put a Spell on You

I've got a bone to pick with you, *Maxim*. I read your "How to Hypnotize a Hottie" article ►

> FIELD TRIP!

SUBSCRIPTION OMISSION

When the presidency was in crisis, *Maxim* was there.

As reported in *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*, when asked if the White House had any comment on *Maxim*'s faux portrayal of the Bush twins ("Double Trouble," April), Laura Bush's press secretary, Susan Whitson, replied, "Needless to say, the White House does not receive a subscription to *Maxim*." Needless to say, we sprang into action! We sent crack interns Pat Hourihan and Brian Trunzo to D.C. with a backpack of issues and our sincere apologies. Undaunted by the denial of their request to see the press secretary, they gave out free copies and promised to send a stack of issues each month to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. Happy reading, Mr. and Mrs. President!



Quick: Which one looks like her dad in drag?

Gillette
FACE FACTS

Walking to work every day*
can cause more sun damage
than two weeks in Cancun.

*In an average year.
The Skin Cancer Foundation
recommends this product
as an effective UV sunscreen.



Gillette® Complete™ Facial Moisturizer.

The first moisturizer
made for men by the people
who know a man's face best.

- non-greasy
- dermatologist tested
- fragrance free
- SPF 15

For strong, healthy-looking skin.

Gillette *The Best a Man Can Get™*

OPERATION: HOT TIE DROP!

Send our brave troops something useful. Or give 'em your old Maxims!

Troops fighting overseas would love nothing more than a stack of vintage *Maxims*. Well, those or some armored Humvees. Or maybe water that wasn't formerly camel piss. Or perhaps just seeing their loved ones again. But we digress. Whatever you personally think of the war, you can't deny that our soldiers are risking their lives each day while you hunt for new barely legal Web cams. For that they deserve something. And that something is old *Maxims*, until we think of a better option. So dig those issues from long ago out of the closet ASAP and mail 'em to: **USO Kuwait, Camp Wolverine, APO AE 09336.**



► WHEN WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WORKING

EGGSTRAVAGANZA

Cool Hand Luke proved a man can eat 50 hard-boiled eggs. But how 'bout 50 creme eggs?

The combatants: Editor Steve Mazzucchi vs. unpaid intern Patrick Hourihan. The challenge: Be the first to consume 50 Cadbury Creme Eggs during an eight-hour workday without retching. The reward: a pot of \$700 cash

(this particularly appealed to Patrick). Both started strong, choking down 10 eggs each before the hour mark. Then sugar shock set in. By 4:30 P.M., Patrick (egg 26) and Steve (egg 28) began undigesting with a fury that would impress even

wannabe models. Despite Patrick's offer to drink his own sick—the life of a *Maxim* intern is indeed a glamorous one—both were eliminated. For their noble efforts in the name of science, they each received \$75 sympathy cash and all the insulin they could inject.



10 A.M.: THEY'RE OFF!

[April], and I tried it on my girlfriend. Not only did it not work, but she told me I creeped her out, and now she won't talk to me. I followed your instructions step by step. I don't know what went wrong.

Big Dave
Washington, D.C.

Tried the trick on your girlfriend, eh? Not to cast any aspersions, but we think it'll go a lot better when we publish "How to Hypnotize a Hirsute Former Man."

Error Message

In your April 2005 issue, the "Toxic Avengers" article stated that cult leader Jim Jones and 900 of his "pals" died from cyanide. Actually, 912 of his fellow church mates died from cyanide. He didn't. He ordered his own son to shoot him in the head with a shotgun to avoid being taken in by the *federales*. Good job with the article though. It was interesting.

Sargon Badal
Sacramento, CA

Good job with the letter. It wasn't.

Same-Sex Smooch

Let's say you had the chance to see two hot, naked girls make out in front of you. The only catch is that you then have to kiss a guy, open mouth. Would you take one for the team, or would you miss out on the greatest show of your life?

Joe Oso
Covina, CA

Actually, the greatest show of your life is found every month in the pages of Cat Fancy magazine. Check out the feature on "hairballing."



MEOW!

Everybody Dance Now!

We think you guys should have Paula Abdul as a *Maxim* woman. Not only is she a really hot dancer, but she's also got an absolutely amazing body. Who cares if she isn't 20 anymore? We still want to see her. Oh, and not all male dancers are gay, ya know.

The Guys of the Ailey School
New York, NY

We know—just the good ones.

► CLEANING THE OFFICE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON

Object: Ivory Ear Pick
Wax Remover
Sent to: Han Chen,
Tampa, FL



Stand-up Comedy

Your magazine is the only thing that constantly makes me laugh out loud, and is just about the only thing that gets me through my 12-hour workdays of nothing but stacking boxes. To top it off, after looking at those smokin' Jennifer Love Hewitt photos [March], I couldn't stand up for about 10 minutes!

Greg Fox
Burlington, VT

We hear you, Greg—reading sure is exhausting!

Captive Audience

The article "My Neck on the Line" in your April issue was pretty incredible. I can't even imagine what photojournalist Paul Taggart must have gone through when he was taken hostage in Iraq. I can't believe some of the stuff he described, like being held at gunpoint and eating with the terrorists while they were holding him hostage. Thank God he got out of there so he was able to tell his story. I really enjoyed it.

Drew Ramsey
Stationed in Japan

No doubt he's thankful, too. Now he knows how to deal with the in-laws!

Correction

In our March issue, we mistakenly identified Cynthia Gentry (who wrote *The Bedside Orgasm Book* and helped with our "Best Sex Advice Ever Given" feature) as Cynthia Geary (who, although great in *Northern Exposure*, helped us nary a bit). We humbly apologize for the error and beg for punishment...er, forgiveness.



BRING IT ON

Think your gaggle of cubicle rats is more daring than us? Tell us what contest your office held while the boss was out tagging his secretary. If it's good, we'll lend an edit monkey to challenge you. E-mail editors@maximmag.com.



WIN!

2 P.M.: THE SWEET RELEASE
OF DIETIC COKE



THE ULTIMATE DETAILING TOOLS FOR A SHINE THAT ATTRACTS.



LIQUID WAX



ABSORBING CLOTH



SPOKE BRUSH



INTERIOR TOOLS





LAUGH, STUPID!

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

NICK DI PAOLO

Big girls: bad for your reputation, even worse for your wallet.

They say laughter can cure medical ailments. This is true. That's in the *The New England Journal of Medicine*. Now they have clowns performing for terminally ill kids in hospital wards. Is that what you really want? You want Willy Whistle twisting a balloon into a poodle?

"Timmy, what do you want? A duck? Here, let me do a pony for you."

"Yeah, could you twist that thing into a liver? I've been on the list for three years."

I'm very particular about the girls I date. I only date petite girls because it only takes \$4 to get 'em drunk. You ever date a big girl? You'll go broke getting her drunk. It's like filling a Winnebago with super unleaded. You're sitting there watching the bar tab go up like it's the pump at a gas station.

"Fifty-five...60...65...70. She's not even a quarter full! What the hell's going on?"

So you get pissed off at her, tackle her to the ground, stick a funnel in her mouth, and pour a pitcher of frozen margaritas down her throat. She passes out, and you high-five your friends. You turn around, and she gets up off the ground like Jason. By the end of the night, she's hanging on to the bar like Robert De Niro in *Raging Bull*.

"I never went down! You never got me down! I never went down!"

Watch Nick on Comedy Central's *Shorties*, *Watchin' Shorties*, and visit nickdipaolo.net to pick up his new comedy CD, *Road Rage*.



"Now turn to your right, Mr. Di Paolo."

Q: What do you call a prostitute with her hands under her skirt?
A: Self-employed.



LATE NIGHT

TARGET: MARTHA

After five months in jail, can Ms. Stewart reacclimate to the tough life of a billionaire media mogul?



Jay Leno "While she was in jail, her company's stock price tripled. Not only that, but Martha's now worth 600 million cigarettes."



Conan O'Brien "Today Martha told reporters she's been dreaming of cappuccino. It turns out 'Cappuccino' is her cellie's nickname."



David Letterman "Martha, if you're watching: I waited for you."



Mr. Clean blamed it on growing up in a broken home

THE \$200 JOKE!

Free Love

A man escapes from prison, breaks into a house, and finds a couple sleeping. He orders the husband out of bed at knifepoint and ties him to a chair. While tying the wife to the bed, he kisses her neck for a minute. Then the criminal gets up and goes to the bathroom.

The husband hurriedly leans over and whispers to his wife, "This guy is an escaped convict. He's probably spent lots of time in jail and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't

resist—just do whatever he tells you, and with any luck we'll make it out alive. Stay strong, honey. I love you."

"Oh, he wasn't kissing my neck," his wife whispers back. "He was talking in my ear. He told me he thought you were really cute and then asked if we had any Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom under the sink. Stay strong, honey. I love you, too."

—Beecher Smith-Stackhouse, Middlebury, VT

WIN \$200!

Pet Project

A trumpeter is hired to play music for a movie but isn't told what the movie is about. Two months later he receives a notice that the movie will debut at an adult theater. On the night of the show, he wears a trench coat and shades to avoid being seen and sits in the back row of the theater next to an elderly woman. For the next two hours, he watches a hardcore porn where the lead actress has sex with a dog.

"I wrote the score," the man whispers to the elderly woman partway through. "I just came to hear the music."

"That's nice," she whispers back. "I just came to see my dog."

Catch of the Day

Q: Did you hear about the girl who went on a fishing trip with six guys?

A: She came back with a red snapper.

Popping Pills

A blonde goes to her doctor and says, "I think I need bigger birth-control pills than the ones you prescribed me."

"Don't you mean that you need stronger pills?" asks the doctor.

"No, I mean bigger," the blonde replies. "They keep falling out."

Pinkeye

A man calls his boss one morning to say he's too sick to come to work.

"What's the matter?" asks his boss.

"I have a severe case of anal glaucoma," says the employee.

"That sounds like a load of crap!" yells his boss. "What the hell is anal glaucoma?"

"I can't see my ass coming into work today."

An Itch in Time

A retired marine interviews for a factory job.

"I see you have military experience," says the interviewer. "Any disabilities?"

"Well, I lost my testicles in Vietnam," replies the ex-marine.

"That's not a problem," says the interviewer. "Report to work on Monday."

"What time?"

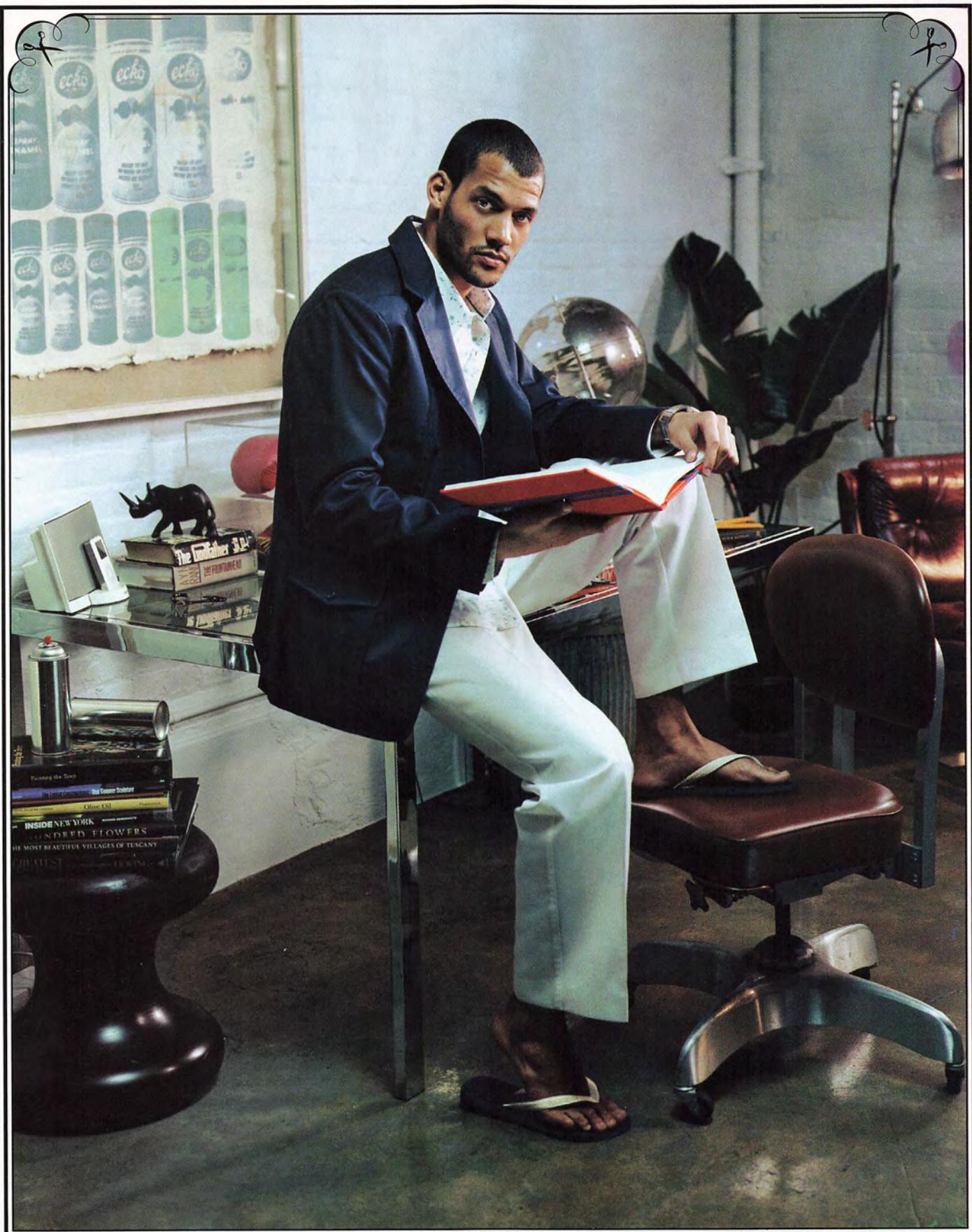
"Well, everyone shows up at 8 A.M.," says the interviewer. "But you should be here at nine."

"Why an hour later than everyone else?" asks the marine.

"Because for the first hour," explains the interviewer, "everyone just sits around and scratches their balls."



Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.



MARC ECKŌ
Cut & Sew

A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUSM

► THE BIG PICTURE

FLASH FREEZE

Locals go to sleep in Geneva, wake up in a new Ice Age.

It's not quite an arctic apocalypse by Hollywood standards, but it's close. The citizens of Switzerland's fabled city of chocolate, watches, and post-World War I treaties spent a frigid January morning with ice scrapers in hand, dumbfounded by a city suddenly slicked with thick ice. When winds approaching 69 mph met subfreezing temperatures, crashing waves from Lake Geneva turned into icy sheets that froze cars and streets, and festooned everything with icicles. Some boats moored in nearby ports sank from the weight of the ice. This spectacle stopped the bustling city in its tracks, and residents were warned by officials not to venture into the streets for fear of mass slapstick humor. Think of these pictures as our gift to you at the beginning of summer: mental air conditioning.



The Love Boat
suffered from
severe shrinkage



MAXIMUS™



"That's it, baby. Now
give me hellishly
frigid. Nice."



"Hon, can I borrow
your hair dryer for
a few hours?"



"Psst. Honey, there's a bit of parsley stuck in your fun bags."

► EATING OUT

STRIPPED STEAK

Bored with ruining beaches, nudists take their special brand of sociopathy to public restaurants.

For most, dinner with a group of naked, paunchy, aging hippies is a nightmare even Wes Craven won't touch. But for a contingent of clothing-optional nonconformists, it's a fleshy dream come true. That's why roughly 30 middle-aged nudists recently rented out John Barry's restaurant in New York City for a delectable buffet (no hot soups allowed) and the companionship of like-minded free-ballers. "They just walked in and took their clothes off," recalls Robert White, the restaurant's general manager. "The crowd was about 85 percent men. It was more meat than I'm used to seeing." One stylish chap dressed up by donning jewelry, sneakers, and a black leather genital bracelet. Patrons brought towels to sit on, and the restaurant covered its front windows—no doubt to shield pedestrians from the unholy scene of quivering vinaigrette-splattered haunches inside.



"Judging by your stretch marks, I'd say...Scorpio?"



EMMANUEL LEWIS

We'd have to find a booster seat, but Webster makes the cutest face when he's told to eat his veggies!



JASON GIAMBI

Since he *may* have taken 'roids, he *may* have shriveled kibbles 'n' bits that *may* make us look Holmesian in comparison.



ANNA KOURNIKOVA

This one's obvious. Who else could talk about the emerging economies of former Soviet republics?



LIZA MINNELLI

An aging alcoholic known for giving in to violent tendencies, but this time while nude? It's almost like Mom's still alive.

► GET IT RIGHT

GREAT QUOTES

Dad spills his guts in family therapy.



“MY CHILDHOOD WAS TYPICAL. SUMMERS IN RANGOON, LUGE LESSONS. IN THE SPRING WE MAKE MEAT HELMETS. WHEN I WAS INSOLENT, I WAS PLACED IN A BURLAP BAG AND BEATEN WITH REEDS—PRETTY STANDARD, REALLY. AT THE AGE OF 12, I RECEIVED MY FIRST SCRIBE. AT THE AGE OF 14, A ZOROASTRIAN NAMED MILMA RITUALISTICALLY SHAVE MY TESTICLES. THERE REALLY IS NOTHING LIKE A SHORN SCROTUM. IT'S BREATHTAKING—I SUGGEST YOU TRY IT.



► FUN FACT!

A recent survey showed 52 percent of Americans have been photographed naked, not including voyeur cams at the gym.

► ARTS AND CRAFTS

PANTY QUILT

Now, here's a real man's blankie.

What do you do with 583 pairs of used panties? If you're Cory Jones, a nightclub DJ in Louisville, Kentucky, you glue them together into a king-size quilt and proudly display it on the wall. Jones' nightspot, Club e, is one of five themed clubs nestled in



Looks like the old sniffin' drawer needs some spring cleaning

O'Malley's Corner, a drinking and dancing complex. The idea for the silky blanket came to him one night when a female

reveler wanted to decorate his DJ booth with her undies. Jones plans to stitch a second panty quilt and enter it into the

Kentucky State Fair quilting contest. But how will it fare against the famous Granny Diaper duvet of Paducah? Hmm...

► PARTY HARD

INVITE ONLY

They may not be nudists, but they're tops on our naked dinner guest list.

MACY'S

Time flies.
Bulova soars.



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Since 1875

INTRODUCING
THE ULTIMATE
MARGARITA MIX



JUST ADD 1800[®]
TEQUILA

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

SEEMS WRONG SOMEONE

FOUND
PORN

Somebody actually thought
this stuff was innocent.



▲ RUNNER-UP

Perfect for small cuts, bruises, sprains,
and, of course, serious chafing.

—Denise Weiner, Oceanside, NY



▲ RUNNER-UP

Directions for imbibing blue Bawls:
Drink halfway, then go into girlfriend's
bathroom, turn on faucet, and finish.

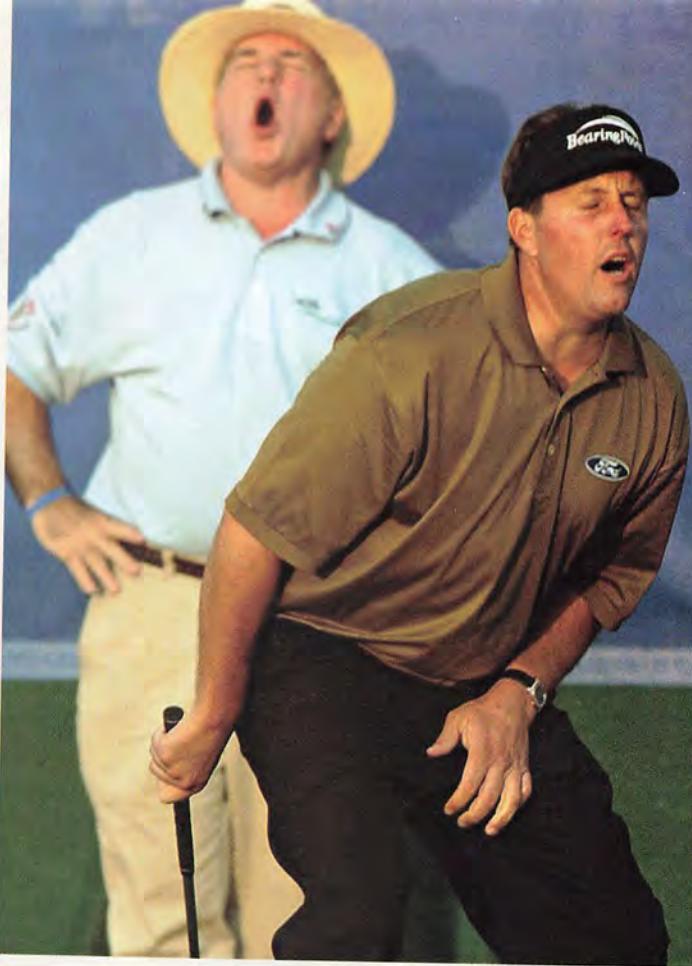
—Brittney Hess, Davie, FL

HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It's more fun than sharing a bed with your incontinent Aunt Ethel.



Ever wonder how cats act in zero gravity? unoriginal.co.uk/footage30_4.html



▲ THE \$150 WINNER

Sure, Phil's new caddy was a bit unorthodox. But he was the only one who could teach Phil to keep his head down. And he had soft hands.—Derek Engel, Storrs, CT



◀ RUNNER-UP

Animal trainers have made great strides
in their work with helper monkeys.

—Pat Corrigan, Chicago, IL

Jams are Back with
Spanish Harlem Dance Nights



▲ RUNNER-UP

"Really funny, guys. Really funny. But
give me back my sax. And whose horse
is this, anyway?"

—Al DellaBella, Toms River, NJ

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A LITTLE BIT OLDER
A WHOLE LOT BOLDER

THE ULTIMATE BODY SHOT

1800®

100% AGAVE TEQUILA



CNN

► FANTASY LAND

PAULA ZAHN

America's most trusted news babe.

What is it about female television journalists and their expertly coiffed hair, flashy smiles, and curvaceous power suits? These on-air sirens deliver apocalyptic news about war, famine, and plague with poise and authority, all the while subtly suggesting that if given the chance, they'd throw off their mike, climb over the desk, and give you a one-on-one exclusive. You gotta love 'em.

That's why we created this pinup of the Aphrodite of, ahem, broadcasters: Paula Zahn, host of CNN's weekday prime time newscast *Paula Zahn NOW*. Whenever this video vixen interviews a soldier, a head of state, or some balding talking head, we start licking the television screen. So enjoy this hard-hitting, utterly objective, and totally fabricated photo of a woman CNN once marketed as "just a little sexy." Just a little? Between Larry King and Fox News' Greta Van Susteren, Paula is "yowzer" personified.

"Hotness in three...
two...one..."

IT CAME FROM THE INTERNET

PRETTY PIX

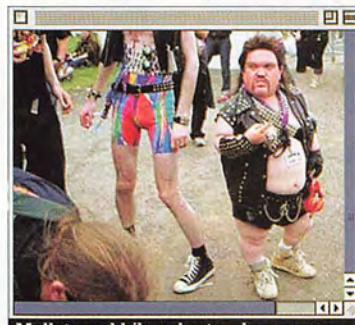
Oh, the e-mail forwards we receive. Here are this month's favorites.



Petting zoos teach children things



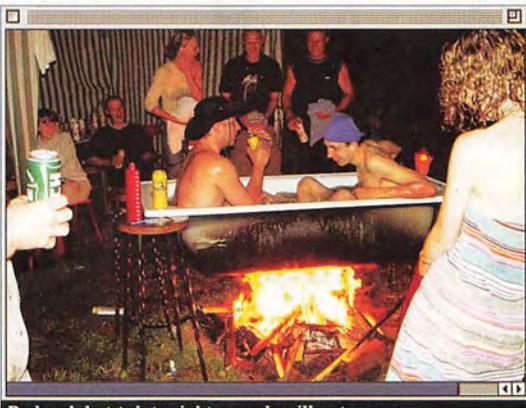
The real He-Man and She-Ra?



Mullets and biker shorts: always sexy

STEPHANIE KLEIN-DAVIS | The Roanoke Times
Mellisa Williamson, 35, a Bullitt Avenue resident, worries about the effect on her unborn child from the sound of jackhammers.

Fact: Three out of four fetuses prefer menthols



Redneck hot tub tonight, man bouillon tomorrow

**IF MÉNAGE À TROIS
IS THE ONLY FRENCH
TERM YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE A
MITCHUM MAN.**

Mitchum.
WITH YOU ALL THE WAY.

Anti-perspirant with the maximum level of active ingredient for all day protection.

MITCHUMMAN.COM
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ICON JOBS

RUINED TOONS

Introducing Buzz Bunny—a totally turbo-radical update of characters you thought you loved but don't. Dude!



Creator Chuck Jones is crying in heaven

Yo, kidz—are you totally hyper-extreme? Do you lash snowboards to your feet with barbed wire, then BASE-jump from the tops of skyscrapers with Slipknot blaring in

the background? No? Neither do we. But the Powers That Be think every single young man in America does, and they've finally

started to pointlessly update sacred cows—like Bugs Bunny and Co. So why in hell did moron executives decide, to redesign all the classic Looney Tunes characters, turning them into the angular Frankensteins you see here (above left)? Because they think you'll buy anything that's "extreme." In protest, we went ahead and repurposed other beloved 'toons.



"Watch me make my nipples flex."

WALLEYE THE WAVE DUDE

Debut: 1929 Old name: Popeye

Who you calling Sailor Man, brah? Walleye's sweet tribal tats and permanent abs mean he's amped to get torqued out on the riptide. Then he'll mainline a sixer of energy drinks and wrestle a shark just for the rush! And don't try to get all up in his hoochie Olive Oyl's shit—he will, like, spit napalm, then pack his pipe with your spleen and smoke it!



"When I say 'cheese,' I mean loot! Cash money!"

MICK3Y MOUZ

Debut: 1928 Old name: Mickey Mouse

Forget candy-ass Mickey, symbol of American wholesomeness and totes boredom. This new Mickey is friggin' off the chain, for no other reason than to vainly appeal to the phat youth

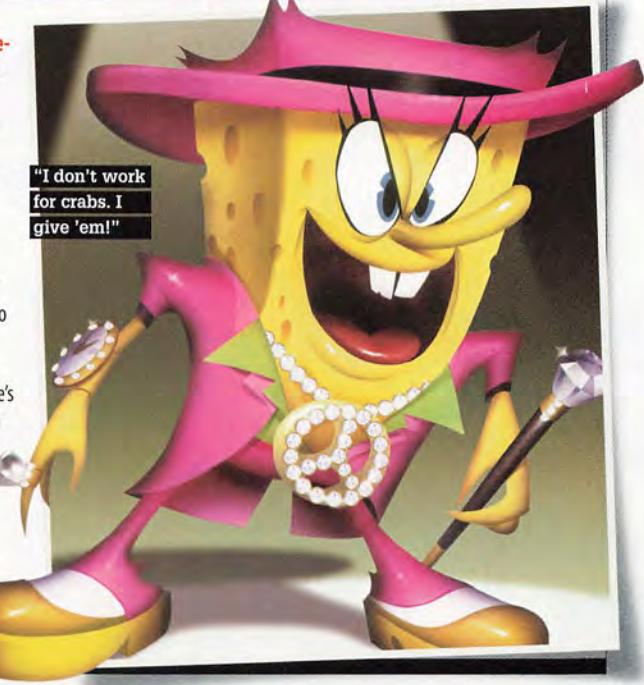
demo! This badass rodent isn't yo' fat mama's giggling vermin, hoss. He'll take a hot piss all over the Magic Kingdom, then motorbike off a ramp and do a superlarge backflip before giving crybaby Dumbo a kick in his trunk. Bring it!

SPONGEKILLA KISSMYASSPANTS

Debut: 1999

Old name: SpongeBob SquarePants

Man, are you a supa-fly pimp or a weepy little girl-bitch? SpongeKilla is mad sick and won't take having you call him "adorable" or "gay." This absorbent mofo will knuckle-rape your grill if you so much as step, yo! He's one crunk deep-sea loofah with a bad 'tude, who spends his days scrubbing the fun bags of mad mermaid hos and tricks! Word!



"I don't work for crabs. I give 'em!"



WEB BYTES

Captain America, Daredevil, cupcakes: seanbaby.com/hostess.htm

A CAR
IS JUST A
CAR
UNTIL IT'S
UNIQUE.

Unique Whips.
Wednesdays at 9pm
only on SPEED.



UNIQUE
WHIPS

Will Castro is the difference between a show car and a car you can show off. Tune into Unique Whips and see how Castro, the genius behind Unique Autosports, takes the cars of the stars and turns them into one-of-a-kind works of art.

Check out speedtv.com for details. All times Eastern. Schedule subject to change.
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SPEED



KIDDIE LIT

CHILD ABUSE

These celebrity bedtime stories will make Junior wet the bed in fear.

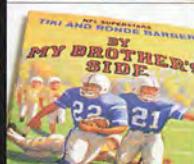


LU AND THE SWAMP GHOST

by James Carville

Recap: The serpent-eyed political pundit riffs on his jus' po' trash Southern roots.

Excerpt: "My mama's real name was Lucille, but everyone called her Miz Nippy."



BY MY BROTHER'S SIDE by "NFL Superstars" Tiki and Ronde Barber

Recap: The butterfingered running back and his less-famous twin overcome the cruel reality of being physically superior to all other people.

Excerpt: "It's bleeding bad. I even see some-



RAYMIE, DICKIE, AND THE BEAN

by Ray Romano

Recap: An amusement park trip proves that TV's most insufferable whiner doesn't love his brother as much as Tiki Barber loves his.

Excerpt: "Dickie starts poking me with the



MR. PEABODY'S APPLES by Madonna

Recap: The presumptive Hebrew reinterprets "a nearly 300-year-old story told to me by my Kabbalah teacher."

Excerpt: "Tommy Littlebottom watched with curiosity."



IF ROAST BEEF COULD FLY by Jay Leno

Recap: Tonight Show host Jay Leno recounts a tale that pits his spendthrift Italian father against his thrifty Scottish mother.

Excerpt: "I stick it into the turning roast beef."

Moral: Spending extravagantly to impress your

Moral: Give food to hobos because then the destitute will love you. Or some such pansy liberal crap.

Your brat's nightmare: Boiling to death in a pot of hippie tofu gumbo stirred by "Ragin' Cajun" Carville.



thing white. I think it's...the bone!"

Moral: Always let your less-talented sibling ride your coattails.

Your brat's nightmare: Fumbling on the gridiron while 70,000 people boo and shout "Thumbsucker!"



wand because he knows I want it."

Moral: Grating mama's boys grow up to be successful TV stars that write children's books with wafer-thin morals.

Your brat's nightmare: Nobody Loves You—the sitcom.



Moral: An oppressed baseball coach reminds us that the Jews have been persecuted for a very long time...just like Madonna!

Your brat's nightmare: Being chased by a pious Madonna, and the Church of Scientology is the only place to hide.



family is endearing in hindsight, especially for a rich Hollywood comedian.

Your brat's nightmare: Daddy is replaced by joke machine Leno—and everyone finds his lame groaners about celebrity antics funny!



VERBAL SQUIRTS

WORDS OF WISDOM

Heed the words of supersensitive crooner John Mayer.

THERELL BE A WINNER IN NOVEMBER, AND WORDS SPOKEN NOW WILL DISAPPEAR, BUT SONGS HANG ON FOREVER. WE JUST NEED TO START SINGING THEM.

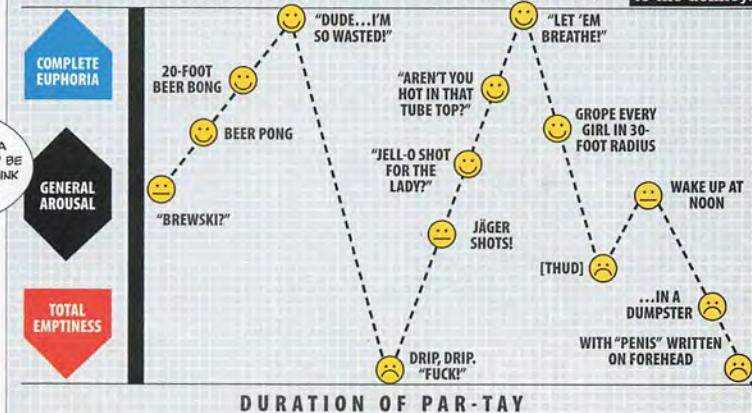
SONGS CAN BE TROJAN HORSES, TAKING CHARGED IDEAS AND SNEAKING PAST THE EGO'S DEFENSES AND INTO THE OPEN MIND.



THE HALF-LIFE OF...

A RAGING KEGGER

The crests and troughs of every man's favorite social gathering.

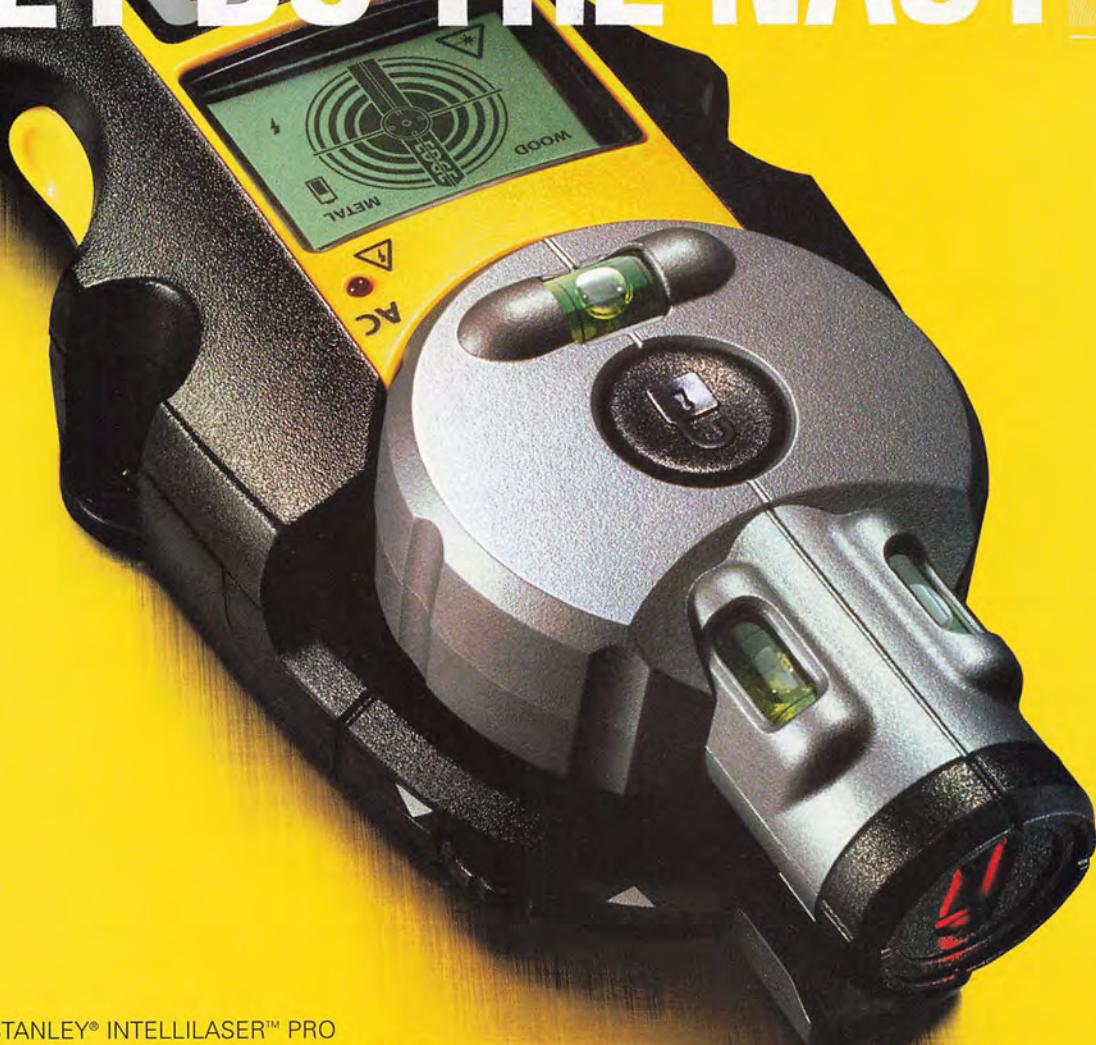


"Now lead me to the donkey."

STANLEY®

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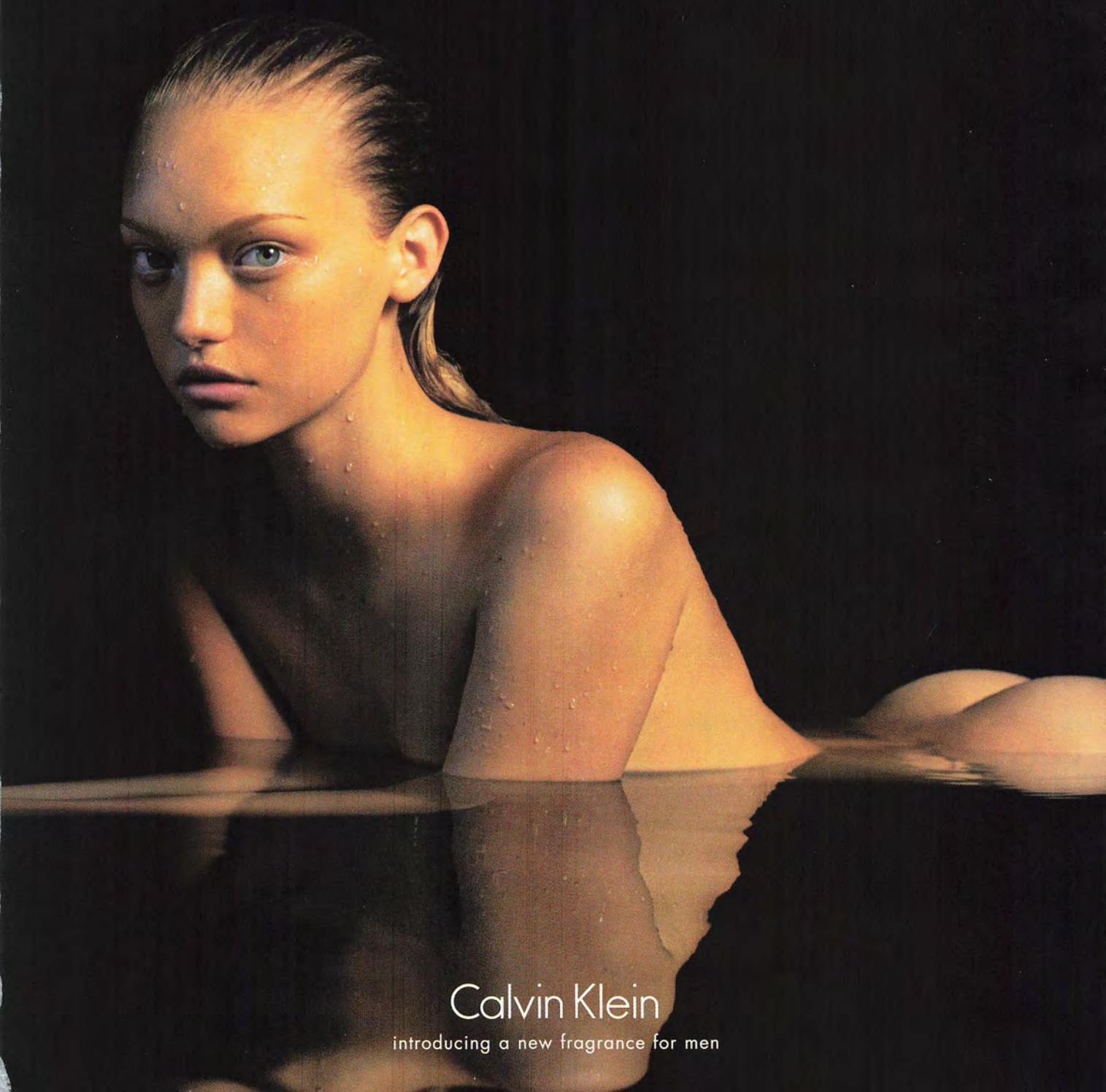


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©2005 Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corporation OBSESSION® NIGHT for men

> AUTO EROTICA

EXHAUST PIPE DREAMS

Much like your patented Zima cozy, these concept cars will never see production.

FLIP TOP LID!

Here's where
we'd mount the
missile launchers

PININFARINA BIRDCAGE 75TH

Rather than cry itself to sleep because none of its friends remembered, Pininfarina, best known for designing Ferraris, celebrated its 75th birthday by creating a one-off supercar. Its carbon-fiber body flows over 20-inch dubs up front and 22s in back and wraps around a rear-mounted V-12 from Maserati's GT racecar that pumps out 700-plus hp. Since doors are totally 21st century, the Birdcage's entire front end tips forward on hinges, showing off the cockpit and its glass heads-up display. And its near-symmetrical design means cops won't know if you're coming or going as you blow by at 190 mph.



> GOING FORWARD

**NISSAN ZAROOT**

With nutritionists constantly whining about tubby Americans, it's no surprise Nissan designed an SUV with gaping maws as entrances. Star Joneses of the world will rejoice as the Zaroot's gull-wing doors swing

up and its sills swing down, allowing for easy access to one of its four ultrathin bucket seats. Other highlights include a center console that looks like it's floating and a ribbed floor...for her pleasure.

**BERTONE VILLA**

This rolling fishbowl's dash features a 23-inch LCD screen that pulls double duty as both gauges and control console. Rear passengers can multitask via front-

**RINSPEED SENSO**

Like a 3,053-pound codependent girlfriend, the Senso tries hard to make its driver happy. The car measures pulse and driving style to determine mood, then changes the lighting, music, visuals, and smells to compensate. For instance, if the Senso thinks the pilot's pissed off, it'll belch out a calming vanilla-mandarin aroma. Because nothing soothes an angry motorist like making him reek of Mom's Yankee Candle collection.



> FUN FACT!

Dwarfs almost always have normal-size kids—which probably gets weird around age five.





SOAP BOX

UNPOPULAR MECHANICS

Dr. Dale Layman runs "human rights" Web site robowatch.org. And he could be the only thing standing between us and the reign of the Terminators.

MAXIM: Dr. Layman, what dangers are we facing?
Dr. Dale Layman: There are two major forces. One is the penetration of the natural body, with the replacement of artificial organs and computer chips in our brains, until we will no longer be a biologically human species. We'll become a cyborgian species. The second threat is external, from artificial intelligence.

M: How are robots a threat?

DL: Do you think they're going to want to be our slaves forever? They're going to have their own rights. How are we supposed to interact with a machine that's walking around our house carrying Grandma around? One of these machines is going to go berserk and kill someone. We're laying the groundwork for our own extinction!

M: Are there people conspiring to bring this fate upon us right now?

DL: One is the human cyborg, Kevin Warwick,

professor of cybernetics at the University of Reading, England. He implanted a computer chip in his forearm. He's part of a transhumanist movement. The transhumanist goal is to evolve into cyborgs. He basically said, "The cyborgs will be running the show in the future. If you want to be a chimpanzee, remain a human being."

M: How do you intend to fight the robots?

DL: I'm here to educate. I made a presentation in Cambridge, England several years ago. I dressed up as Darth Vader. I showed them the face of evil.

M: So you see this as a struggle between good and evil?

DL: This is the great mother of all battles, as predicted by the Bible. It's going to be the fight between man and machine, between humanoid robots and their cyborgs, and human soldiers. That's what it's going to come down to.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

IT COULD HAPPEN!

RISE OF THE MACHINES

Kill your iPod! Machines are taking over. Here's how it'll go down.

1972 Atari releases *Pong*, paving the way for future mind-control devices.

1974 Humans take first step toward becoming cyborgs by doing a dance called "the Robot."

1975 Paul Allen and Bill Gates join forces to found Microsoft.

1996 Supercomputer Deep Blue beats chess legend Gary Kasparov.

2000 Hysteria subsides as the Y2K bug is resolved. But computers continue to crash for no reason at all.

2007 Toasters sprout spider legs, start shooting slices of lava at screaming housewives.



2008 Skynet becomes self-aware.

2009 Unable to outrace Lance Armstrong, Deep Blue shoots him. With death lasers.

2012 The robot Tobor runs for president against a New England senator. Voters can't tell the difference.

2013 President Tobor puts humans into forced labor assembling cars. Those who do not comply are turned into stylish lamps.

2014 A megalomaniacal robot travels back in time to 1975 and starts a software company with Paul Allen.

2017 A new dance craze, "the Human," becomes popular among robots.

ORIGINAL SKINS

CELEBRITY TAN OR LUGGAGE

Which of these leathery pics are famous people's crispy hides, and which are merely handbags?



FUN FACT!

Lima beans contain trace amounts of cyanide. Which explains why Mom served them so much.



Answers: 1. Donatella Versace 2. Luggage 3. Clint Eastwood 4. Farrah Fawcett 5. George Hamilton 6. Luggage

TOYOTA

moving forward ▶



Always choose "dare!"



MATRIX *The truth can set you free.* But can the truth get you a giant pizza tosser? Not very likely. In comes the Matrix. Its versatility, including a 60/40 split fold-down rear seat, lets you pull off any dare, plan or scheme you can think of. We dare you to find a better ride. toyota.com

Matrix XR shown with available equipment. ©2005 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

> IS THIS YOUR NIGHTMARE?

ATTACK OF THE TODDLERPEDES

Think artist Johnny Beinart had an interesting childhood?



He's already been drafted by the NBA

Michelangelo's famous sculpture of Italian exhibitionist David this ain't. But it is mind-bogglingly weird, verging on brilliant. And it's guaranteed to give your high school art teacher anxiety hives.

Johnny Beinart is a 26-year-old Aussie who sees his art as therapy, wherein he expresses the dark innards of his subconscious with these fantastically mutilated baby dolls twisted into bizarre serpents. For more freaky stuff from Johnny's noggin, light up and visit beinart.com.au.



No amount of drugs could have helped ease this delivery

> CAUSE AND EFFECT

AFTERSHOCKS

Steroids in baseball: a drug scandal felt around the world!



> FUN FACT!

A ten-gallon hat holds only three quarters of a gallon. Wanna mess with Texas? Try simple math.

Academia
Music
Porn
Trucking
Little League

But when Junior's juiced, he runs so much faster...



No profession should allow drugs! With NoDoz being the exception.



Test for performance-enhancing drugs! Except marijuana...



Drugs and industry don't mix! At least Mexican Viagra is sort of legal.



Any drug that gives an "edge" is immoral. Unless it's Ritalin.



> FUN FACT!

A ten-gallon hat holds only three quarters of a gallon. Wanna mess with Texas? Try simple math.



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Casio's Waveceptor technology enables the Atomic Solar G-Shock to synchronize several times a day with the U.S. Atomic Clock in Colorado, which loses less than a second every million years. Which means, in addition to long-lasting Tough Solar power, you'll have the last word in timekeeping - in a watch with first-rate style.

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CASIO



CASIO ATOMIC
TIMEKEEPING

TOUGH SOLAR

SHOCK
RESISTANT

AUTO EL
BACKLIGHT

200M WATER
RESISTANT



www.gshock.com

See manual for reception advice, including ideal conditions and interface factors. "Casio" and "G-Shock" are registered trademarks of Casio Computer Co., Ltd. ©2005



EVA HABERMANN

We thought we told Germany not to keep any more secrets!

As seen in: German Maxim, February 2005

Her story: Since making her acting debut 11 years ago, 29-year-old Eva has racked up 56 roles in German films and TV. Our early pick for the Fräulein's best flick of 2005? *Der Clown*, the story of a vigilante who dons a rubber clown mask and embarks on a vengeance-fueled death match against a gang of gold-stealing criminals. Eva plays an unfortunate, and unbelievably hot, woman taken captive by the freakish hero. But she's not just a pretty face who can scream for help; she's a versatile workaholic (with a pretty face). The Hamburg native kick-started her career by hosting children's shows, then enjoyed roles in comedies, dramas, and... hedonistic cast parties? "Once, during the production of my show *Beach Clique*, all the actors ran into the ocean naked because there were phosphorescent plankton in the water," she recalls. "It didn't turn into an orgy, though." Understandable—that's a lot of salt to wash off.



MAXIM ONLINE
Steal a computer and see more pics at maximonline.com.

SURF'S UP FOR BEACH-STYLE HAIR!



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Unique mattifying agents create a mussed up,
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UNLEASH YOUR STYLE!

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GARNIER



Nothing puts out a burning candle like pressurized earwax

"Ear job?" he mused. "The world is not ready."

WORLD EVENTS

THOSE WACKY FOREIGNERS!

What happens when countries don't have cable television.



MAN KNOWS HOW TO BLOW

China A uniquely talented 55-year-old man recently extinguished 20 candles in 20 seconds—by blowing a gust of air out of his ear. After learning nearly 30 years ago that his eardrums were not airtight, Wei Mingtang, a factory worker from Guilin City, began using his God-given talent to perform a number of freakish parlor tricks. Aided by a formfitting hose that fits into his ear canal, the leaky fogey plugs his nose, then inflates balloons or blows out candles—the first time a human being has used an orifice other than his mouth to douse a flame since that bitchin' Sigma Chi party last weekend.

VETERINARIAN HELPS FARMERS BRED

Belgium A veterinarian produced a CD featuring the noises of a grunting boar and markets the album in Holland as a way to make female pigs horny. Frank Vermeiren, the maestro behind the erotic porcine opus, claims the boar vocals excite even the most frigid of sows, thereby "facilitating" the age-old act of manual sperm insertion. As the Dr. Ruth of bacon ranchers, Vermeiren suggests cranking the music over speakers placed underneath the floor of the sows' quarters, then plying them with vodka tonics, calling them "pretty," and quietly slipping on the rubber mittens.

ELDERLY WOMAN RIPS OFF ASHTON'S GIG

Austria An 80-year-old grandmother received a three-year suspended sentence for pretending to rob a bank. The geriatric faux-felon pulled out a toy gun, then showed her age by announcing, "This is a stickup." The terrified face of the teller made Granny cackle, at which point she let everyone in on the bizarre prank. A judge reprimanded the osteoporotic jokester, who claimed to have been bored, and informed her that the suspended sentence ruling will be revoked after three years as long as she doesn't pull any more heist gags. Her response: "If I live that long. But thanks."

MONK CLOSES HIS EYES TO THE WORLD

Thailand A Buddhist monk glued his eyes shut after mistaking a tube of superglue for eye drops. Phra Khru Prapatworakun quickly realized that his eyes were bonded shut and decided to remedy his situation by drenching them in paint thinner. When the intense burning kicked in, monkmates took the hapless holy man to a nearby Bangkok hospital, where doctors used a chemical solvent to reopen his eyes. The monk sustained no permanent vision damage, but the monastery may have to toss its Drano supply to prevent further problems should the monastic man ever start choking.

INHUMAN RESOURCES

THEY'RE FIRED!

Get axed for incompetence again? You got off lucky...



SMOKED OUT

Weyco Incorporated, a health insurance company, will terminate employees if they don't pass a nicotine test—even if they're lighting up at home. So far four employees have been sacked rather than take the test. Company founder Howard Weyers feels lower health care costs are more important than free will. But angel dust freaks are welcome!

the carpet, his robe, and the bench contained semen. Nice spray, Your Honor.

POUND FOOLISH

Eating disorders might be covered by HMOs for Atlantic City's Borgata Hotel Casino and Spa—that ghetto gambling town's newest casino—where cocktail waitresses and bartenders are required to "weigh in" to keep their jobs. A spokesperson for the luxury hotel explains that the Borgata's "sexy, sophisticated marketing image" environment justifies a no-tolerance policy toward fatties. God forbid the high-rolling clientele be reminded of their castrating wives.

PERMANENT VACATION

An Austrian engineer was fired from his job after being held hostage for 13 days in Iraq. The man and his cousin were tied up, given electric shocks, and used as human ashtrays. Luckily, his loving family forked over the ransom. After the engineer was released, he called his boss—and got canned. His sensitive boss accused him of "taking an extended holiday without leave."



"Do you have anything smaller? You know, for my self-worth."

SLAPHAPPY

Oklahoma judge Donald Thompson quit after being accused of stashing a penis pump under his robe and masturbating during hearings and trials. He was ousted when jurors heard a "whooshing sound" and a court police officer said he saw "plastic tubing disappear under his robe." Samples from



> FUN FACT!

It would take 517,578 dollar bills to cover a football field, or the annual blow tab of a Dallas Cowboy.



Mountain Dew Baja Blast. Made exclusively for Taco Bell® to go with the spicy, crunchy, melty, grilled and marinated food you crave.

Go to Taco Bell® to find out how you could win a million pesos. That's about \$88,000, amigo. Pesos calculated as of 1/28/05.



NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. MOUNTAIN DEW BAJA BLAST™ and Sweepstakes available only at participating Taco Bell® locations. Internet access required. Game ends July 11, 2005, 6 p.m. (EDT). To enter without purchase or to obtain a copy of the Official Rules, send a SASE postmarked by June 15, 2005, to: MDBB Game Piece, P.O. Box 4747, Young America, MN 55558-4747. Game subject to Official Rules found on www.dewbajablast.com and posted in store. VT residents may omit return postage. Void where prohibited. MOUNTAIN DEW BAJA BLAST and A TROPICAL LIME STORM are trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc. ©2005 TACO BELL CORP.

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comes a
unique spin on
a mild cigar.*



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quality of genuine
Connecticut Shade
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priced cigar.**

Handmade in Honduras

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Tobacco Use Increases The Risk
Of Infertility, Stillbirth, And Low
Birth Weight.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

LEGAL RECORDS

LAST WISHES

It's never too late to appoint your most valued brosoph the executor of your lifeless, beer-soaked husk.



A Living Will

PART I: MY ESTATE

I, _____, being of sound mind, do hereby bequeath the following to _____:

1. My credit card debt
2. My nappy old futon thoroughly marinated in decades-old mysterious bodily fluids
3. My children (legitimate or otherwise)
4. Any residual angst from my corporeal existence
5. Full rights to the movie of my life, tentatively titled *The Little Vegetable Who Could*
6. All the bong and bowl resin you can scrape
7. My collection of *Wizard of Oz* commemorative plates

PART II: MEDICAL ATTENTION

In the likely event that I am rendered incapacitated due to brain weevils or late-night drunken skateboarding stunts, the above signed has the right to make decisions concerning my quality of life, and must:

1. Ensure I am cared for by smokin'-hot nurses
2. Hook me up to a bourbon IV
3. Pour out a little for me, your undersigned homey
4. Molest my genitals mercilessly
5. Spoon-feed me pudding
6. Use my death to create an obnoxious media circus and/or political wedge issue
7. Pull the plug if I'm out for more than 15 minutes

PART III: BURIAL

The executor also has the following responsibilities upon my expiration:

1. Avenge all slights against my honor...with a katana sword
2. Build a massive pyramid of pizza boxes for my glory
3. Provide Jell-O shots at my wake
4. Light me on fire atop the hood of a blessed Camaro and drive my bitchin' corpse torch through the streets for one last rockathon
5. Distribute air horns at my funeral, discharging them whenever anyone cries
6. Nail any hot, grieving chicks who would inexplicably be in attendance*

The party of the second part will adhere to these explicit wishes, in perpetuity, heretofore, ipso facto, e pluribus unum, or forever shut the fuck up.

Signed



Witnessed

*But totally NOT hot-corkscrew my girlfriend/wife/mistress/mother/sister.

BREAKING MEDICAL NEWS

SUCK ON THIS

A pediatric innovation almost makes having asthma fun!

What's sweeter for a kid than being pummeled so hard by rubber balls that his lungs fail? Begging for a time-out so he can break out his radtastical Funhaler, that's what! Approved by the FDA but not yet on the market, this half-hookah,

half-crazy-straw inhaler attachment was invented by Aussie scientist Paul Watt as a way to get tykes under the age of eight to use their misty medication and to help them inhale it properly. Much like when your mom set up shop at

the local arcade, every suck is rewarded with the sight of a shiny spinning disc and the delightful whirring of a plastic whistle. Oh, and the joy of attracting even more attention to their malfunctioning respiratory systems.



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WRITTEN
IN THE
BLOOD OF
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Technology Provided by AMD

Think this is cool?
Check out the rest
of the lawn mower!



WHEEL WORLD

"GIVE ME A PUSH"

All these buttons on Ferrari's Formula One steering wheel, and no way to crank the bass.



1. Along with the +, changes parameters of on-screen options.

2. Puts the car in neutral. Saves gas on downhill sections!

3. Paddle shifters behind the wheel change gears.

4. Changes the clutch's take-up point for race start.

5. Engages the auxiliary oil pump to boost oil pressure.

6. Engine kill switch. Especially useful just before crashing.

7. Dials alter the traction control and differential settings.

8. The two knobs scroll through on-screen options.

9. Dials alter engine braking, rev limits, and the differential.

10. Remaps engine settings for following the Safety Car.

11. Hits the driver with a sip of his favorite refreshment.

12. Engages traction control for a launch from a standing stop.

13. Lets the driver talk via radio to his crew. "Whassuuup!"

14. Speed limiter prevents driver from speeding in pit lane.

FIVE QUESTIONS

M.C. FOR J.C.



FUN FACT!

George W. Bush was a cheerleader in prep school. But not one of the slutty ones that put out.

MAXIM: What goes down at your church?

Phil: About 600 high school and college students come by the first and second Saturdays of the month. A step team comes on with a drummer, and then we have poetry. After that we have rap, then I speak. It's wild. The kids love it.

M: Why hip-hop?

P: Out of a need to connect with a generation that is not being connected to. We have 185 churches in my neighborhood, so we don't need any more on Sunday morning.

M: Do you rap when you preach?

P: No, I wish I could spit. In preaching I mimic the way hip-hop communicates. So I can say, "In John, Chapter 4, he ain't talking about just a

Pastor Phil Jackson gets crunk at the House, Chicago's hip-hop church.

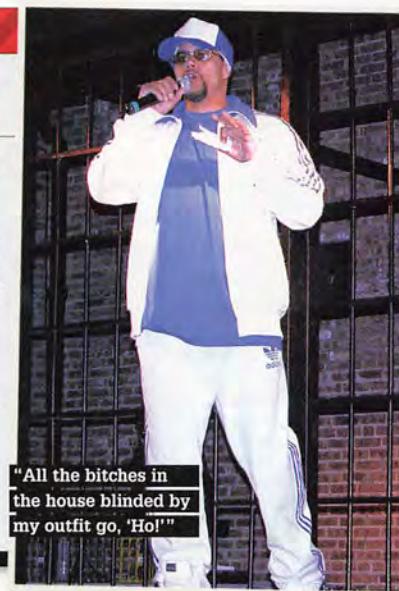
woman. He's talking about a freak. She's a bona fide hoochie mama car booty!"

M: Would Jesus like your style?

P: I think if Jesus were here today, he would be in the hip-hop community. Wherever you find the most disenfranchised people—in the inner cities, high schools, and colleges—hip-hop is that common denominator.

M: And what about the Pope?

P: Whether it's the Pope or a traditional church, they worry that hip-hop doesn't reverence Christ. Sometimes we forget that Christ was human. You don't think he wanted his head rockin' sometimes? You don't think Jesus Christ was jammin'?





Do Everything Better (Except Needlepoint)

HOW TO



COMBO PLATTER

MAKE A MASH-UP

DJ Danger Mouse explains how to build new music out of old parts—provided you're not a copyright lawyer, of course.

1 CHOOSE YOUR LOOP

Record a catchy section of a song using a track-building program like Acid Music Studio (\$70, sonystyle.com). This small section is called a loop. "When you're listening to music, keep your ears open for cool little parts," advises Danger Mouse, creator of 2004's magical Beatles/Jay-Z hybrid, *The Grey Album*. "That's what a lot of hip-hop is based on, finding the coolest part of a song and looping it." Originality is so overrated.

Hey, it beats touring
with R. Kelly

2 ADD DRUMS

A full musical track is made up of layered elements: Vocals are recorded separately from the bass, which is separate from the drums, and so on. Your program will help determine your loop's tempo and key. Set it over the drums of a different song in the same tempo. "You can sample a whole drum loop, with piano and bass, or combine elements from different places in the song," he says.

3 INSERT VOCALS

Download a capella tracks or get them from willing labels. Danger Mouse snagged Jay-Z's vocals after Roc-A-Fella Records distributed them. As with the drums, use a vocal in the same key and tempo as your central sample loop. "But just because the tempo works doesn't mean it will sound right," Danger Mouse warns. "So mess around with different vocals to find something that works."

4 GET FANCY

You may be using someone else's music, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't make it sound unique. Add piano and guitar loops, funky vocals, or anything you want. (Cowbell, anyone?) A typical track on *The Grey Album* had 16 layered samples. "Normally a mash-up is not very hard to do; it's just a lot of trial and error," explains Danger Mouse. So keep at it, kid—you'll make Lil Jon Secada a smash yet!





HOW TO



Just two more payments and you'll collect the whole wife!

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

FIND A NICE MAIL-ORDER BRIDE

Just think: For the low, low price of \$2,500 to \$5,000, you can live miserably ever after!

1 LOOK SMART

Forget catalogs—agencies now hawk women online. Shockingly, not all of them are big on ethics. "Twenty-five percent are flat-out scams," says Jim Moore, creator of the mail-order blacklist agencycams.com. Find a reputable outfit with U.S. offices that dates its girls' photos and profiles. (Moore's site lists those as well.) Also, visit discussion forums like the one at rwguide.com, where guys as desperate as you explain which firms are legit and which are as useful as a bag of rubles.

2 PROMISE YOU'LL WRITE

Purchase the addresses of your 10 favorite lasses, and, through letters, decide which five could offer lifelong bliss. You'll be charged translation fees, so forgo pleasantries and quickly find out if she has any wild expectations about having kids or you not banging other chicks. Ask lots of questions, push for details...but don't ever send money. Be wary of gold diggers, who'll inquire about your financial status, then try to milk you for American extravagances like English lessons, a winter coat, and food.

3 STUDY A BROAD

Immigration law stipulates that you must meet your foreign bride at least once before she comes home with you, so fly over for a few weeks to date your fab five. "Don't cut corners on interpreters," advises Craig Rich, president of the volgagirl.com agency, and don't treat your time together like a vacation or sexfest. "The closer you can get to simulating day-to-day life, the better," says Lance Edwards, an rwguide.com discussion-board moderator. So sit around watching *Sanford and Son* while she does your laundry.

4 LEGALIZE YOUR LOVE

Once you've chosen the hottest, er, most compatible girl and she agrees to marry you, bring her back using a K-1 fiancée visa (to get one she must do an interview at an American consulate, fill out some paperwork, and claim your sham relationship is real). She'll have 90 days to frequent McDonald's and decide if she really wants to live in your shack. If so, she gets an initial two-year green card with the option to renew. If not, her ass flies home—and it's back to siberiansexfetish.com for you!

See if you can
spot the tufted
titmouse!



BEAST MASTER

BUILD A BACKYARD ZOO

She said she wanted a pool...but she didn't say it couldn't have gators in it!



1

READ THE RULES

Provided they're not endangered, the federal government can't say shit if you want to keep wild or exotic animals as pets; it's up to each state to regulate. Only a few ban ownership outright, and several have no license or permit requirements at all. But once you exhibit them to the public, you must comply with the rules and regs of the USDA's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service (APHIS). So study up at aphis.usda.gov or be prepared to convince pesky inspectors that those 200 furry strangers in your yard are merely Phish fans.

2

HARNESS YOUR HABITAT

Any zoo worth its feces features the crowd pleasers: big cats, monkeys, rhinos, and so forth. When it comes to enclosures, "the more space, the better," advises Jonathan Kraft, founder and director of Keepers of the Wild animal sanctuary. Research each species and simulate its natural habitat and diet; make sure to provide shade, privacy, and climate control. Kraft recommends fortifying the site with a nine-gauge chain-link fence and double-gated entry systems. Big project? You bet. Plan to use your whole yard...and your neighbor's.

3

BRING ON THE BEASTIES

Populating a nature park is so easy it's scary. The Web is loaded with dealers selling everything from anteaters to zebras. For these and more respectable resources, like suppliers of species-specific diets, visit altpet.net, home of the National Alternative Pet Association. But before you assemble your animal kingdom, "have good emergency protocols in place, whether it be for veterinary care, an escape, or an attack," warns Kraft. Case in point: Klaus Radandt, an Indiana man who was trampled to death last year by his cute, cuddly pet wildebeest.



FIRE STARTER

DO A ZIPPO TRICK

Light any woman's fire with this blaze of glory, known as the Spinning Wheel.



HOLD IT

Grasp the lighter horizontally, with the hinge up and the cap near your fingertips, says Alex Aarvik, host of lightertricks.com's *50 Ways to Rock a Lighter DVD*.



SQUEEZE IT

Pinch the lighter's cap between your index finger and thumb. Place your middle finger against the cap's lower corner and squeeze the lighter against your palm.



SPIN IT

With the right amount of pressure, you'll make the lighter pop up and open. Hold the cap between your index finger and thumb as the lighter spins.



CATCH IT

As the body of the lighter falls, quickly rotate your wrist clockwise and it will land in your upturned palm, explains Aarvik (who, ironically, doesn't smoke).



LIGHT IT

Swipe the flint wheel with your ring finger to ignite the flame. Smoothly set fire to the ladies' smokes—and any punk who dares to mock your Zippo prowess.



QUICK TIP

SAVE YOUR CIGS

To keep smokes fresh, especially after the pack has been opened, store them in the fridge. (Preferably away from the cantaloupe!)



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HAIR TODAY...

GROW A TOUPEE

Next time they ask if it's real, you can say yes. Without lying!



1 GROW IT

Forehead rising? Start now. "You'll need eight inches to make a toupee," says Bob Kushner, who's been weaving them for 50 years. Strands grow a half-inch per month, so it'll take 16 to channel Billy Ray Cyrus.



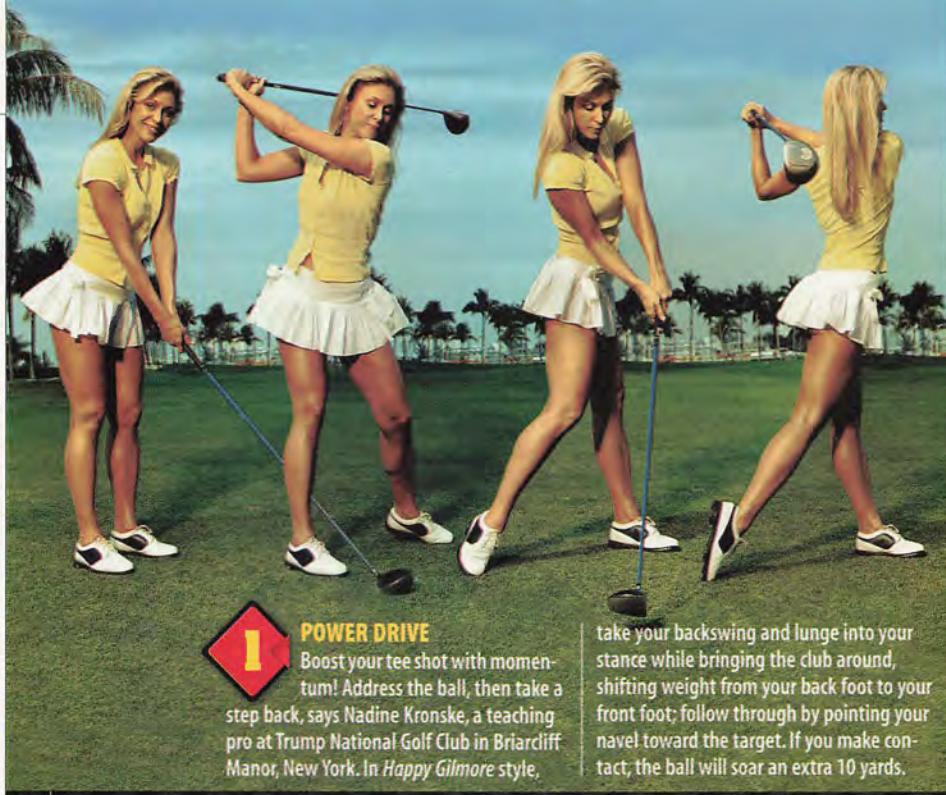
2 CUT IT

Wash and dry your hair, then use rubber bands to tie several ponytails. Cut off each bundle and wrap it in tissue paper, then bag it—carefully. As Kushner explains, "If the hair hits the floor, it's done."



3 HAVE IT MADE

You can find home toupee tools for \$50, but "that's like tailoring your own suit," Kushner warns. For \$700 to \$1,500, a pro can make you a quality piece that'll last a year—almost long enough to grow another one!



1 POWER DRIVE

Boost your tee shot with momentum! Address the ball, then take a step back, says Nadine Kronske, a teaching pro at Trump National Golf Club in Briarcliff Manor, New York. In *Happy Gilmore* style,

take your backswing and lunge into your stance while bringing the club around, shifting weight from your back foot to your front foot; follow through by pointing your navel toward the target. If you make contact, the ball will soar an extra 10 yards.

2 DIFFERENT STROKES

HIT TRICKY SHOTS

A hot teaching pro reveals four moves they'll remember long after that quintuple bogey.

2 SWITCH HIT

So there's a tree or other obstacle blocking the place you take your stance? Instead of taking a drop and a penalty stroke, stand on the other side of the ball and assume a left-handed grip, so the back of your club faces the ball. "Use an iron with a fat blade, like a 7 or a 6," Kronske advises. Take a short backswing, then—while ignoring the "hey, he goes both ways" wisecracks—punch the ball onto the green or fairway.



Nadine shows off her ambidextrous side

3 PUTTER CHIP

"This is a great little shot if you're stuck in thick grass near the fringe of the green," explains Kronske. As she shows here, turn your putter sideways so that the tip of the blade faces the ball; this angle allows the putter to move easily through the grass. Then take a one- to two-foot backswing (depending on how far you are from the hole) and pop the ball onto the green with the toe of your club. You are Tiger Woods.



They'll laugh at this one...till you hole it

QUICK TIP

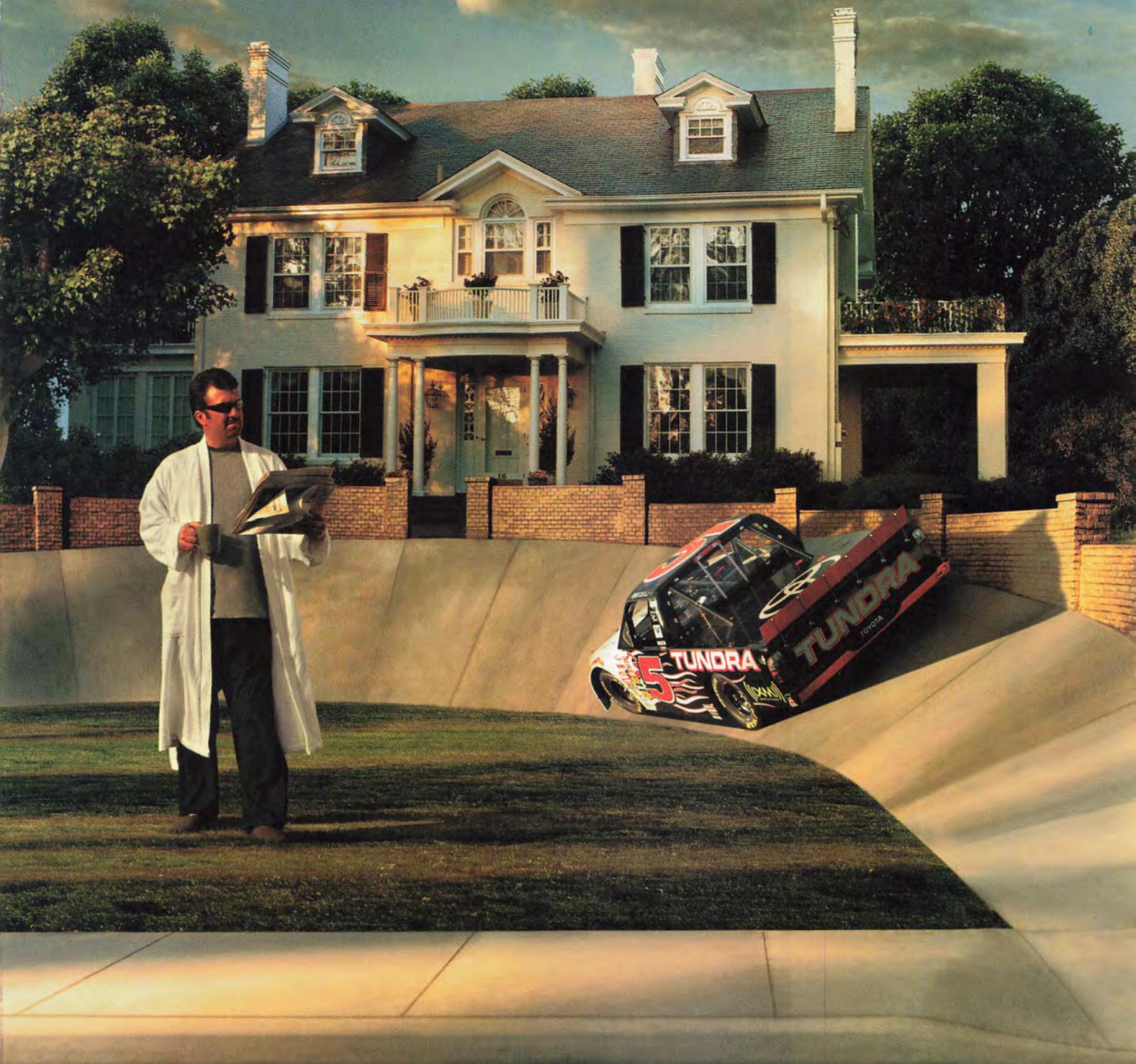
MOP UP EGGS
Accidentally dropped another unborn chicken on the kitchen tile? Pour some salt on it. This will solidify the egg, so you can scoop it up.

4 BACKSPIN BOMB

If you're in a bunker 50 to 100 yards away from the green, this shot will get you near the hole without landing you in the water or sand trap on the other side. Using medium effort, firmly swing your sand wedge down at a steep angle, hitting only the bottom 30 percent of the ball. Do it just right and the ball will loop up, land a few yards past the hole, then roll back toward it. Blowing the smoke off your "finger gun" is optional.



Sand in your enemies' faces? Priceless!



Say good morning to Mike Skinner of Bill Davis Racing. Just your average, everyday Tundra-drivin' guy. toyota.com/nascar

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FRUITY COCKTAIL?



Parrot Bay Breeze

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Coconut Flavored Rum
2 oz. pineapple juice
2 oz. cranberry juice
Combine in a glass over ice.
Stir well.

Pineapple Cosmo

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Pineapple Flavored Rum
1 1/2 oz. cranberry juice
1 squeeze of lime
Combine ingredients in mixing tin with ice. Shake vigorously.
Strain into martini glass.

Mango Madras

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Mango Flavored Rum
2 oz. cranberry juice
2 oz. orange juice
Shake over ice. Pour into glass.

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HOW TO



FILM SCHOOL

WRITE A SCREENPLAY

Holy paycheck! *Batman Begins* scribe David S. Goyer reveals how to type up a blockbuster.

FACE REALITY

"Your first five scripts will probably suck. And I do mean five. *Blade* was my eighth script. Everything before that I'm embarrassed about."

STUDY UP

"Read a bunch of screenplays to get the basics, plus Robert McKee's *Story* or Syd Field's *Screenplay**. Then research whatever you're writing about to give your story authenticity. For *Batman Begins*, I consulted the Department of Defense and MIT about emerging technologies—body armor that infantry will be wearing in 20 years and new stuff to put on the Batmobile."

GET ORGANIZED

"Screenplays have three acts. The first act is all setup. In the second act, you figure out where it all goes, the repercussions. The first act is like flirting with a woman. In bad second acts, you've gotten her back to the apartment and had a glass of wine, and now you can't get it up. The third act needs an ending that satisfies the audience, which is hard to do—and why endings are the most reworked part of a film."

START TYPING

"I write my scripts from a lodge in Wyoming. I don't take phone calls, I don't check e-mail—I just write. At some point I always sink into a terrible depression, but I finish a first draft. I put the script in a drawer for two weeks, then I pull it out, read it, and revise it. Then I give it to five friends. If the feedback is good, great. If it's all the same kind of bad, you can fix that. When it's all over the place, you're in trouble."

ABUSE YOUR HERO

"When I get mired in a script, I think, 'OK, what's the worst thing that could happen to my protagonist right now? Maybe his partner dies. Maybe he gets the plague. That's what a story is—a guy struggling to overcome an obstacle. The bigger the obstacle, the more enjoyable to watch. There's a surprise about 80 pages into *Batman Begins* that will shock people, and that came from asking, 'What's the worst thing that could happen to Batman right now?'"

GROW A SACK

"Last year someone quite big in Hollywood told me, 'You should be embarrassed to call yourself a screenwriter.' You have to learn to take criticism. But you also have to know when to tell people to fuck off."



Text: Shawn Donnelly; photograph, Andrew Woffinden; prop styling, Lauren McLaughlin.
*Also, get hold of *Final Draft* (finaldraft.com), the industry-standard software, so your script's formatted correctly. And register your screenplay with the Writers Guild of America (wga.org), so it doesn't get stolen.

THE PARRO~~Y~~ IS CALLING





► BACK TO SCHOOL

THE FAST & THE CURIOUS

Want to drive a racecar like the pros? There's a school for that, Mario—and the teachers don't mind if you burn rubber in the parking lot. **BY STEVEN RUSSELL**

Racing isn't exactly in my blood. I don't watch much Indy or NASCAR, and when I drive my wagon to the recycling center, I obey local traffic laws—if I think someone might be watching me, that is.

So why am I piloting a 240 hp Honda S2000 roadster through Sebring, Florida, about 90 miles south of Orlando, toward the Skip Barber Racing School? Because we wanted to see if a typical driver like me could find his inner speed demon and test a central question of racing: What matters more, horsepower or skill? But when the guard makes me sign a three-page liability waiver just to enter the parking lot, I wonder what I've gotten myself into.

Making the grade

I receive my introductory lesson on a coned-off autocross course near the Sebring International Raceway. Over the next three days, through tutoring, classroom instruction, and plenty of laps on a real racetrack behind the wheel of a

real racecar, the Skip Barber school has promised to transform me into something approximating a real racecar driver—a process priced at \$3,500. Skip Barber conducts racing and driving schools on 20 racetracks for 12,000 participants a year; its programs are run by pros, many of whom have a winner's trophy on the mantel.

I'm riding shotgun in a Dodge Neon as instructor Jim Pace pilots through the cones, nonchalantly doling out basic steering and braking tips. He's taking it pretty easy for a guy who's won the Rolex 24 at Daytona and the 12 Hours of Sebring, the two most celebrated endurance races in the country. That is, until we pass the starting line again and Pace kicks it up several notches, whipping the Neon through corners in ways you'd never expect from a vehicle indigenous to airport rental lots. But I quickly learn my first lesson: Never stop at an all-you-can-gorge catfish buffet before race school.

Next, we jump into the S2000, with me at the wheel, since this is the ride I'll be using to



challenge Pace after completing the program. I rip around the cones, maniacally manipulating the stick through every turn. Time: two minutes, seven seconds. "You shift too much," Pace says. "You're better off picking one gear and braking correctly than wasting all that time thinking about which gear to use." Dubious, I take off again, concentrating on braking and steering. I knock 20 seconds off my time.

Pace decides I'm ready for a spin on the real track, so I zip up in a racing suit, pull on a fire-retardant head sock, and grab a helmet. Shit, I feel like Al Unser already. Of course, Al probably didn't get dry mouth when the pit crew showed him his car. The open-wheel 2.0-liter Formula Dodge is capable of doing 130 mph and pulling 1.3 Gs in the corners. Climbing inside its snug cockpit requires a contortionist's dexterity and snug ratcheting of hip, shoulder, and—yowie!—crotch harnesses.

I feel like Al Unser. Of course, Al didn't get dry mouth when he saw his car.

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PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children under 13.
Intense Action/ Violence, Disturbing Images
and Some Thematic Elements

Start your engines

The nine cars in my group come to life in unison with an impressive rumble. I let out the clutch, feeling my way through the unfamiliar four-speed gearbox. Turn one looms directly ahead. Wow, I'm actually driving the famed Sebring track, site of the first Formula One race held in the States! The track where Mario Andretti barely beat Steve McQueen for the 12 Hours title in 1970! And, I recall as my front tire nearly clips the turn's curved concrete barrier, the track



The old "short bus roller coaster" trick

where a driver and four spectators were killed in separate crashes in a 1966 race.

I focus on sticking to the "line"—the ideal path that maximizes speed through the track's eight turns. Identifying the line is a skill intrinsic to a real racer, like a batting champ's ability to recognize a pitch the moment it leaves the pitcher's grip. I, on the other hand, would have no clue where the damn line was if the instructors hadn't spiked the course with cones.

After a few laps, I feel less petrified by the

I can't see anything, and I feel trapped. I want out.

proximity of my ass to hard pavement. I press the gas pedal and neatly zoom through hairpin turns two and three, accelerate to 65 mph, and stick to the line on the gentle swoop into turn four. I ease up on the throttle and—*gulp*—feel the rear wheels lose grip. One 360-degree spin later, I'm skidding off the shoulder into sand and gravel. My rapid panting instantly fogs my visor. I can't see shit and feel trapped. I want out. The visor won't open, and my fingers fumble on the helmet strap. Finally, I push the helmet back, just in time to see another car speeding into the bend, the driver's eyes wide. I notice that I've



"This is a diagram of how lame you look."

somehow bloodied a knuckle. He passes, and I slowly drive to the pits for a break.

The other wannabes milling about their cars are a diverse lot, ranging from a rail-thin teenager to paunchy guys fully embracing their midlife crises. Some live and breathe racing; others just suck at golf. Marco Busse, 34, develops video games in Orlando and has a jones for going fast. "Most people get freaked out when they ride with me," Busse says. "I figured this would be a fun way to improve my skills without endangering the general populace. You never go full bore into a corner on the street, and here they tell you to."

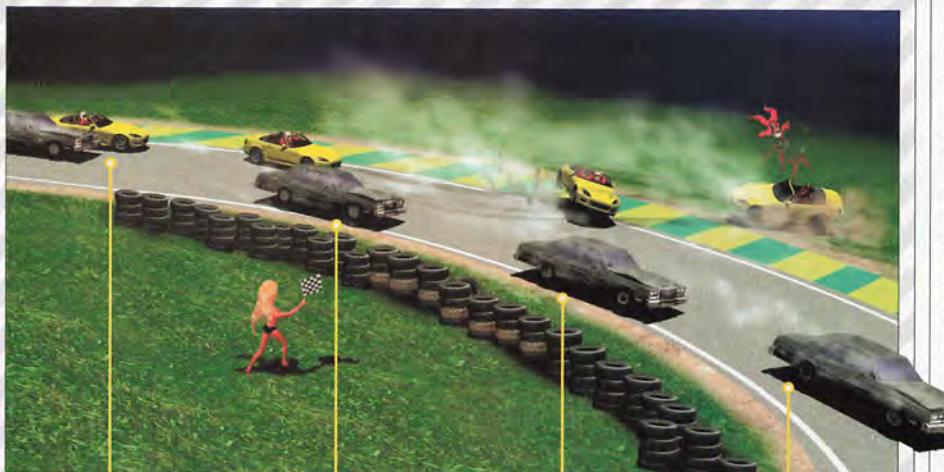
In a luxury box turned classroom, Pace dissects my performance. Apparently, I spun out because of "trailing-throttle oversteer"—letting up on the gas while cornering, thereby transferring weight to the front tires and reducing rear traction. He attempts to explain "heel-and-toe downshifting"—a critical skill needed to match engine and gearbox speed while braking—by drawing a schematic representing a gearbox and rpm profile. To me it looks like a geometry equation, and, well, I took Bible class to get out of geometry. So I sit and nod, thinking this little exercise has as much connection to what I felt driving the car as drawing a kite has to do with flying an F-16.

Going in circles

In later sessions, I take the rookie's mantra—"better slow than no heel-toe"—to heart and concentrate on pushing the pedals in a manner contrary to everything I've known since getting my learner's permit. Unfortunately, other student drivers on break observe from behind the turn barriers, so there's an audience ►

ANATOMY OF A CURVE

First, study up on how to carve corners like a pro. Then break out the station wagon.



1. SLOW IT DOWN

Always brake on the straight before the turn, not midturn. Firmly press the pedal and hold it at the point just before the tires lose traction. Then downshift, and start to turn in.

2. FIND THE LINE

Now find the apex—the point where you cut the corner. Locate the perfect apex just past the center of the curve and stare at it—you'll steer toward where your eyes are focused.

3. MAKE A POINT

Hitting the apex is key. Turn in late and you lose time adjusting to a needlessly sharp corner. Turn in too early, though, and you'll be using the outside grass as an off ramp.

4. GET GOING

Made it? Now let the car straighten out, and smoothly get on the gas. Having carved a fiery-explosion-free corner, it's time to hit the next curve and do it all over again. Whee!

He just sat there for three straight hours



Everyone wants a piece.

Mixed berry flavor so juicy and so intense, you'll want to get some. **DENTYNE TANGO.™ GO BOLD.™**

for every dropped gear and missed apex.

After I grind—again—on turn 10, a pit guy puts a walkie-talkie to my helmet at the starting line. "Number 15," urges the voice from somewhere on the perimeter, "your line is good, but you need to concentrate on trail-braking." Lap after lap, drivers receive disembodied feedback—"Number 46, ease up on the throttle in turn five!" "Number 24, you're cutting the apex on turn four!"—and try to act



Good old American know-how



Better, newer Japanese know-how

on it during their next 1.9-mile adrenaline rush. After dozens of laps, I feel like I'm going in circles, in more ways than one. Frustrated, I tear down the back straightaway at about 100 mph, too fast for the rapidly approaching hairpin turn. My feet and hands take over—brake, a little throttle, clutch, shift, turn hard, big throttle. Like magic my downshift syncs perfectly with my throttle and braking, and I accelerate through the turn with loads of speed and traction. How does it feel? Like you not only took home the hottest babe in the club, but simultaneously climaxed—and you have the fingernail marks in your back to prove it.

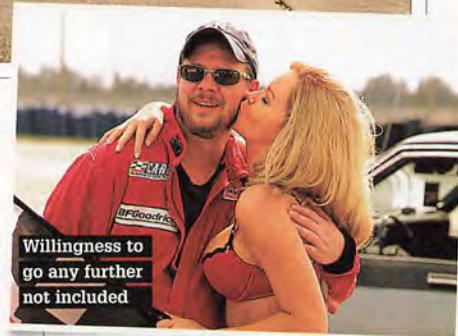


I tear down the back straight at about 100 mph, too fast for the hairpin.

Approximately 43 seconds later, I get greedy and spin out in turn six. But this time when I get back on the track, I drive several more laps before hitting the pits.

Pace asks if I'm ready for our race. "Sure," I grin, because while I'll be driving the S2000 on the autocross, we've handicapped him with a rusty 1979 Buick LeSabre that has more bug guts on the grill than oil in the crankcase. You can call it cheating; I call it a test of whether my new skills can measure up to a true racer's.

"Oh, my Lord," Pace moans as he climbs into the stained, possibly infectious front seat for his timed lap. Still, he's game. He floors the LeSabre, which burps clouds of blue smoke and lurches around turns like it's set to disintegrate into a pile of nuts and duct tape at any moment. Halfway around, a deafening backfire signals that the engine has died. Pace coasts to the starting line and cranks up again. This time he makes it, pushing the wreck to its very limit. My turn. I floor the S2000 off the line and cram every steering, braking, and throttle technique



Willingness to go any further not included

I've learned into the lap. Yeah, I'm using Pace's own lessons against him, but this is racing, kids, not kickball. As I cross the finish line, the clock says I won by two seconds. Hot blazing damn!

Heading back to the parking lot at the end of the day, I realize I haven't mastered any of the skills required to call myself a racecar driver. But I've had a helluva lot of fun, and no doubt increased my odds of winning the real world's daily Rush Hour Derby. Speaking of which, I check my watch and realize my flight is supposed to board in 80 minutes. As I buckle up and point the car toward Tampa, 90 miles away, I wonder if I have time to stop for dinner. M

► CAR OF THE MONTH

MITSUBISHI LANCER EVOLUTION MR

SPEC CHECK

PRICE: \$35,500 BHP: 276

ENGINE: 2.0-liter, turbocharged I-4

0-60: 4.7 sec. TOP SPEED: 160 mph (est.)

We say: Need supercar speed but know that promotion to floor manager at the A&P is a year off? For half the price of a new 911 Carrera, the MR offers a quicker 0-60 sprint (by .1 seconds) and a geeked-out all-wheel drive system that lets you dial up

settings for tarmac, gravel, and snow. Sure, save for a sweet set of Recaro buckets, the interior has more cheap plastic than a box of Legos. But huge Brembo brakes, lightweight 17-inch aluminum BBS wheels, and a row of "vortex generators"

(the down-force-enhancing fins on the rear window) make up in cool what the MR lacks in class.

Drawbacks: The stereo sounds (and looks) circa 1993. And while new Bilstein shocks give the MR a softer ride than the Evo VIII, it ain't Grandpa's Caddy. So watch where you hold that coffee.





You may not have noticed, but women also have noses.

Get clean.
Feel clean.
Smell clean.
That's 3X clean.
Spice things up.





Rick Brunson and
Mamadou N'diaye
keep it warm

LIFE'S A BENCH

THE ART OF PINE LIVING

Wanted: tall, athletically gifted men to sit around watching professional basketball games. Salary: \$750,000 and up per year. Some experience required.

Mamadou N'diaye just recorded a triple double. The Los Angeles Clippers' 7'0" center has scored an impressive 14 points, grabbed 12 rebounds, and dished out 10 assists. But the arena is so quiet you can hear assistant coach Neil Olshey yelling instructions from the sidelines. Another N'diaye hook shot splashes through the nylon, and there isn't a single cheer. No one even cares. That's because the big guy is tearing it up in just about the only minutes he'll ever see—on the practice court.

Amid all the playoff hype, it's easy to forget that for every Shaq, Yao, or LeBron, there's a bench full of sixth, seventh, and eighth men dying to get in the game. And past *them*, sitting so far down the bench there are spectators with better seats, you'll find guys like N'diaye. Every NBA team has one, though few fans even know who they are. (Heard the names Darvin Ham, Bruno Sundov, or Wang Zhizhi lately?) These are the league's has-beens, hope-to-bes, and never-weres, who almost never step on the

court unless it's garbage time. They are the NBA's 12th men, and they make better money sitting on their asses than anyone not named Gates.

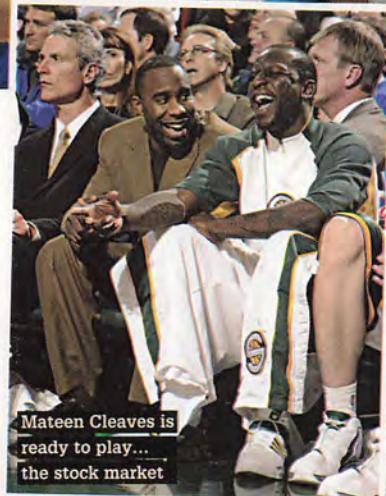
But it's not all clean uniforms and cold cash. Life on an NBA bench translates to a Gatorade bucketload of contradictions. On one hand, you make more dough in a season than most people do in a lifetime. On the other, well, it's not exactly fulfilling work—all prep, no performance. You're under less pressure because you never play when it counts, yet you're only a couple of missteps from getting cut. And you're a finely tuned athlete, one of the very best in the world, but you often feel like a JV-level scrub. Just ask the Clippers' backup backup backup backup center.

Money for nothing

Sweat pouring down his face, N'diaye steps off the court and collapses into a chair next to me, completely drained. He was the first person to arrive today at the Spectrum Health Club in El Segundo, California, and he'll be the last to leave.



BY DIANE HILL



Mateen Cleaves is
ready to play...
the stock market

"You played your ass off for a guy on the injured list," I joke as N'diaye, 29, unlaces his size 17 sneakers.

"I'm not hurt," he whispers back. "I'm fine. It's the coach's decision."

That's how lineups work in the NBA. With 12 active roster spots and a three-man injured list, if 13 players are healthy, the most expendable guy on the team is forced to fake a hangnail—or, in N'diaye's case, "back spasms." At press time he had appeared in just eight games for the Clips all season, playing a total of 50 minutes and posting 14 points, 14 rebounds, four blocked shots, and 16 personal fouls. ▶

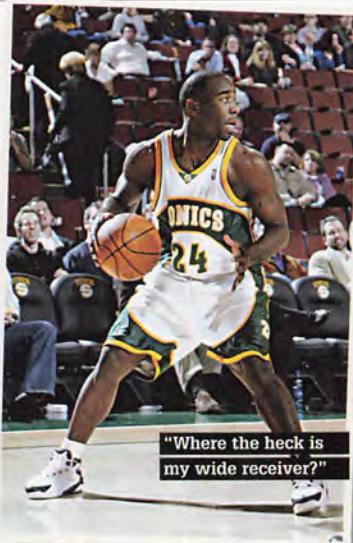


YOU CAN GO HOME
EARLY WHEN
YOU'RE MARRIED.



GO LONGER.

The beer with caffeine, ginseng, guarana and a crisp refreshing taste that will unshackle the ball and chain from your evening. So go ahead, linger.



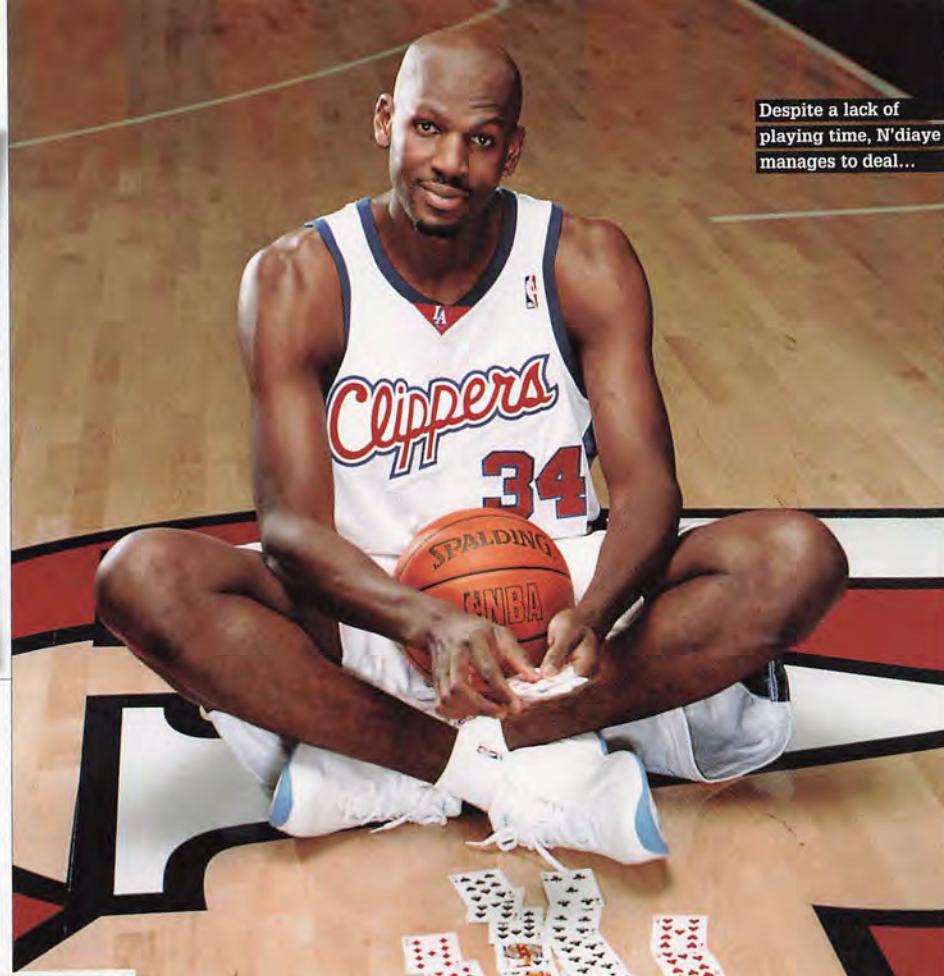
"I hate it," he says, just as a Clippers staffer hands him his paycheck, part of about \$750,000 he'll make this year. With the numbers he's put together on the court, that equals around \$15,000 per minute played, or \$53,570 per point. A chafed butt's a bummer, but it sure beats life in N'diaye's native Senegal; though his father was relatively well-off, he needed every penny to support his four wives and 23 children. N'diaye was among Senegal's more fortunate, yet he grew up with only basic necessities.

That probably accounts for his take-nothing-for-granted approach to training. "If the starters don't feel like practicing, I don't care," he says. "They think I play too wild in practice, but that's just the way I play, and practice is all I have right now." He certainly doesn't have fame. When he's in public with the team, people guess he's a pro basketball player but have no clue who he is. The only time he's asked for autographs is at Clippers team events, where young fans are just pumped to get their posters signed by a tall guy in warmups.

"It's a fine balance," he reflects. "I don't want to be satisfied just being on the roster. If you could see what is in my heart, I want to play. But I am also very thankful. Sometimes you want to tell the coach, 'C'mon, put me in!' But you can't. The worst thing you can do is be out here whining all the time, begging for minutes."

Playing for seats

Running down the list of the NBA's 12th men, you won't find many famous names. Then there's Mateen Cleaves. A three-time AP all-American in college, the Seattle Supersonics guard was the Most Outstanding Player of the 2000 NCAA tourney after fighting through an ankle injury to lead Michigan State to a national title. Now, at age 27, he's a 6'2" point guard/cheerleader trying harder to land a job as a coach than as a starter. "One thing about me is I know what to say to guys, when to say it,"



Despite a lack of playing time, N'diaye manages to deal...

MAGIC MOMENTS

SUPER SCRUBS

Five guys who rode the pine—till it was time to shine.



MAX MCGEE Green Bay Packers wide receiver, Super Bowl I (1967) A 34-year-old vet, McGee had caught four passes all year and was so sure he'd sit against the Chiefs that he spent his Super Bowl Eve partying. But when starter Boyd Dowler got hurt early, McGee shook off his hangover (and borrowed a helmet) to grab seven balls for 138 yards and two TDs in the win.



KEN DRYDEN Montreal Canadiens goalie, 1971 Stanley Cup playoffs The 23-year-old netminder appeared in just six games during the 1971 season. But he got the start come playoffs, and his stingy three-goals-against average led the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup—and won him Conn Smythe hardware as playoff MVP. The next year, ironically, he was Rookie of the Year.



STEVE FISHER Michigan basketball coach, 1989 NCAA tournament OK, Fisher didn't come off the bench, but he moved up it. Days before the Big Dance, Michigan coach Bill Frieder announced he was taking the Arizona State job. Michigan's AD promptly canned him and named Fisher, a seven-year assistant, interim honcho. Six wins later, the Wolverines were national champs.



FRANCISCO CABRERA Atlanta Braves utility player, 1992 NLCS In Game 7, with Atlanta trailing Pittsburgh 2-1 in the ninth with two outs and the bases full, Braves skipper Bobby Cox called on the unlikely Cabrera to pinch-hit. Though he'd batted just 10 times that season, Cabrera whacked a single to win the pennant and kick off the most boring dynasty in sports.



STEVE KERR Chicago Bulls guard, 1997 NBA Finals With the score tied and five seconds left in Game 6 against the Utah Jazz, all eyes were on Michael Jordan—so he passed the ball to a wide-open Kerr. Despite averaging just six points a game lifetime, the reserve guard calmly buried a 17-footer to give the Bulls their fifth title.—Shawn Donnelly

N'diaye will get about \$53,570 per point scored this season.



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5

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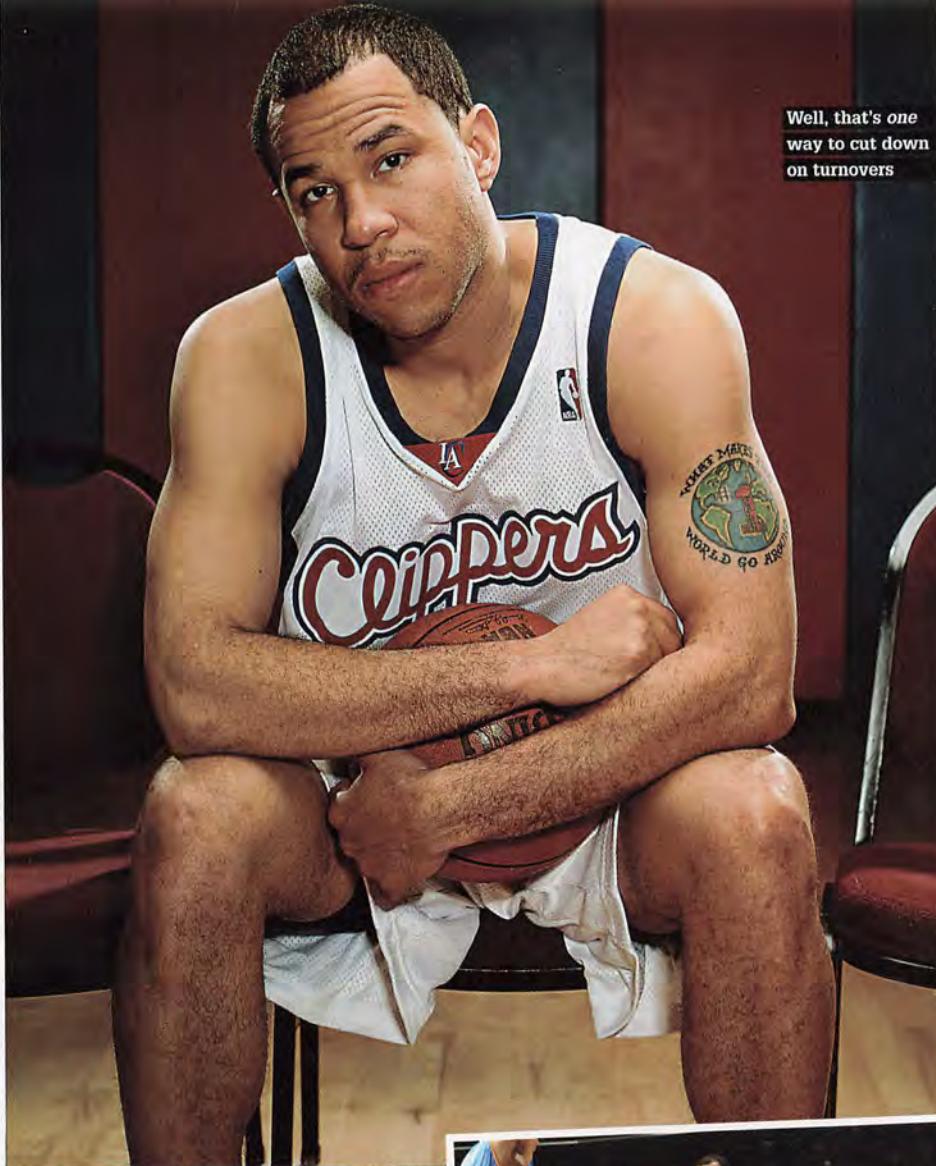
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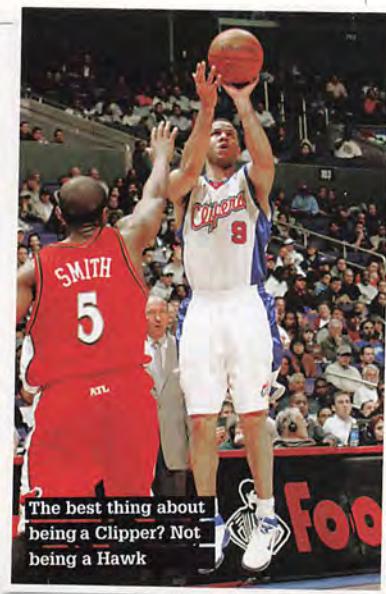


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Well, that's one way to cut down on turnovers



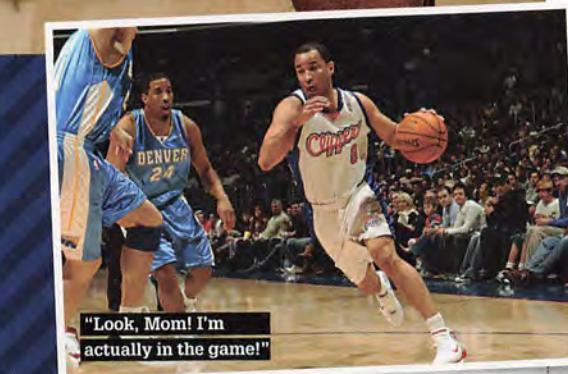
The best thing about being a Clipper? Not being a Hawk

and how to say it to get them going," he brags. "I can motivate a dead man to get up and dance."

In just five years he's gone from being one of the best college players in the nation to one of the worst players on his team. The 14th pick overall in the 2000 draft has played a total of 31 minutes in 12 games this season, dropping from media darling to virtual unknown. "At Michigan State we won the championship, but the attention was nothing to me, so it's not a big change," he says. "I get paid on the first and 15th, so I'm not worried about all that other stuff."

What he is worried about is not being prepared if and when his number is ever called. Guys who don't get minutes on the court must work that much harder to stay game-ready. While most players relax before a game, Cleaves is at the gym polishing his skills. Before the mandatory game-day shoot-around, he's already put in a full day's workout.

"You have to get to the gym before a lot of the guys, get some more shots up, work on some screen-and-rolls and ball-handling drills, and do your conditioning," he says. And after the other guys put in their hour, he shoots at least 300 jumpers and does 30 minutes on the Stairmaster. "I put time into getting myself ready, so if the situation presents itself, I can be productive," he explains.



I get paid on the first and 15th. I don't worry about all that other stuff.'

N'Diaye knows that's his only choice, too. Drafted 26th in 2000 after breaking Charles Barkley's career blocked shots record at Auburn, he got plenty of playing time—at first. "In Toronto I was starting and playing a lot of minutes," he says. (He averaged 16.5 minutes in 22 games in 2002–2003.) "When you play a lot, you can make mistakes and the coach will leave you in. But the 12th man makes one mistake and the coach takes him out."

He speaks from experience. In 2003–2004, N'Diaye's game was so borderline he spent much of the season on 10-day contracts, including two with the Dallas Mavericks. "I was there for 20 days and made about \$40,000 after taxes," he shrugs. Then he was out of uniform—and NBA paychecks—until he got a call from the cellar-

dwelling Atlanta Hawks. N'Diaye hoped it would finally be his chance to shine. It wasn't.

Game on

One guy who has found a place in the spotlight is Clippers point guard Rick Brunson, 32. A career 12th man who's finally playing this year thanks to several team injuries, the undrafted Brunson cuts loose in the locker room before a game against the Hawks. Having ridden the pine with six teams in eight years, he has seen both sides.

"This season's been *very* different, but I've always been taught to be ready, whether you play 30 seconds or 30 minutes," he says. "A lot of guys aren't in the league anymore because they don't understand the 12th man's role, which is to shut the hell up, make the starters work in practice, and leave the ego at home. Trust me, when I'm on the court before a game, I let Bobby [Simmons] go first in the lay-up line, or maybe Corey."

"No, man, I'll let you go first," starting shooting guard Corey Maggette, 25, interjects. "You're the old guy. I'll give the older guy respect, let him do his thing."

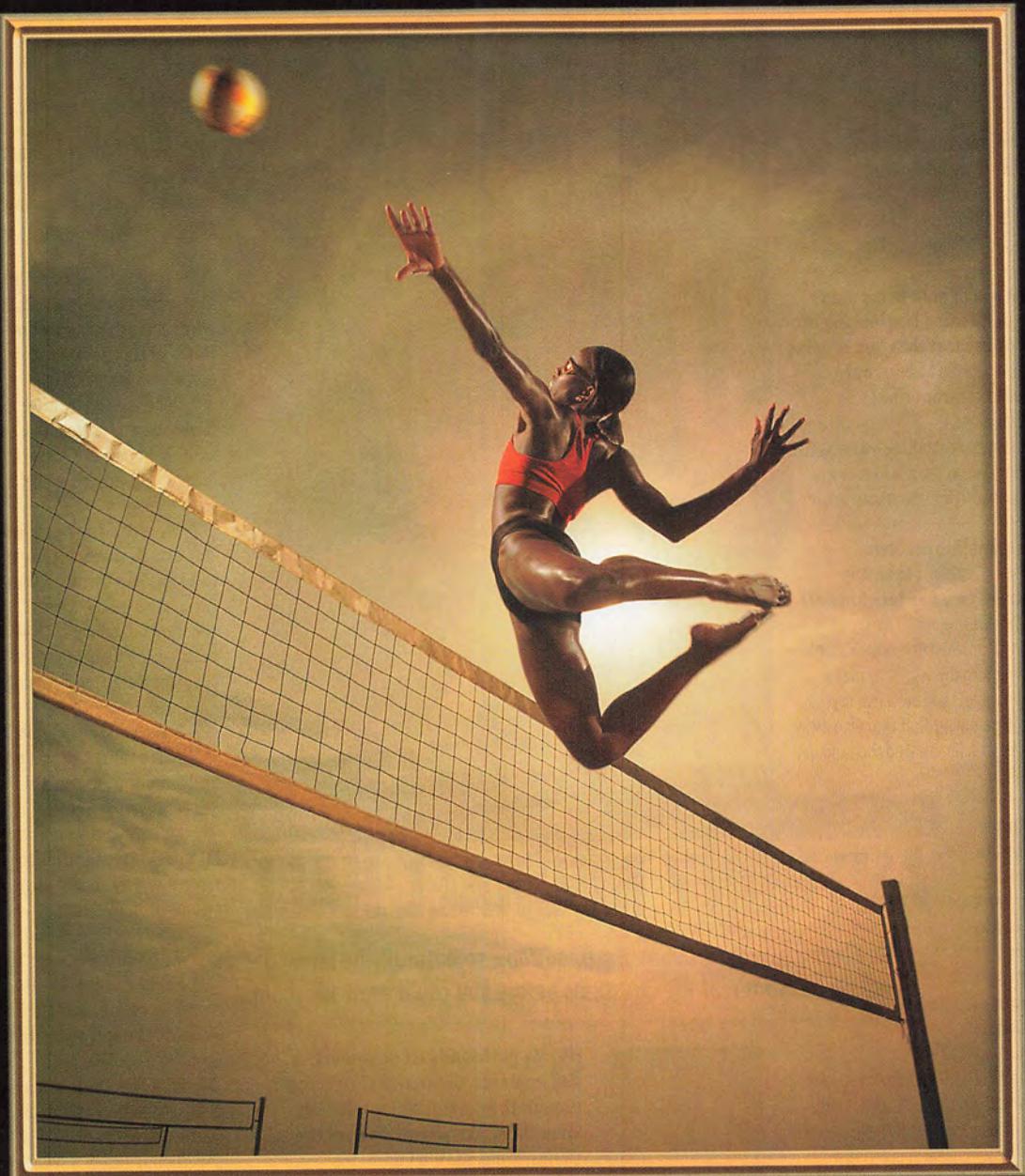
Banter aside, Brunson knows his attitude pays. Given that several other 12th men rejected my interview requests, not everyone so willingly accepts the job.

Thirty minutes before tipoff, Brunson is shooting lay-ups with 11 other Clippers, while N'Diaye, in a snazzy blue suit, finds a seat behind the bench. As Brunson puts up nine points and six assists in the Clippers 111–104 victory, it's hard to say who's in a sweeter place: the guy sweating it out on the court or the one looking sharp in a front-row seat, collecting interest on his millions. But neither has room for complaint.

"Listen, if you were that dominant of a player, you wouldn't be the 12th man," says Brunson. "It's not politics. If you don't knock the heavyweight champ out, you're not going to get the decision. Somebody in front of you is just doing a better job." M



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SUCCESS

Failure is not an option. But if you can't finish that lousy energy bar, we don't blame you.

Finally an energy bar that actually tastes great.



THE ENERGY YOU CRAVE

Q Should I marinate steak before grilling it? If so, with what?

Pat Dangerfield, Santa Fe, NM

A Who do I look like, Emeril? I eat out a lot, so ask somebody who gives a shit.

Q I found a box of porn in my man's closet. I don't mind him looking at the ladies, but the fact that he's keeping secrets has me worried about our future. Should I confront him?

Lindy B., San Francisco, CA

A Yeah, confront him about it—surprise him with a porno you know would turn you both on, and stop worrying about your future.

Q I have a gambling problem: Basically, I gamble, I lose. Any advice for turning my bad luck around?

Mark Daniels, Toronto, Ontario

A First, don't sit down at Ben Affleck's table; he bets too much money. I may play a psychic on TV, but unless you are a *real* psychic, you'd better stop gambling. Quit throwing away your money. Contact a financial adviser, and get outside more often.

Q I never know what wine to order at a restaurant. I don't want to blow the bank, but I also don't want to seem cheap or dumb. Any suggestions?

Dom De Vito, Pawtucket, RI

A You should ask the waiter, so he can look stupid. Put him on the spot and let him fumble for the answer. Besides, if the girl cares what you look like when you're ordering a bottle of wine, you don't want to be with her anyway. I'd send her packing.

Q I think I'm going to be fired. Should I work hard and try to save my job or wreak havoc before they dump me?

Doug M., Boston, MA

A First, pick up your severance pay. And then go with Plan B—try to cause as much destruction as possible. Without hurting anybody. Yeah! Have fun.

Q My girlfriend leaves her tampons on the back of the toilet, and it embarrasses me when the boys come over. I asked her to put them away, but she was offended. What should I do?

Martin B., Tampa, FL

A I suggest you mix it up and get a 100-pack of Magnums, the extra-large condoms, and leave them hanging from the towel rack. And leave your favorite skin mags out, dog-eared to your favorite layout.



A LITTLE RUSTY

ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL

He plays a psychic on USA's *The Dead Zone*, so naturally he knew the answers to your real-life questions before you could even ask them.

'Try waxing your back, so when you're shirtless people won't think you're wearing a sweater.'

Q My girlfriend just got breast implants. Great, right? Well, even though they came out lopsided, she loves them. I can hardly look at the things. What should I do?

shoretee7, via e-mail

A A wise man once told me there is no such thing as fake tits. I live in L.A., where so many women get big softball ones that are all top heavy. Unfortunately, it's a reality. Be good to your girlfriend and massage them more often. It's best to take her mind off it.

Q I just went out on a first date with a smoking-hot girl. We only kissed, but my nether regions got a bit over-excited. Now I'm too embarrassed to call her. What should I do?

B. Cryer, Jacksonville, FL

A Dude, if she's a smoking-hot girl and your dick got hard, it's supposed to. Where's the problem? Don't worry about it. Flip the script, play hard to get, and wait for her to call you.

Q My wife thinks I would be sexier if I waxed my chest. Is she trying to emasculate me?

Mike Brandish, Asheville, NC

A Yes, she is. It only grows back thicker anyway. Instead, try waxing your back, so that when you're shirtless people won't think you're wearing a sweater.

Q I'm attracted to an intern, and I want to ask her out. Is there any way I can ethically pursue her affections, or is it pointless?

GoSooners8, via e-mail

A Those two concepts are mutually exclusive: ethics and approaching an intern. She's not even on the payroll, dude, so don't worry about it. Just make sure you ask her out after work.

Q My girlfriend beats me up. I love her and I'd never hit her back, but how can I explain these bruises to my friends?

40grand, via e-mail

A How do you explain S&M to your friends? You know what the real answer is? Come out of the closet: You like being dominated.

Q Is it good to show up late for dates so it seems like I've got stuff to do and I'm not desperate?

Brent Steingarten, Lawrence, KS

A No, it's stupid. It's the first way to get a chick to blow you off, and it's the quickest way not to get dates. Women like their men to be prompt, don't they?

Q My boyfriend brags to me about being a great liar. He told me he'd never lie to me, and I believe him. Should I? I need a guy's perspective.

Crystal Reed, Boulder, CO

A Relationships are built on trust. You need to feel comfortable with the person you're with, but this looks like a case of pure projection. In reality, it sounds to me like he's lying his ass off to you.

Q My girlfriend has a cat. I'm allergic, but I really like her and want to move in with her. Is it all right if I arrange for the animal to "run away"?

Grant T., Plano, TX

A You know that Prince song "Pussy Control"? I can't recall which album it's on, but it's a great song. Exact some "Pussy Control"—refer to the lyrics. Ah, the power of the pussy. Many a kingdom has risen and fallen because of it... but don't hurt the cat.

NEED ANSWERS?

Want your very own quirky query answered by one of our cerebral celebrities? You got it! E-mail us at celebadviser@maximmag.com for your chance to win...nothing, besides having your silly name in print and getting mocked by your friends.

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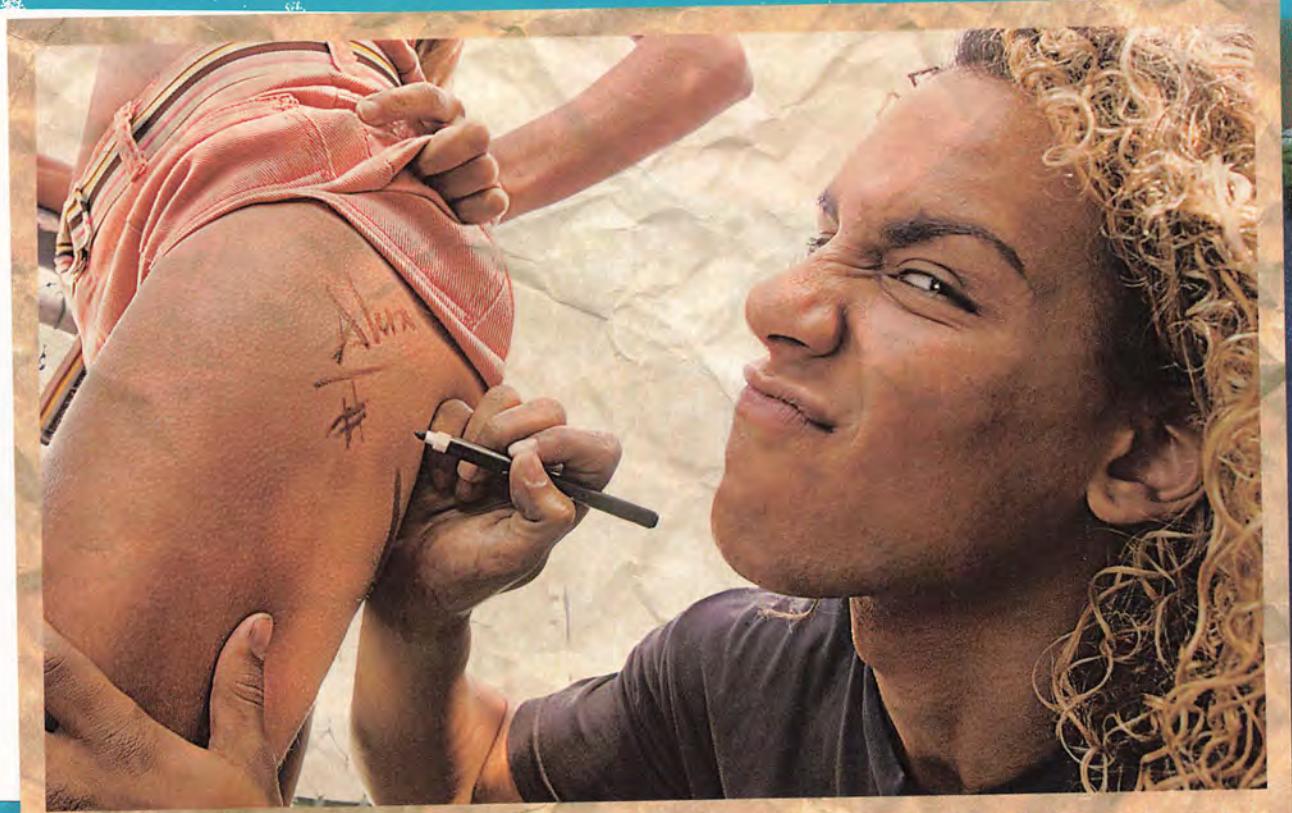
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All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE



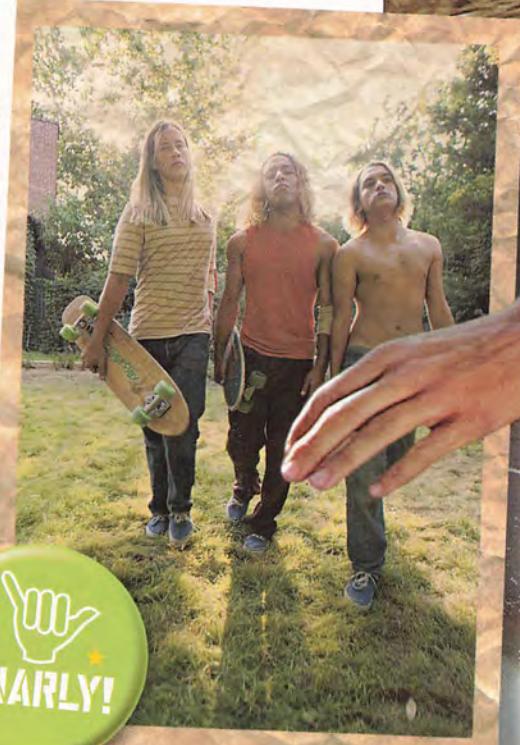
SKATE OR DIE! <

VENI, VIDI, VENICE

With its *hella-cool* skate sequences, rad cast of characters, and totally old-school vibe, *Lords of Dogtown* is a can't-miss, dude.

Before the multimillion-dollar endorsement deals, eponymous video games, and ESPN-sponsored international competitions, skateboarders were just off-duty surf rats who ditched school to hang 10 on concrete and scour backyards for empty pools. *Lords of Dogtown* takes you back to the glory days of Venice, California in the 1970s, when the Zephyr skate shop was ground zero for the growing sport and home base of the Z-Boys—the legendary Bad News Bears crew of OG skaters that included

Stacy Peralta (who wrote the movie), Tony Alva, and Jay Adams. Johnny Knoxville makes a glorified cameo at the end of the movie, but with his bathroom-tile-size teeth and "Dude, I'm baked" delivery, Heath Ledger steals the show as Skip Engblom, the hard-drinkin' burnout who mentors the Z-Boys only to watch 'em haul ass for better-paved pastures. Even if you're more 'bater than skater, the rad board work alone makes *Dogtown* worth visiting.





"At least I know my one-glove look will never become popular!"

► NO LOCALS!

DOG TIRED

Tony Alva was a wall-ridin', pool-hoppin' skate legend. Now his life's a movie.



The actors look like they're really skating in the movie. How'd you pull that off?

Well, the actors did a lot of their own skating from point A to point B—until we needed someone more competent to step in. Then we used professionals.

How did you feel watching someone play you?

It's a trip. Victor [Rasuk], the actor who played me, did a great job, but it's a PG-13 movie, and I wasn't exactly a PG-13 kid. We were hardcore into that whole sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll attitude. You can't re-create that in a PG-13 film, but we tried to get as close as we could.

You guys were just street kids, really.

Yeah, especially Jay [Adams]. He was spontaneous and out of control every moment, and it still

reflects on his life today. It was hard for him to grow up and deal. Hell, it took me 40 years to realize I had to step up if I wanted to make a success of this.

In Dogtown you're the first one to sell out. Do you wince at being the bad guy?

Not really. I was just a teenager. It's a small chunk of my life, and you see I was headed in the right direction; it's just that my attitude was a bit more aggressive and confident. I wanted the money and the fame and everything that came with it. I wanted to travel around the world and be the first professional skateboarder to represent the lifestyle. I was reaching for my goals—and I got my own skateboard company when I was 19.

Do you look back on those old

tricks, like the pirouettes and handstands, and feel like a total lame-ass?

I still do some of those! I was in the Dominican Republic, and the rental car guys were yelling at us to do tricks, so I busted out my skateboard and did a backward, old-school 1970s headstand in the taxi zone in front of the hotel. They loved it! It's a long-lost art now. In the movie Stacy Peralta and I had to do our own stunts because nobody else could do those tricks anymore.

What's the most painful part of the movie?

The ending. Our lives were very special during that era, and the movie captured our connection to that day and age. Life is very precious. You've got to live it to the max, because you never know.



"Look, Ma! No future!"

CAGED CRUSADERS

BAT-NANZA!

Many men have donned the cape and cowl on the big screen, but we separate the Dark Knights from the Men in Tights.



THE BATMEN	COSTUME	BATMOBILE	FIGHTING STYLE	VILLAIN	BROODING LEVEL	QUIP
ADAM WEST BATMAN, 1966	The classic, straight-from-the-comics gray-and-navy-blue ensemble, in spandex, which made Adam West look like a deranged aerobics instructor.		When he and Robin threw down, it looked like a rumble at a gay pride parade. Points deducted for the extra-campy, violence-obscuring <i>Oof!</i> and <i>Bam!</i> pop-ups.	Sure, his villain pool looked more like the Friars Club than the Legion of Doom, but give him credit for taking on the Joker, Penguin, Riddler, and Catwoman.	Low. It's tough to seem brooding when you hang around a preteen in green hot pants and look like a divorced substitute teacher in a rented Halloween costume.	
MICHAEL KEATON BATMAN, 1989	To paraphrase Nigel Tufnel, how much more black could his costume be? None more. At least the rubber muscle suit kept Keaton from looking like Mr. Mom.		Stiff as a frozen zombie, Keaton seemed to subscribe to the old Steven Seagal "I'm just gonna stand here while you run into my fists" school of fighting.	Nicholson's Joker was so perfect we can still hear his laugh in our heads.	High. He was almost always stone-faced and smile-free, kind of like us watching <i>Gung Ho</i> .	
VAL KILMER BATMAN FOREVER, 1995	Two words: Bat nipples. Joel Schumacher made his presence felt on the Bat scene, bringing some Broadway razzle-dazzle to Gotham and trying to kill the franchise.		What is this, "Batman on Ice"? Bright colors, impressive twists and pirouettes, but not an ounce of manhood.	Every time Jim Carrey's Riddler was on-screen, you felt a real sense of danger. Danger that a vein in his head might hemorrhage from all that overacting.	High. This Bruce Wayne was a reticent man who took himself very, very seriously. So it was typecasting, obviously.	
GEORGE CLOONEY BATMAN & ROBIN, 1997	The costume featured silver accents. That's right...silver. Somewhere Bob Kane is still clawing at his casket and cursing Joel Schumacher.		For such a supposed tough guy, did he even fight anyone in this movie? Who can say? We blocked out our memories of the entire thing.	His nemesis was the good taste of moviegoers everywhere. Oh, and a giant Austrian Christmas tree.	Negative. Clooney smirked and head-bobbed like a crime-fighting Jay Leno.	
CHRISTIAN BALE BATMAN BEGINS, 2005	This is no-nonsense Bat couture. Black on black on black. And as an added bonus, it looks like something you could actually move freely in.		Bale's Bruce Wayne spent time training with ninjas. By the time he returns to Gotham, he's learned how to crack bones just by pointing at them.	Ra's Al Ghul, the enigmatic leader of a powerful vigilante organization. No cute costume, no clever gimmick, just years upon years of intense asskicking under his belt.	Higher than Sean Penn drinking straight bourbon during <i>Requiem for a Dream</i> . Bale only has three expressions: scowl, scowl, and sleep.	

WINNERS



Bale
We like a Batman who can actually turn his head.

West
You can't beat West's retro classic kick-ass ride.

Bale
Everyone else would trip over his own cape.

Keaton
Always bet on Jack—no one else is even close.

Bale
His Batman wants vengeance, not scotch with Alfred.

Keaton
Simplicity is cooler than corny quips and one-liners.

WILL THE REAL BATMAN PLEASE STAND UP?

Sweeping three of the six categories, newest Batman Christian Bale looks like the best one yet. Maybe the fifth time's a charm.

Film fanatic who wants to be the next big thing in movies.

MM-535 with megapixel camera and camcorder



MM-535 (service by Sprint)

Fun-loving chatterbox who tells great stories and loves to travel.

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F9100 (service by Cingular)

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VX8000 (service by Verizon)

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➤ 'Sushi is my favorite food. I'd eat it for breakfast.'

HAVE YOU
SEEN THIS
GIRL?

Real name:
Samantha Lockwood

Better known as:
Johnny Knoxville's
bodacious girlfriend
in *Lords of Dogtown*.

Her story: It's no surprise that this 23-year-old Betty has popped up at the local Cineplex—her veins are choked with Hollywood. Her dad is Gary Lockwood, who played an egomaniacal crewman in the pilot for *Star Trek* and starred in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. "He was the guy who HAL killed," says Sam.

"My dad was pretty famous in the '60s." After breaking out in *Dogtown*, Samantha will break through this coming year, appearing in *Bottoms Up* with Paris Hilton and Jason Mewes. Not only is she hot and successful—she's flexible, too! Samantha is a certified yoga master. "It hurts," she says. "But it's good for you. No pain, no gain."

Now you can learn from the master—she's currently teaching three times a week. "There are a lot more men in my classes than women," Samantha says. It's not hard to see why...



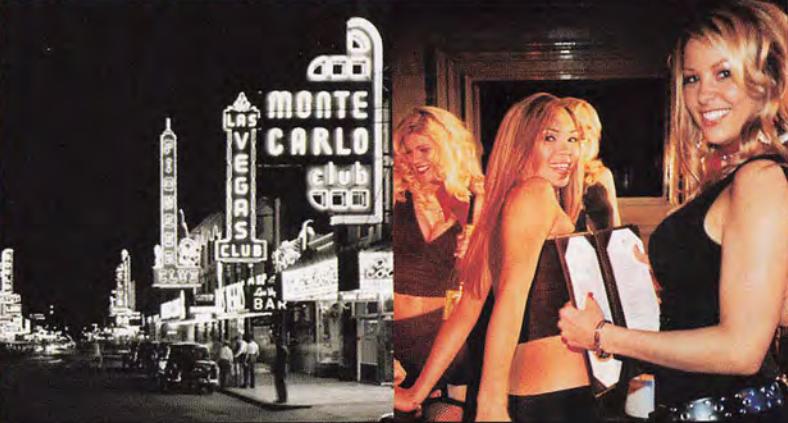
HIT IT!

➤ Samantha attended the Palm Valley School...with Paris Hilton.



MAXIM LOUNGE

See more Samantha pics and video at maximonline.com.

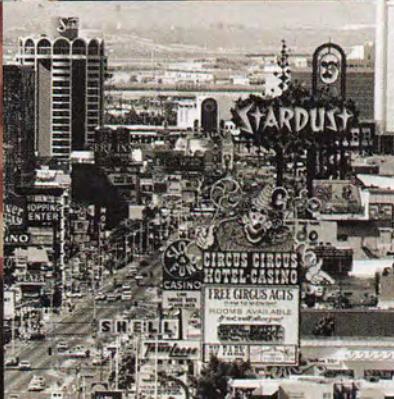
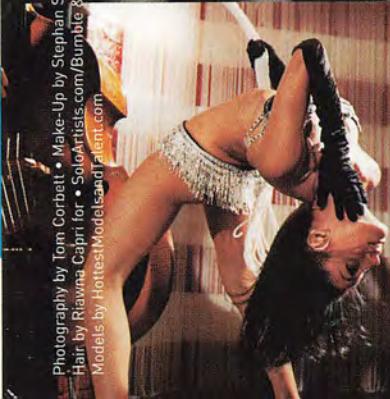
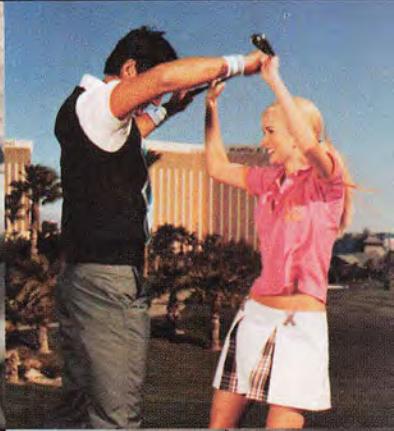


100 YEARS IN NEON

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

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Vegas
1905 - 2005

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Sahara Hotel Casino - 1957

These girls set the standard for being "fabulous" in Vegas.



Photo courtesy of Las Vegas News Bureau

Whiskey Beach**Green Valley Ranch Resort & Casino**

As if an eight-acre courtyard with a pool, beach, tennis courts, bar and amphitheater wasn't enough, they will open a European sunbathing area this summer. Booking reservations now is a moral imperative.

Pools

Skin Pool**The Palms Casino Resort**

Suffering from a repetitive stress injury after double-fisting too many mojitos? Order up a poolside massage, and you'll be back in the game in no time.

Beach Club**Hard Rock Hotel & Casino**

Score yourself one of the 36 private cabanas—they come complete with a phone, refrigerator, and "personal misting system." Don't blame us when your pale body fries like bacon.

**The Beach
Mandalay Bay
Resort & Casino**

Less conversation, a little more action, and a lot more "fabulous."



Women's swimsuits by Guess?
Swimwear, Men's boardshorts by Quiksilver. Stores located at Fashion Show.

Pool

Flamingo Las Vegas

From the oval-shaped pool to a sprawling, grotto-laced lagoon, enjoy nonstop refreshment while the two hot tubs deliver relaxation in a hurry. Private cabanas are available, just in case you pass out from being too relaxed.

**The Beach
Mandalay Bay Resort & Casino**

Every Vegas resort comes complete with a trademark feature to dazzle prospective guests. But an 11-acre tropical sand beach? That's just showing off.

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100 YEARS IN NEON



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El Rancho Las Vegas - 1938

Good food, good wine, good friends
always equals good times.



Photo courtesy of Las Vegas News Bureau

Dining**Simon Kitchen & Bar****Hard Rock Hotel & Casino**

Is it any wonder that the iconic Hard Rock houses one of the finest American-style establishments around? No, it's not. So stop wondering and eat Chef Kerry Simon's delicious meatloaf, already.

Delmonico Steakhouse**The Venetian**

Emeril Lagasse delivers exciting New Orleans-style cuisine with a unique flair. Enjoy the bone-in rib eye steak, double-cut pork chop and chicken-for-two carved tableside. Which we call the "lazy chicken."

Mesa Grill**Caesars Palace**

After eating an exquisitely prepared meal by food-meister Bobby Flay, the Southwestern rebel of the culinary world, you'll be very tempted to high-five the waiters. Don't do it, man.

FIX Restaurant & Bar**Bellagio**The formula is the same,
even if the dress code isn't.

All apparel by Valentine.
Store located at The Forum
Shops at Caesars.

Mix in Las Vegas**THEhotel at Mandalay Bay**

World-famous Chef Alain Ducasse? Check. A 360-degree view of the Strip from 43 floors up? Check. A half-million-dollar, 15,000-bulb chandelier shaped like a champagne glass? Check. It's all about the details.

FIX Restaurant & Bar**Bellagio**

Want to eat at a place where the décor looks as hip as you? Bust out that new suit worth two months rent and break it in at swank-factory, FIX.

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100 YEARS IN NEON



For more good eats, VisitLasVegas.com

The Riviera Hotel & Casino - 1958

Caddies in Vegas have it tough.

Endless sunshine, big tips, tan lines—is this considered work?



Photo courtesy of Las Vegas News Bureau

**Aliante Golf Club**

North Vegas' premier public course is spread out over an expansive 125 acres so that hackers like you aren't a danger to locals living nearby. Luckily, they have a complete practice facility.

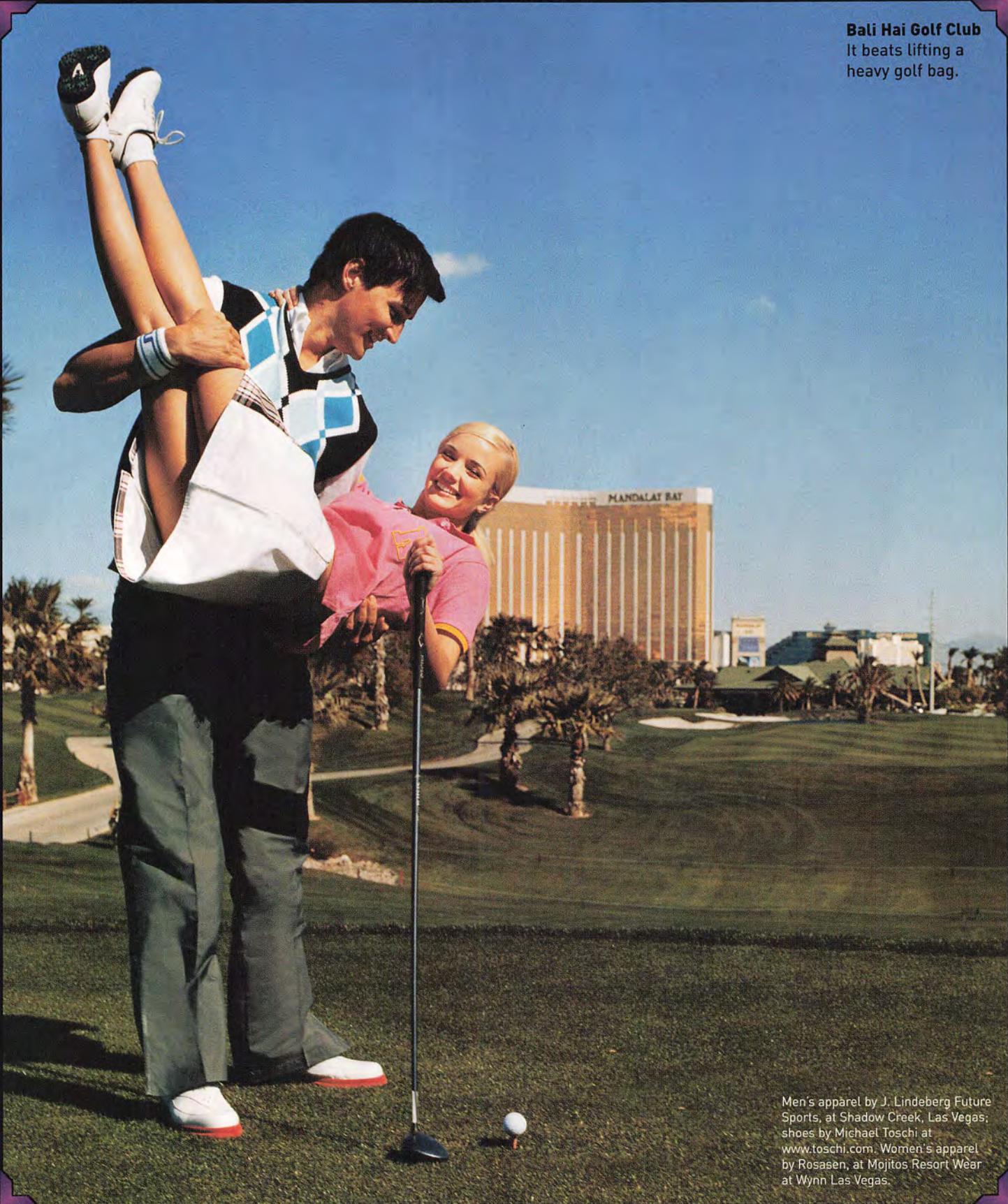
Rio Secco Golf Club

Henderson's best course is located at the foot of the Black Mountains and cuts through the desert. The fairways are wide open so you can bomb it. Butch Harmon opened the Butch Harmon School of Golf here. So take a lesson, slicer!

Rhodes Ranch Golf Club

Über-course designer Ted Robinson brags that Rhodes Ranch features the best par-3's he has ever done. So blame him—not your anger management problems—for making you snap that 7-iron over your knee.

Bali Hai Golf Club
It beats lifting a
heavy golf bag.



Men's apparel by J. Lindeberg Future Sports, at Shadow Creek, Las Vegas; shoes by Michael Toschi at www.toschi.com. Women's apparel by Rosasen, at Mojitos Resort Wear at Wynn Las Vegas.

Bear's Best Golf Club

Golf legend Jack Nicklaus created these links choosing the 18 holes from among the best he's ever devised. Plus, he's available to caddie, give tours, and dole out relationship advice. Psych!

Bali Hai Golf Club

You've got only one choice if you want a championship-level golf course that's located right on the Strip. Unfortunately, you've got no choice if your drive goes into passing traffic. Wait for the red light!

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For a hole-in-one, VisitLasVegas.com

Flamingo Las Vegas - 1956

The ladies are drawn to the tables,
the guys are drawn to the ladies...



Photo courtesy of Las Vegas News Bureau

Gaming

Hard Rock Hotel & Casino

Known for the best people watching, you may see musicians, movie stars and models gambling besides "normal folk." And by the term "normal folk," we mean you. So dress the part and look sharp before entering.

**MGM Grand**

Slots with car jackpots or the \$1,000,000 Lion's Share machines? Blackjack, roulette, craps or baccarat? Maybe one of the MGM Grand's eight other table games? Consider it your own personal gambling harem.

Mandalay Bay Resort & Casino

Mandalay Bay manages to run one of the classiest sports betting joints anywhere. It offers everything: unique wagers, high limits, and a helpful staff for baseball-favoring newbies.

Golden Nugget Las Vegas
...because, win or lose, you
always get lucky in Vegas.



All apparel by BOSS Hugo Boss,
except tie, right, by Valentino. Stores
located at Desert Passage and The
Forum Shops at Caesars Palace.

Rio All-Suite Hotel & Casino

Just how ingenious were the Rio's creators? They designed the hotel so that its patrons have to walk through the casino to get to the pool. Remember to always double-down on bikini-clad babes.

Golden Nugget Las Vegas

With doors that never close, the casino action never ends at The Golden Nugget's High Limit Salon. You also won't see daylight for 48 straight hours, but the sun's overrated anyway.

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100 YEARS IN NEON



For more great gaming, VisitLasVegas.com

The Flamingo - 1954

Back in the day, the chorus line rocked Vegas nightlife.



Photo courtesy of Las Vegas News Bureau

**Light
Bellagio**

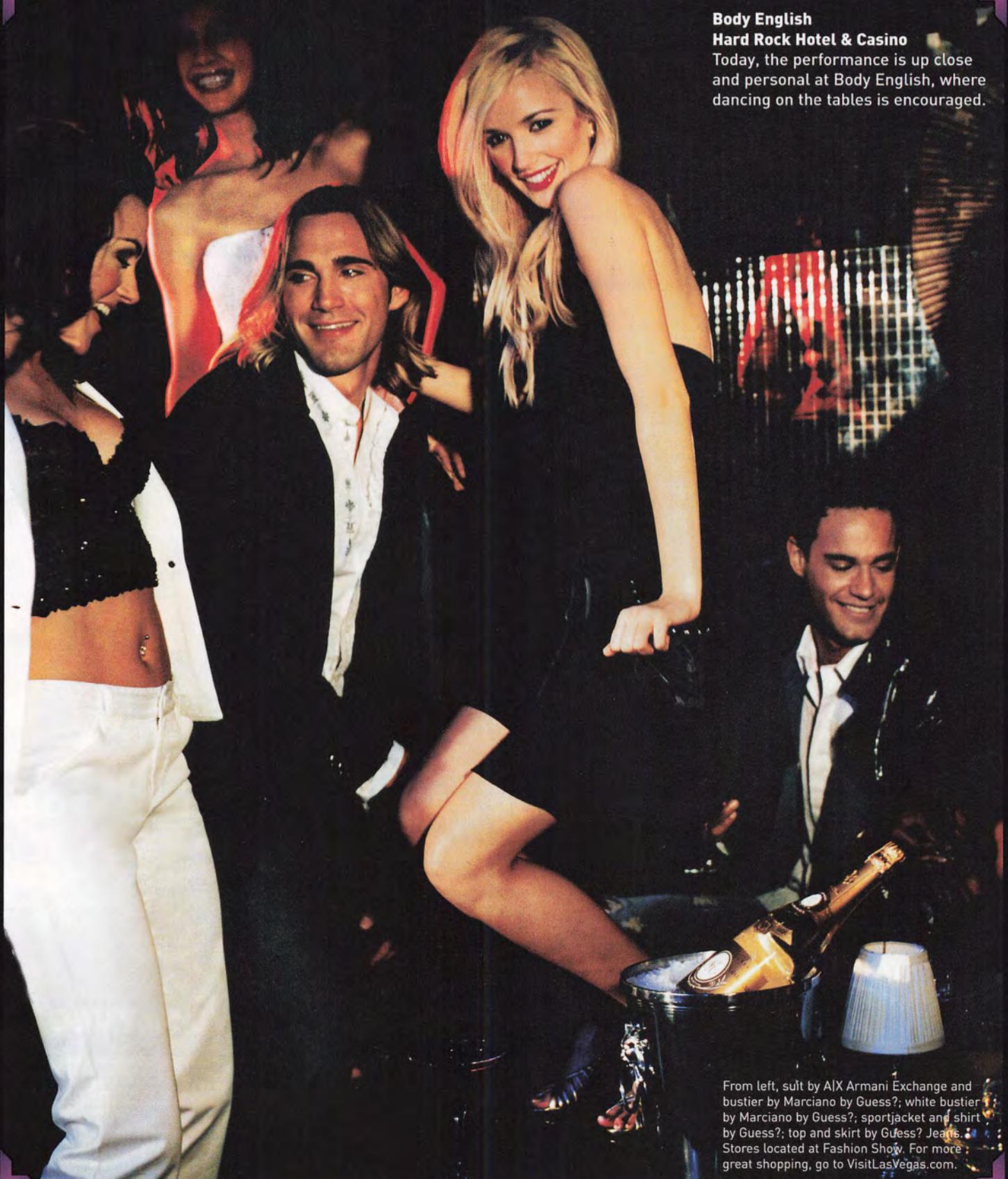
You can keep things mellow in the lounge, grab a table by the dance floor, or show off with an appearance in the VIP area. About that last one—just nod when we point you out to the bouncers.

**Tangerine Lounge & Nightclub
TI - Treasure Island**

Kick it old school by downing some delicious hooch and catching a show by the devastatingly naughty burlesque dancers. Silently thank the man who invented pasties.

Ghostbar**The Palms Casino Resort**

Think seeing the Strip from 55 floors up is an impressive sight? Check out the translucent floor looking down at the Skin Pool Lounge below. It's proof that there is a heaven on Earth.

**Body English****Hard Rock Hotel & Casino**

Today, the performance is up close and personal at Body English, where dancing on the tables is encouraged.

**Drai's
Barbary Coast Hotel and Casino**

At the stroke of midnight, Drai's magically transforms from one of Vegas' coolest restaurants into one of its hottest clubs. Which is much better than transforming into a robotic talking big rig.

Body English**Hard Rock Hotel & Casino**

If you're grading clubs based on their clientele, then Las Vegas staple, Body English, gets an "A" —as in A-list celebs. Just try not to stare when you get in.

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Vegas

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100 YEARS IN NEON



For places to party, VisitLasVegas.com

From left, suit by A|X Armani Exchange and bustier by Marciano by Guess?; white bustier by Marciano by Guess?; sportjacket and shirt by Guess?; top and skirt by Guess? Jeans. Stores located at Fashion Show. For more great shopping, go to VisitLasVegas.com.

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Ivan Kane's Forty Deuce
Mandalay Bay Resort & Casino
The dancers like hot sax and a
nice chanti.

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100 YEARS IN NEON
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- ❖ Two-night hotel stay at
The Hard Rock Hotel & Casino

- ❖ Group dinner at FIX restaurant
- ❖ VIP passes, private table and limited
bar tab at Body English nightclub

- ❖ VIP passes to
Ivan Kane's Forty Deuce
- ❖ Golf at Rio Secco Golf Club

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*Forty
VAN KANE'S
Deuce*

Rio Secco
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"WIN THE ULTIMATE BACHELOR PARTY TRIP TO VEGAS SWEEPSTAKES" OFFICIAL RULES - NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. HOW TO ENTER: To enter, follow the links at <http://WWW.MAXIMONLINE.COM> to the contests page to reach the official entry form. Then fill in your name, home address, e-mail address, and date of birth and hit the SEND button. No Purchase Required. Sweepstakes will run from 12:01 a.m. Eastern Time on May 15, 2005 through 11:59 p.m. Eastern Time on June 30, 2005. Only one entry per person and per e-mail address will be accepted. Duplicate entries will be disregarded. In the event of conflict, prize will be awarded to the owner of the e-mail address. Use of automated entry devices or programs is prohibited. Any attempts to access the site via a bot script or other brute-force attack will result in that IP address becoming ineligible for the entire sweepstakes. Sweepstakes Entities (defined below) are not responsible for any incorrect or inaccurate entry information, human error, technical malfunction, failures, omission, interruption, deletion, or defect of any telephone network, computer online systems, computer equipment, servers, access providers, or software, including any injury or damage to participants' or any other persons' computers relating to or resulting from participation in this Sweepstakes; inability to access the entry Web site or any Web pages thereof; tampering, destruction, or unauthorized access to, or alteration of entries; entry submissions that are processed late or incorrectly or are incomplete, garbled, or lost due to computer or electronic malfunction or traffic congestion on the Internet or any Web site. Proof of entering information at Web site is not considered proof of delivery or receipt. All entries become the sole property of the Sweepstakes Entities and will not be returned or acknowledged. False and/or deceptive entries or accounts shall render entry ineligible. WINNER SELECTION: One (1) Grand Prize Winner will be selected in a random drawing of all eligible entries received, on or about July 11, 2005. The selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the Sweepstakes Entities, whose decisions shall be final. Odds of winning are determined by the number of eligible entries received. ELIGIBILITY: Open to legal residents of the United States, 21 years of age or older as of date of entry. Employees of Dennis Publishing, Inc., MaximNet, Inc., Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority, and R&R Partners, Inc. (collectively "Sweepstakes Entities") or any of their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their families, are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. In the event that the Sweepstakes is challenged by any legal or regulatory authority, Sweepstakes Entities reserve the right to discontinue or modify the Sweepstakes, or to disqualify participants residing in the affected geographic areas. In such event, Sweepstakes Entities shall have no liability to any entrants who are disqualified due to such an action. By entering this Sweepstakes, entrants accept and agree to be bound by these Official Rules and the decisions of the Sweepstakes Entities, which shall be final, binding and conclusive on all matters. Grand Prize Winner and guests must be available to travel on any dates selected within the sole and absolute discretion of the Sweepstakes Entities pursuant to two weeks' advance notice. PRIZES/VALUES: Grand Prize (1): Grand Prize Winner will receive a two-night stay for 10 people in Las Vegas. Prize includes round-trip coach airfare for Grand Prize Winner and nine guests (airline to be selected within the sole and absolute discretion of the Sweepstakes Entities) from the U.S. gateway airport closest to the Grand Prize Winner's home, accommodations for two-night (multiple occupancy) at a hotel to be selected and determined in the sole and absolute discretion of Sweepstakes Entities, one group dinner for 10 people at a restaurant to be selected and determined in the sole and absolute discretion of Sweepstakes Entities, admission for 10 people to a nightclub to be selected and determined in the sole and absolute discretion of Sweepstakes Entities, and one round of golf including clubs and shoe rentals for 10 people, at a golf course to be selected and determined in the sole and absolute discretion of Sweepstakes Entities. Approximate retail value of the Grand Prize is \$8,650. Actual retail value of Grand Prize may vary depending upon city of departure. If the major airport closest to the Grand Prize Winner's residence serves the greater metropolitan Las Vegas area, the Grand Prize will not include air transportation or land transfers to the hotel and no substitution or compensation will be provided. All expenses not specifically referred to herein shall be the responsibility of Grand Prize Winner. Grand Prize Winner and guests must travel on the same itinerary. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes, if any, are solely the responsibility of the winner. Dates of trip and travel arrangements to be selected and determined in the sole and absolute discretion of Sweepstakes Entities, subject to availability. Blackout dates and restrictions may apply. Grand Prize Winner and guests are responsible for all required travel documentation. No substitution, transfer, assignment or cash equivalent of prize permitted, except that Sweepstakes Entities may substitute any prize of equal or greater value for any reason. Failure to return any required documentation so as to be received within fourteen (14) days of prize notification will result in automatic prize forfeiture. If prize is forfeited for any reason, an alternate winner will be chosen in a random drawing of all eligible entries. NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by electronic mail and/or regular mail. Winner's name may also be posted at <http://WWW.MAXIMONLINE.COM> and/or in MAXIM Magazine. If Sweepstakes Entities are unable to contact the Winner to notify the winner that he or she has been selected as the Winner, or if any notification is returned as undeliverable, for any reason beyond Sweepstakes Entities' control, the prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate. Winners and guests may be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility / release of liability and publicity release so as to be received within fourteen (14) days of issuance of notification. Failure to comply with these requirements will result in the award of the prize to an alternate. The Winner's guests must meet all eligibility requirements of this Sweepstakes, and must also execute and return an affidavit of eligibility/release of liability and publicity release by the deadline specified in order for the guest to be permitted to accompany the Winner. The return of the affidavit/release of liability within the allotted time shall be solely the responsibility of the winner. Sweepstakes Entities are not responsible for delays in delivery. Entry constitutes winner's permission to print and/or post the winner's name in MAXIM Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and winner's consent to use his/her name, photograph, and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This Sweepstakes shall be governed by and construed in accordance with New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be exclusively in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are exclusively the responsibility of each winner. RELEASE OF LIABILITY: All entrants including the winner hereby release the Sweepstakes Entities and their respective parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this Sweepstakes from all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this Sweepstakes and/or award, acceptance or use of the prize, including liability for personal injury, death, damages, or monetary loss, and including the risks of travel and of attendance at public events. PRIVACY: Any personal information supplied by entrants to MaximNet, Inc. and to Dennis Publishing, Inc. will be subject to MaximNet, Inc.'s and Dennis Publishing, Inc.'s privacy policy and terms of service located at [www.maximonline.com](http://WWW.MAXIMONLINE.COM). Additionally, by opting into specific offers from the Sweepstakes Entities, your personal information will be subject to each entity's respective privacy policies and you agree to receive additional e-mail communications from those entities. WINNERS LIST: For the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Win The Ultimate Bachelor Party Trip to Vegas Sweepstakes, c/o Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 and MaximNet, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. STAMPS: The Sweepstakes Sponsors are Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 and MaximNet, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

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TO DATE YOU!



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Ada, Michigan

Tina
San Diego, California

Lisa
Ridgefield, Connecticut

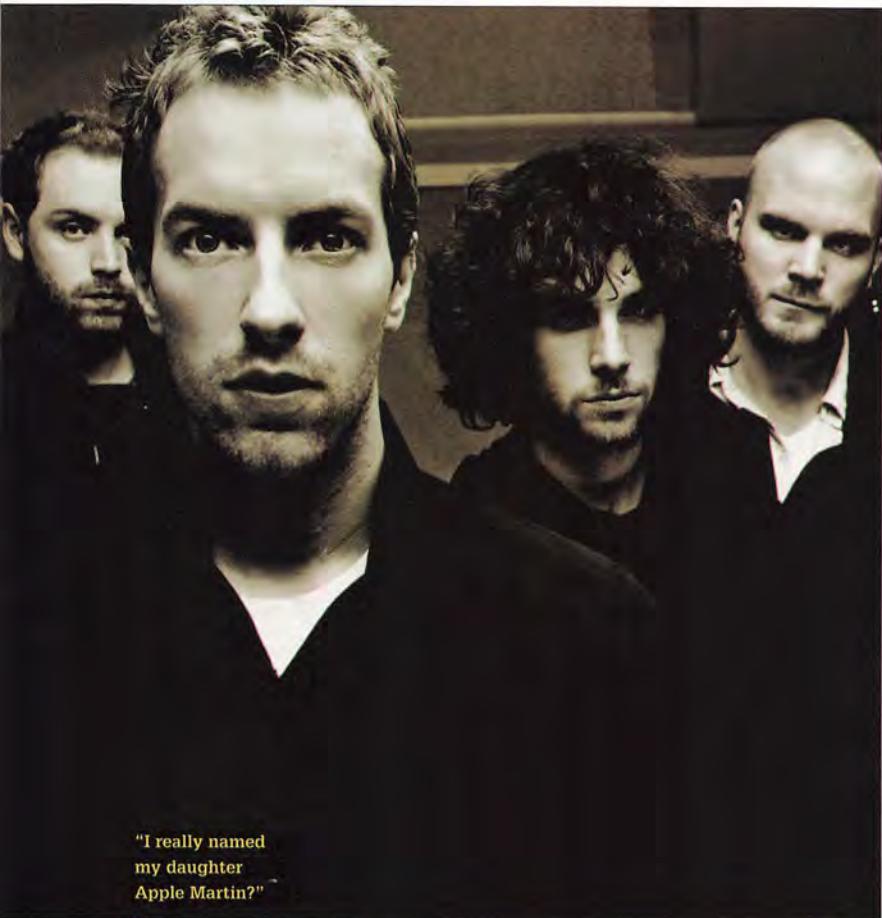
Step 1: Marvel at the undeniably hot girls. Step 2: Contact your favorite.
Step 3: Ask her on a date. Step 4: Buy her breakfast!

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"I really named my daughter Apple Martin?"

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RATINGS:

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ICE CUBE
★★★★★

EASY-E
★★★★★

MC REN
★★★★★

DJ YELLA
★★★★★



GET THIS!

► Before Coldplay hit it big, lead guitarist Jonny Buckland worked as a school janitor.

COLDPLAY

X&Y (Capitol)

Recording in eight studios on two continents over the span of 18 months, Coldplay worked their asses off to make their third record—and it shows, especially if you've got a kickin' stereo. (The budget for violins alone must've broken the bank.) The first single, "Speed of Sound," is surprisingly peppy for this parka-wearing band, but much of the album is midtempo numbers that build, then throw you headlong into a wall of guitars. Once again Chris Martin's voice cuts through the slick production and steals the show, aching with worry on tracks like "What If" or cooing romantically on the love letter "A Message." Filled with more earnest sentiments than a greeting card writers' convention, X&Y's lush rock won't make you strip off your clothes and screw—but it might fool your girlfriend into thinking you *really* love her.

Maxim rating: ★★★★

LIKE THIS?
TRY THESE



MAXIM
ALBUM
OF THE
MONTH

OASIS

Don't Believe the Truth (Epic)



Although England still treats them like rock royalty, the rest of the world realizes Oasis had one good album, and they put it out a decade ago. Otherwise their career has been a mildly amusing, drunken tabloid



GORILLAZ

Demon Days (Virgin)

Turning yourself into a cartoon must be liberating. (Hey, it worked for Jim Carrey.) The second album from the animated crew led by Blur's Damon Albarn bends genres, blending Brit-pop, hip-hop, garage punk, dub,

sideshow backed by the occasional pretentious rock anthem. Their latest effort is OK, if only because the songs don't sound like Beatles retreats—now they sound like Oasis retreats!



and drum 'n' bass. Indie rap maestro Danger Mouse creates a dark, druggy vibe that's only enhanced when Mr. Dark Druggy Vibe himself, Dennis Hopper, pops by for a spoken-word cameo.



REVIEWS IN HAIKU

More brand-spankin'-new CDs, described in only 17 syllables.

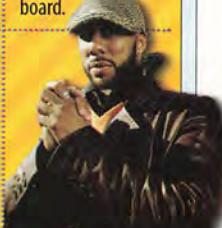
KELLY OSBOURNE
Sleeping in the Nothing
Eighties synth-pop turn/From Ozzy's wild, demon spawn/ Doesn't suck. Really.

THE WALLFLOWERS
Rebel, Sweetheart
Shouldn't songs this good/ Played this well, sound a little/ More interesting?

GOLDIE LOOKIN' CHAIN
Straight Outta Newport
Sample song title?/Your Mother's Got a Penis/ This Welsh rap crew rules.

SHELBY LYNNE
Suit Yourself
Country-soul siren/ Quits trying to craft pop hits, / Proudly shows her grit.

COMMON
Be
The backpack rapper/Aims for platinum plaques with/Kanye West on board.



"Yo, MC Fart Noises is in the house!"

► RELEASES MAKING NOISE



DAVE MATHEWS BAND

Stand Up (RCA)

If Designer Imposters cologne made a Dave Matthews record, it would sound like this, where a just-out-of-bed Dave moans his way through funk-free circle jerks and boring ballads that four out of five dentists would

play while drilling teeth. With Mark Batson (who produced 50 Cent and Eminem) behind the boards, you'd expect *Stand Up* to stand out, but it's blander than fat-free, no-salt potato chips.



WEEZER

Make Believe (Geffen)

While hipster bands did blow and rediscovered 1982, Weezer frontman Rivers Cuomo pulled all-nighters at Harvard and crafted *Make Believe*. But like a metalhead mathlete taunted during assem-

bles, Weezer's Rick Rubin-produced fifth record gets even with the cool kids, rocking their socks off with big guitars and bigger pop hooks. (OK, and a ballad or two.) Dorks of the world, unite!



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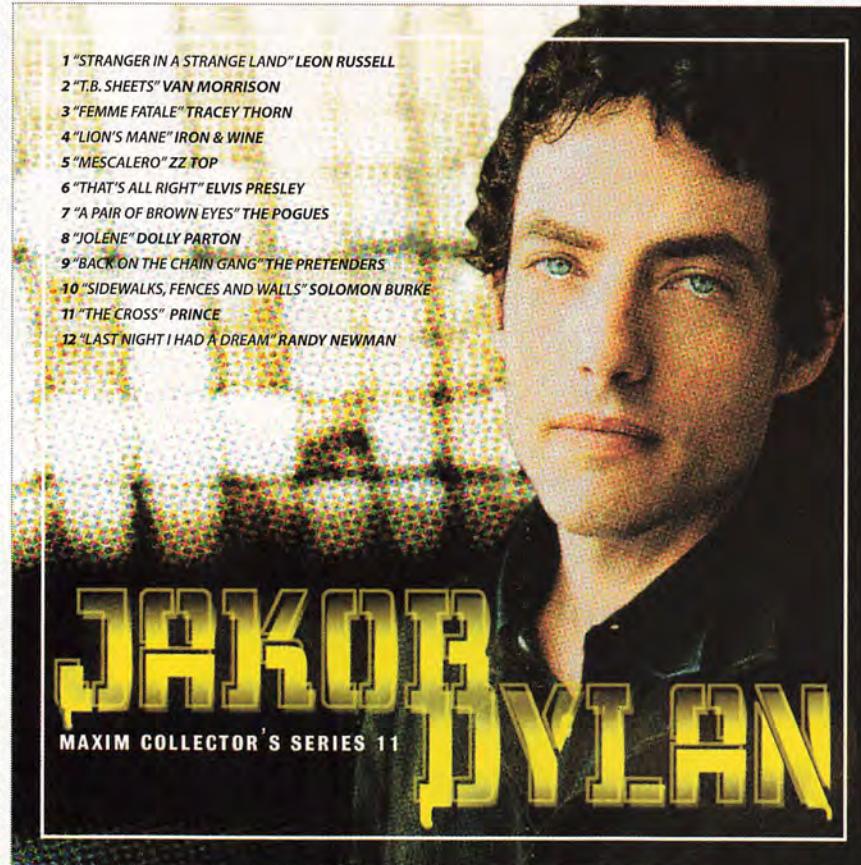


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CUT OUT AND KEEP

- 1 "STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND" LEON RUSSELL
- 2 "T.B. SHEETS" VAN MORRISON
- 3 "FEMME FATALE" TRACEY THORN
- 4 "LION'S MANE" IRON & WINE
- 5 "MESCALERO" ZZ TOP
- 6 "THAT'S ALL RIGHT" ELVIS PRESLEY
- 7 "A PAIR OF BROWN EYES" THE POGUES
- 8 "JOLENE" DOLLY PARTON
- 9 "BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG" THE PRETENDERS
- 10 "SIDEWALKS, FENCES AND WALLS" SOLOMON BURKE
- 11 "THE CROSS" PRINCE
- 12 "LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM" RANDY NEWMAN



PRIVATE MIX

**JAKOB DYLAN'S
BURN THIS!**

The lead singer of the Wallflowers talks tracks.

1. "Stranger in a Strange Land"

Leon Russell "That song, more than any song I can think of, showcases his explosive abilities to orchestrate a giant rock 'n' roll band sound."

2. "T.B. Sheets" Van Morrison

"One of the creepiest glimpses into somebody's songwriting. It's less a song than an experience."

3. "Femme Fatale" Tracey Thorn

"She's in Everything but the Girl. The melody's been stuck in my head for years."

4. "Lion's Mane" Iron & Wine

"Sam Beam is untouchable. He's a schoolteacher, but he has this Southern thing with the language he uses—it's incredibly unique."

5. "Mescalero" ZZ Top

"On their older stuff, you can hear why Jimi Hendrix had his eye on Billy Gibbons. That guy can really play."

6. "That's All Right" Elvis Presley

"People are too obsessed with the rock. This song reminds you that if you're rocking, you are only doing half of it. Do not forget the roll."

7. "A Pair of Brown Eyes" The Pogues

"Irish music done correctly. It's not an American band pretending. It's the real deal."

8. "Jolene" Dolly Parton

"It's got every element of classic country music in there, especially storytelling. People forget what an incredible songwriter she is."

9. "Back on the Chain Gang"

The Pretenders "Even though the first couple of records had their strongest identity, 'Chain Gang' is an outstanding song."

10. "Sidewalks, Fences and Walls"

Solomon Burke "Fortunately, Solomon Burke has been rediscovered, getting the attention he deserves. This song is incredibly epic."

11. "The Cross" Prince

"It's the more rock end of Prince, and it's more badass than most rock people out there can do."

12. "Last Night I Had a Dream"

Randy Newman "I'm a big fan of the stuff he wrote for *Toy Story*, but this is probably the peak of his sardonic humor."



GET THIS!

► Jakob Dylan provided the voice of a newborn baby in *The Rugrats Movie*.

KIDDING AROUND

YOU'RE GROUNDED!

Jakob Dylan did his pappy proud, but these rotten apples fell a bit farther from the tree.

CARNIE WILSON


Spawn of: Beach Boy Brian Wilson
As if her pops wasn't loony enough, how do you think he reacted when his not-so-little girl got her stomach stapled and posed nude...then made another Wilson Phillips album?

SEAN LENNON


Spawn of: Beatle John Lennon
The only thing he inherited from his dad is questionable taste in women. Once linked to model/federal disaster area Bijou Phillips, Sean now slinks around the hipsterverse solo.

LISA MARIE PRESLEY


Spawn of: Elvis Presley
If Elvis was really still alive, he would have offed himself after witnessing his baby girl in a nasty lip lock with then-hubby Michael Jackson at the MTV Video Music Awards in 1994.

NELSON


Spawn of: Teen idol Ricky Nelson
With their flowing golden locks, Matthew and Gunnar Nelson were like a pair of pop-metal My Little Ponies who didn't ride the lightning so much as prance around it.



HOT ZONE > TV



MAXIM
EPIC
OF THE
MONTH
★★★★★

"Shh! Be quiet and
Custer will never
know it's us."



GET THIS!
The word
mafioso was
first used in a
play in 1863.



GUNS 'N' ARROWS

INTO THE WEST

Airs: TNT, June 10

Stars: Sean Astin, Tom Berenger, Rachael Leigh Cook
Rejoice! Steven Spielberg has finally sated his World War II jones... for now. He's found a new genocidal conflict to strip-mine, producing a 12-hour, six-part miniseries on America's westward expansion. No, it's not about our eating habits—it's about the 19th century, when pale-faced devils rolled their covered wagons over Native American culture. Covering everything from Wounded Knee to the transcontinental railroad, *Into the West* tells the conflict through the eyes of the Wheeler clan as well as the Lakota tribe—who, sadly, don't survive to see their leader Crazy Horse honored on a malt liquor bottle.

We're guessing: ★★★★★



"Now girls, watch
closely as Ferdinand
mounts Bessie."



ALSO PLAYING



INSIDE THE MAFIA

Airs: National Geographic Channel, June 13
Culled from surveillance tapes, archival footage, and interviews with gangsters, this documentary takes you so far inside the Mob you'll be able to smell the scungilli.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



WEEDS

Airs: Showtime, June
Nancy Botwin is your typical widowed mother struggling to pay the bills on her suburban California lifestyle... by selling ganja to a city councilman! Ah, just like Mom used to grow.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



THE REAL WORLD: AUSTIN

Airs: MTV, June
For its 16th installment, MTV's annual exercise in schadenfreude unleashes seven self-absorbed stereotypes on the state that gave us monster-truck-size belt buckles. Yeehaw!

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



HERCULES

Airs: NBC, May 23
Hallmark's version of the mythological strongman features sets and costumes that seem to be left over from *The Beastmaster*. Even worse, their Hercules looks like someone we could beat up.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



WORTH WATCHING

ENTOURAGE, SEASON TWO

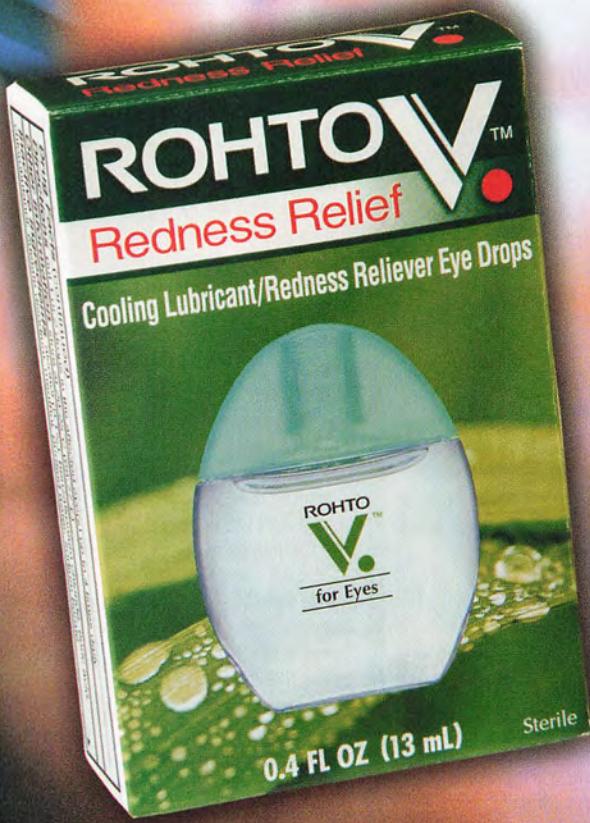
Airs: HBO, June 5

Stars: Adrian Grenier, Kevin Dillon, Kevin Connolly

Budding A-lister Vince Chase and his crew keep busy spending their days busting balls and their nights balling starlets. (Just like us... only completely different, actually.) When we last saw him, Vince had taken a massive pay cut and left his harem of Hollywood hotties to make *Queens Boulevard*, an indie picture that could kill his career quicker than a stint on *The Surreal Life*. Now the boys are back in town... and Vince has to pick a big-budget project to support his lavish lifestyle. (All that primo pot ain't cheap, you know.) Best pal Eric is officially his manager, hapless Turtle is his personal assistant, and his older brother, Johnny Drama, might finally land a role with lines... if he can only stop himself from telling the producers to fuck off.

We're guessing: ★★★★★





experience fast
experience different
experience cool, effective redness relief for eyes

are you ready for the
Rohtov
experience?



Movie:
★★★★★

Special features:
★★★★★



> MUST OWN

CASINO 10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Greed and gambling ain't a good mix, but it sure is entertaining!

Release date: June 14

Director: Martin Scorsese

Before Las Vegas became a playground for fanny-packing buffet hounds, it was a lawless outpost where degenerate mobsters put the squeeze on the locals...with a *vise!* Scorsese's new classic turns the clock back to 1973, when bookies like Ace Rothstein ran casinos and sociopathic goons like Nicky Santoro bled the locals.

What happened in Vegas stayed in Vegas back then, too...only

it was buried in a deep hole in the desert.

Extra! Jackpot! *Casino's* packed with bonus goodies. It's all here, from featurettes covering Las Vegas' historical ties to the underworld to the minutiae that Scorsese obsessed over on the set. (These ice cubes aren't square enough!) The only thing missing is a blindfold for when Joe Pesci and Sharon Stone get it on.

Trivia: Joe Pesci's character is based on real-life Chicago gangster Tony Spilotro, who actually was beaten and then buried alive with his brother in an Indiana cornfield in 1986.

MAXIM
SURE BET!
★★★★★

> ALSO OUT

MAN ON FIRE COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Out: May 24

The best finger-slicing, anal-bomb-exploding, havoc-wreaking revenge flick most people missed last year—so now's your chance.



★★★★★

BE COOL

Out: May 31

This *Get Shorty* sequel sure didn't take long to get to DVD, but it's still worth watching if only to see the all-star cast chew scenery like the script was covered with delicious gravy.



★★★★★

WHITE NOISE

Out: May 17

Some titles say it all, don't they? A UHF channel at 4 A.M. is about as suspenseful as this Michael Keaton thriller about ghosts who communicate through electronic devices.

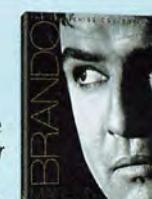


★★★★★

MARLON BRANDO COLLECTION

Out: May 31

Love Brando like the fat man loved cake, but you've just watched *The Godfather* and *On the Waterfront* too many times? Try this collection of four other classics.



★★★★★

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01

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FULL THROTTLE

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THE CAN



"Fifth floor... has-beens!"

BUY THIS NOW

NEWSRADIO SEASONS ONE & TWO

Release date: May 24

During its four-year run, *NewsRadio* was more overlooked than Verne Troyer at the NBA All-Star Game. But on DVD you can finally appreciate how good the cast was. Not only do you get Phil Hartman in his prime (before his wife killed him)—you also get former Kid in the Hall Dave Foley (pre-dye-job and awful goat-ee), Maura Tierney (when she was totally smokin'), Andy Dick (before he went bat-shit), and *Office Space*'s Stephen Root. Hell, even Joe Rogan was funny! **Extra!** The set has commentaries, bloopers, and featurettes. And they didn't skimp on much—it even has Portuguese subtitles!



Show:
★★★★★
Special features:
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GET THIS!
► Eight episodes from *NewsRadio's* second season are named after Led Zeppelin records.

► MORE CAN'T-MISS SHOWS

THE SIMPSONS: BART WARS

Out: May 17
Can you do the Bartman and sing the cantina band's song from *Star Wars*? Then you need to get a life... and you'll love this money-grubbing DVD of four *Simpsons* episodes packed with more *Star Wars* references than Skywalker Ranch.



SEINFELD: SEASON FOUR

Out: May 17
Don't settle for chronic reruns. Snap up all 24 episodes of *Seinfeld*'s breakout fourth season, with classics like "The Contest" and 13 hours of special features. That's four DVDs of *Seinfeld* for just \$49.95—how long can you hold out?



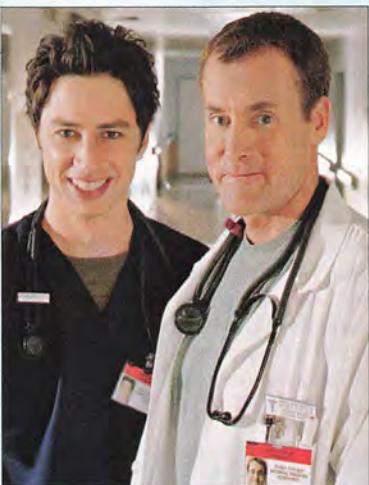
THE SOPRANOS: THE COMPLETE FIFTH SEASON

Out: June 7
It'll be 2025 (OK, 2006) before we see a new episode of the Mob drama, so get reacquainted with the fifth season, when Steve Buscemi joined the cast and Adriana's bowels weren't the only thing to get perforated.



SCRUBS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

Out: May 17
Hospitals aren't usually funny places—unless you're hitting the morphine. But the first season of *Scrubs*, about three medical residents learning the ropes at Sacred Heart Hospital, bucked that trend. This is so great we can't feel our legs!



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TWISTED METAL: HEAD-ON

Sony
Channel your road rage into intense automotive duels using machine guns, missiles, and napalm! A dozen destructible arenas (say adieu, Paris!) await annihilation as you unwind with shooting galleries and survival races, or amuse yourself by going online and forcing strangers to eat hot lead for cutting you off.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



NFL STREET 2: UNLEASHED

Electronic Arts
Rules? Who needs 'em? Pummel the pros in seven-on-seven match-ups at everyday locales. Make catches that bend the laws of physics and turn custom-created chumps into city champs with gigantic jukes and screen-clearing stiff-arms. Exclusive PSP additions include gonzos (dance-offs!) and obstacle courses.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

STAR PICK

XZIBIT

Halo 2, Red Dead Revolver
"I like to get down with the shooting games. Stuff like Red Dead Revolver and Halo 2. Whatever I can shoot up."



"Anyone want to ride a pimp?"



TONY HAWK'S UNDERGROUND 2 REMIX

Activision

Prepare your girl for some serious alone time before you buy the portable version of Tony Hawk's skatin' game. With four new levels (Vegas, Kyoto, Atlanta, Santa Cruz), loads of mini-games, and more tricks than Iceberg Slim's living room, your hands will be real busy for the next few months.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



SPIDER-MAN 2

Activision
Web-heads will get stuck in this all-new game for the PSP, featuring a who's who of Spidey villains, like Rhino, Vulture, and Shocker... along with Doctor Octopus, the biggest baddie of them all. Critically injure opponents, swing your way through the city, and enjoy beating all 19 levels before you get tired of playing the game.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



HOT ZONE > GAMES



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NEED FOR SPEED UNDERGROUND 2

Electronic Arts
With the portable version of the popular racer, those *Fast and the Furious* fantasies will finally come true... except for the part about groupies.

★★★★★



YOSHI TOUCH & GO

Nintendo
Nope, it's not a dating sim... it's an arcade game for budding artistes. Draw cloud paths or imprison enemies in bubbles as Baby Mario and Yoshi reunite on the DS.

★★★★★



BOMBERMAN DS

Ubisoft
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HOT ZONE > BOOKS

> BOOK 'EM!

NO LIGHTS,
NO SIRENS

By Robert Cea (HarperCollins, \$24)

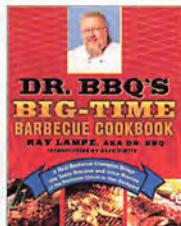
As a rookie cop, Robert Cea believed in by-the-book policing...until he was assigned to a bombed-out precinct in East Flatbush, New York. Next thing you know, Cea's bribing snitches, brutalizing bad guys, and raising eyebrows at internal affairs. Sure, this turf's been covered before, but the book reads like a greatest hits compilation of hard-boiled cop moments—from "drinking away the pain of being alive" to "freaking because my favorite informant took a bullet in the face." But *No Lights* transcends cliché with vibrant street speak that's so salty it'll turn your eyes to beef jerky. Even better—it's all true! Cea retired as the fifth most decorated officer in NYPD history and just sold the movie rights. Read it before they screw it up on the silver screen.

Maxim rating: ★★★★☆NO LIGHTS,
NO SIRENS

THE
CORRUPTION
AND
REDEMPTION
OF AN
INNER CITY
COP

MAXIM
BOOK
OF THE
MONTH

ROBERT CEA



Maxim rating: ★★★★☆

> FLAME ON!

DR. BBQ'S BIG-TIME BARBECUE COOKBOOK

Got a grilling cookbook? Throw it out. *Dr. BBQ's Big-Time Barbecue Cookbook*, by Ray Lampe (St. Martin's Griffin, \$17), combines kick-ass recipes with hijinks from the world of competitive cooking.

On cooking brisket:

"It'll be very tender, and there will be very hot liquid in the bottom of the foil, so don't ever do this naked."

On the special flavors of smoked wood:

"I can't believe the first guy who used mesquite actually tried it a second time. Now we have access to all the different woods, and they are all good and should be tried, with the possible exception of mesquite."

On the serious world of competitive BBQ:

"I've proposed a cookoff where the judging is done by a dog. You all put your box of food on the ground, then they let the dog go. The first one he tries gets a prize, and the first one he finishes gets a prize. If he sniffs yours and doesn't eat any, you have to put an extra \$20 in the pot. Nobody has taken me up on that one yet."

On his résumé:

"I watched some drunks cook a hog in the ground once, so I figured I could give it a go."

On knowing when steak is done:

"Push down on the meat with your finger when it's raw. It should feel mushy. As the steak cooks, it will get firmer. Steaks should be cooked from rare to medium. Anything beyond that and you are on your own."

On crafting the perfect burger:

"I like my burgers to be made of ground beef. No eggs and breadcrumbs; those are the ingredients for meatballs. No peppers and onions, and definitely no sprouts. If you don't like ground beef, then have something else to eat."

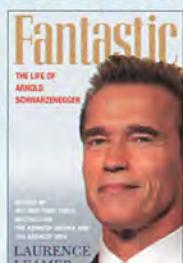
On a universal truth of cooking:

"Most anything wrapped in bacon and grilled is good, but for some reason scallops are perfect."

Scene from *Fat Actress*, season two

> SCHWARZENOTABLES

ALL ABOUT ARNIE



You could read *Fantastic*, the unauthorized biography of Arnold Schwarzenegger...or get the good bits here!

1. Arnold absolutely took steroids.

2. His original screen name was Arnold Strong.

3. As a young man Arnold would impersonate Adolf Hitler.

4. He's a self-proclaimed "butt man."

5. O.J. Simpson was originally cast as the

Terminator. Arnold was supposed to play the hero, Reese.

6. To project a strong and invincible aura, Arnold almost never runs in his movies—um, except *The Running Man*.

7. The self-educated Arnold has a business degree...obtained

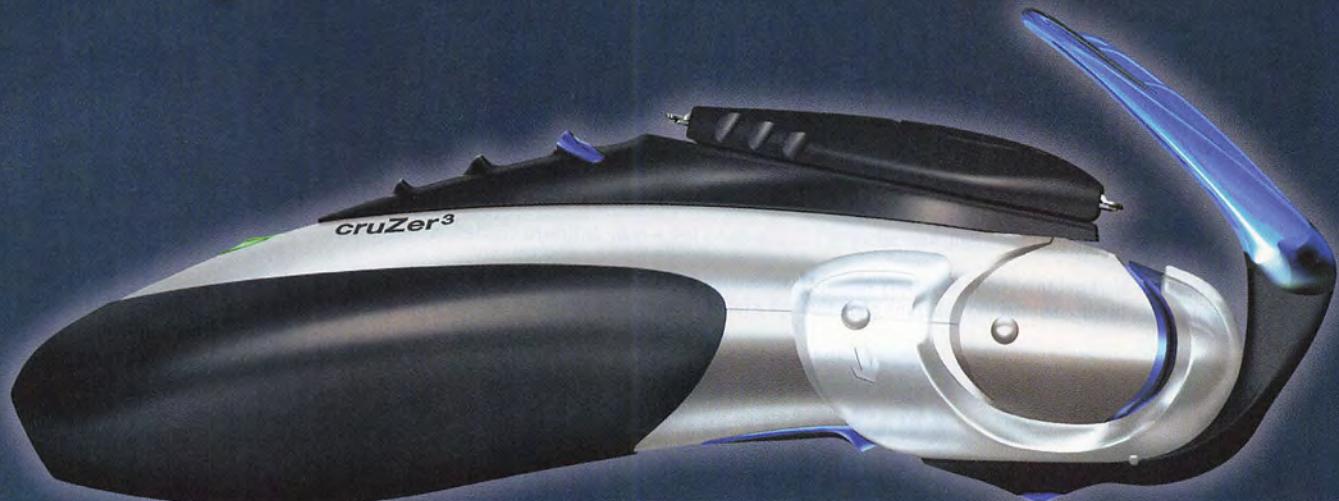
through correspondence courses...from the University of Wisconsin at Superior.

8. Arnold was the reason Humvees got so popular. He convinced AMC to make a civilian version and later consulted on the H2, helping design the windshield.

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THE DEVIL

Lucifer, Father of Lies, or plain ol' Scratch—the Dark Lord Satan has gone by many names. But who is he, really?

BY PAUL BIBEAU
PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHE BRAKHA

♪ Mephisto el Diablo ♪

666 Gehenna Mews, Hell, New Jersey 08540; 666-867-5309; e-mail: antichrist@hades.sin

Objective: You don't get to be God's Adversary without a serious work ethic. While those cherubs have sat on their chubby asses throughout the years, Satan's gone through a lot of changes to improve his stranglehold on evil.

Experience:

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Christianity portrays the devil as the prime force of evil. Bitch-slapped by St. Michael the Archangel and thrown out of the Big Nightclub in the Sky, he plummeted to hell. Now he's the adversary and the accuser who leads the forces of wickedness in warfare with the kingdom of God. While not as powerful as God, Satan's empire extends over the minds of evil men and the angels who fell with him. Like Martha Stewart, he also has a paradoxical freedom to extend his power on Earth.

GOD'S GUEST HOST

In the second century, the Gnostics believed the devil was really the Old Testament God, and the New Testament God sent Jesus to help us escape evil. So, in worshiping the Old Testament "God," Christians were practically devil-lovers. To persuade them otherwise, the medieval Catholic Church killed thousands of Gnostics. See, Alanis? That's what "ironic" means.

NO SNAKE IN THE GRASS

When Genesis was first written, the serpent that tempted Eve was not thought to be the devil. But a second-century Christian named Justin Martyr got the translation wrong and taught that "Satan" was derived from a Hebrew word meaning "serpent." A few millennia later, people are still too chickenshit to point out that Martyr couldn't read Hebrew very well.

ORIGINAL GANGSTA

Sometime between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D., Jewish writers penned apocalyptic works like the Book of Enoch, in which the author tours the underworld populated with watcher angels who fell because they lusted after human women. Different accounts give a variety of names for the angels' criminal leader—Semyaza, Mastema, Belial, and sometimes Satan.

HATCHET MAN

Early passages of the Hebrew Bible portray God as a dictator. By the sixth century B.C., biblical rewrite men softened God's image and introduced the mal'ak Yahweh, or messenger of the Lord. In Scripture the mal'ak was the punishing side of the Lord that did all the nasty things a good God couldn't do. David Berkowitz needed his neighbor's dog. David Spade needed Chris Farley. And God needed the mal'ak to make sure the smitin' got done.

Additional Information:

LOST IN TRANSLATION

In Hebrew "satan" was derived from a root that meant "opponent." Figures in the Old Testament occasionally used "satan" to refer to human foes. By the time the Book of Job was written, "satan" was the sucker delegated to punishing the wicked. The Greek word for adversary was *diabolos*, which became "devil" in English. Some "experts" think the word "devil" comes from the Latin *diabolus*. Regardless of his name's origin, we can all agree the Evil One has caused much suffering and inspired some kick-ass rock in the '70s (go, Sabbath!).

PITCHFORK

The idea that the devil tortures the damned with a pitchfork goes back to the Copts, a group of Egyptian Christians. But the image is also borrowed from Poseidon's trident, whose three prongs symbolized the god's lordship over the sea, air, and land. The devil's pitchfork symbolizes his lordship over evil and smoked meats.

GOAT HOOF

Borrowed from images of Pan, a Greek fertility deity famous for pursuing nymphs for nasty, buck-wild sex.



CASHING IN

SO YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR SOUL?

Compendium Maleficarum, an Italian demon-hunting guide published in 1608, gives you 11 simple steps to pledge your fealty to the Dark Lord.

- 1 "They deny the Christian faith and withdraw their allegiance from God." If you're a practicing lawyer, this may have already been done for you!
- 2 "He bathes them in a new mock baptism." ...but not with water. Bring an abrasive cleanser to get out the gnarly smell of goat piss.
- 3 "They forswear their old names and are given new ones." Since P. Diddy changed his name so many times, it's unclear which side he's currently on.
- 4 "He makes them deny their god-fathers." Hey, it worked for Henry Hill!

- 5 "They give the devil some piece of their clothing." ...but nothing that chafes.
- 6 "They swear allegiance to the devil within a circle traced upon the ground." This also qualifies you for a realtor's license.
- 7 "They pray to the devil to strike them out of the book of life and inscribe them in the book of death." Bring your copy of *The Joy Luck Club*. (The devil has his own.)

- 8 "They promise to sacrifice to him." This is a standard agent fee of 20 percent.
- 9 "Every year they must make some gift to the demons, their masters." What do demons love more than an ashtray made of gold-painted human fingers? Nothing!
- 10 "He places some mark or other upon their bodies." If you're a girl, get a butterfly tattoo right above your ass! It totally doesn't make you look like a slut.
- 11 "They make many vows and heap insults upon the Saints." Those fucking Saints cost us \$500 last season. Their defense couldn't stop a boys' choir!



SARAH SHAHI

NATURAL BEAUTY

Sultry Sarah Shahi lights up *The L Word* as Carmen, a lesbian DJ turning up the volume and turning on the ladies. Psst...turn the page.







Born in Euless, Texas, Sarah hightailed it to Hollywood after a stint with the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. The 25-year-old quickly landed a recurring role on *Alias*, appeared in *Old School* (remember the oral sex seminar?), and finally snagged a regular gig on Showtime's *The L Word*, where she continues to prove that lesbians make for sexy, entertaining television.

Having found TV success, Sarah returns to the big screen with the indie *The Adventures of Beatle Boyin*. "My character gets poison dripped on her so her skin burns off," she says. "That was very cool to do." Happily, Sarah remains unblemished in real life, as she demonstrates here.

What's your favorite *L* word?

Love. I hate to be clichéd, but love can be interpreted in so many different ways, and the outcome of it is all so grand. The world needs love.

Our favorite *L* word is leprosy. To each their own... What does your boyfriend think about Carmen's girl-on-girl antics?

It's not a bad scenario to send your girlfriend to make out with other girls for the rest of the day. He's definitely like, "Honey, tell me stories!"

So he enjoys it. Go figure. How do you find playing a lesbian?

It's wonderful. When you're working with another woman, she'll say, "I feel fat today, so put your hand over my tummy." It's easier doing it with women—they understand your body.

How does your family feel about women understanding your body?

It's kind of embarrassing. To picture them watching me caress another woman's areolas is frightening. When I got the role, my mom went, "You did not ask my permission." Yet after she saw the first one, she said, "Lesbians are hot. Maybe I'll try it." I thought, *Oh, no, what have I done?* **You went from Euless to Los Angeles. How much of a culture shock was that?**

Not a bad scenario to send your girlfriend to make out with other girls.

Los Angeles thinks it's a separate country. You can order a plate of air with a side of grass. So many people move here and become a cookie-cutter mold. I'm like, "Wait a minute, didn't you have a personality before you came out here?"

Which do people take more seriously in Texas: football or beauty pageants?

I think for guys it's football, for girls it's beauty pageants. The pageants are very competitive. When I was in Miss Texas, there were girls pouring ink on other girls' dresses, breaking heels, stealing makeup cases.

No wonder you were so ready for Tinseltown! In addition to *The L Word*, what are you working on?

Right now I'm doing a pilot for the WB called *Supernatural*, with McG as executive producer. It's all about urban legends and ghost stories. It's in the vein of *The X-Files*, without aliens.

You appeared in *Maxim* back in October 2002. Why the hell would you want to come back for more?

I think it's got great articles. You know, like "How to Pleasure Her." I love those.

Speaking of pleasure, you went to SMU. Do Methodists know how to party or what?

I had a roommate, and we were both virgins. We didn't drink, we didn't smoke. All of a sudden, she entered a sorority, and the next thing I know she's partying and having a great time. To this day, if you handed me a cigarette I wouldn't know what to do with it. I like staying home and watching a movie, with a great bottle of wine.

So you're a good girl.

I am. I can't help it. But I'm not one to be messed with. I can be bad when it needs to happen.

Does your brown belt help the badness?

I did karate for about three years. When I was going into Miss Texas, my mom said, "Let's not do karate this year. Let's not have any knocked-out teeth on the stage." It comes in handy when you're wrestling around with the boyfriend, and you "accidentally" knee him in the balls. "Oops. Did I do that?"

Keeping him in line, eh?

Exactly.

Speaking of defense, when you were a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader, you went on a USO tour to Bosnia. How was it to entertain the troops?

It was the most overwhelming thing I have ever felt. I was 19, and they were my age. I remember I saw them and I instantly started crying. The girls all went, "You're gonna ruin your makeup!" My brother was in the army during the Gulf War in '91. I am very grateful that he's alive.

Suppose any celeb could join *The L Word* cast as Carmen's love interest. Who is it?

Salma Hayek.

We were thinking Whoopi Goldberg, but that'll work, too. ☺



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THREE KINGS

THE POKER PACK

Erick Lindgren, Daniel Negreanu, and Josh Arieh are young, rich, and taking over the poker world, knocking off old men named after places, one gigantic pot at a time.

The bet on the first game was \$100. The last? \$6,400.

Josh Arieh is in the Bahamas on the first tee, standing in the monstrous shadow of the Atlantis resort, pondering an intimidating shot with a bunker down the left side and a cluster of palm trees lining the right. But first things first: "What are we playing for?"

"Two hundred dollars a hole," replies his good friend and fellow poker pro Erick Lindgren. "That's a bet."

A wager is a given (these guys would gamble on Scattergories), but the stakes are slightly out of scale. After all, they're playing miniature golf. As is their gambling custom, the pot grows exponentially, with the stakes doubling as soon as one guy falls behind. (Earlier they shot pool with poker pro and best bud Daniel Negreanu. The bet on the first game was \$100. The last? \$6,400.) But even when thousands of dollars are on the line, these poker pros compete with all the intensity of a couple of duffers on their day off. On one hole Lindgren falls behind after trying to putt through a sand trap...but Arieh finds a way to lose, four-putting from three feet away.

"Oh, you just hate to see that," Lindgren jabs

as Arieh's ball slides by the hole again.

The last hole, a par 3 measuring all of 108 feet, is ultimately worth \$1,200, about double what the average American makes each week. Why risk serious cash on such frivolity?

"It's all about the action," says Lindgren, a blond, square-jawed Californian.

"Not me. I'm a hustler," counters the boisterous Arieh, an Atlanta native. "I need an edge."

To prove his point he calmly taps in a two-footer, giving him the match. Lindgren peels off some cash and hands it to Arieh as they make plans for the night. "Let's grab some cocktails, maybe shoot some dice later," Lindgren says.

It's just another day on the traveling tournament poker carnival, where time away from the tables is spent partying, gambling, and touring the globe—not bad work, if you can get it. And Negreanu, Lindgren, and Arieh are the heart of a Rat Pack of young, charismatic stars who are emerging as new gods for a poker-crazed generation. (The other members of

the close-knit crew, like dashing Spaniard Carlos Mortensen, petite blonde Jennifer Harman, and soft-spoken Indonesian John Juanda, are ripped from a Hollywood casting agent's wet dream.) ▶





THE POKER PACK



"One more pot and I can get my roots done."

Yet when you watch them together, they're strikingly *normal*, a far cry from the novelty act poker stars of years past, like cartoonish cowboy Amarillo Slim and New York prodigy turned coke-fueled maniac Stu Ungar. Negreanu, Lindgren, and Ariej would fit right in at your Thursday night home game, talking smack and tossing back beers.

"These are not larger-than-life poker characters. They're like guys I went to high school and college with—they just happen to be talented at poker," says Brian Balsbaugh, president of Poker Royalty, a management firm that exclusively reps all three.

But that dude-next-door quality, while genuine, masks a deep reservoir of poker smarts.

"These young guns are fearless warriors, constantly out there rambling and gambling and accumulating chips," says Mike Sexton, TV host for the World Poker Tour. "In my opinion, they would be millionaires in any profession—they are that much smarter than everyone else."

Sexton adds that there's another important distinction between Lindgren, Negreanu, and Ariej and the pimply faced newbies flooding card rooms around the country: None of them is older than 30, yet they've paid their dues.

Only 28, Lindgren was named the World Poker Tour Player of the Year in 2004 after winning two events and taking home more than



When Lindgren had winnings, he blew them on sports bets.

Instead of searching for facial tics, Lindgren looks for digital tells that are equally damning: How quickly did they bet? Did they bet the same amount in a similar situation 30 minutes ago? "Sometimes it seems like I can tell how hard a guy clicked on his mouse," he says.

Those observation skills translated to immediate success on the live tournament circuit, where he became fast friends with Negreanu. (The two now live five minutes apart in Las Vegas.) Negreanu calls Lindgren's 4,000-square-foot mansion "the ultimate bachelor pad" because of its six plasma-screen TVs and a poker table outfitted with hole-card cameras so Lindgren can play with friends while others watch via closed-circuit in the next room.

"Girls talk to me now that would've never talked to me before," Lindgren, who is single, admits. "It's like they can smell the money."

Lindgren's million-dollar bankroll, though, pales in comparison to the mountain of cash Negreanu is compiling: The 30-year-old high school dropout dominates the poker circuit the way no one else has. In the past 12 months, he's won more than \$4 million in tournaments. His most impressive triumph came in December, when he needed to finish in the top nine in the season's final event to win the coveted *Card Player* magazine Player of the Year award. ▶

BLOND AMBITION

INVASION OF THE SWedes!

Erik Sagstrom and his crew are pillaging the online poker world.

Until last year the most feared poker player in the world wasn't even old enough to gamble in Las Vegas. Not that 21-year-old Erik Sagstrom cared. He was holed up in Linköping, in southern Sweden, playing online poker.

Sagstrom says he's pocketed more than \$5 million over the past three years, which almost certainly puts him at the top of the estimated 1.8 million online players. "It's probably impossible for anyone to have made more," says Erick Lindgren.

Sagstrom started playing at 18 in a pool hall that doubles as an Internet café. Playing round the clock, he was logged on so often that some opponents thought he was a computer, dominating European sites like Ladbrokes as well as U.S.-centric sites like UltimateBet.

Each time he won a big pot, he typed "ding!" into the chat

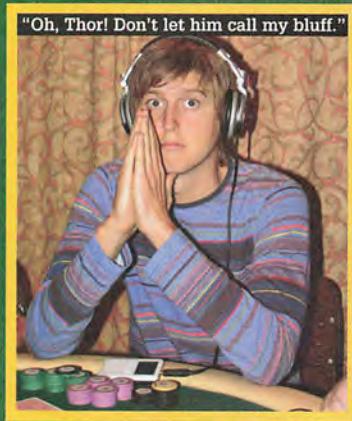
box, resulting in his nickname, "the King of Ding."

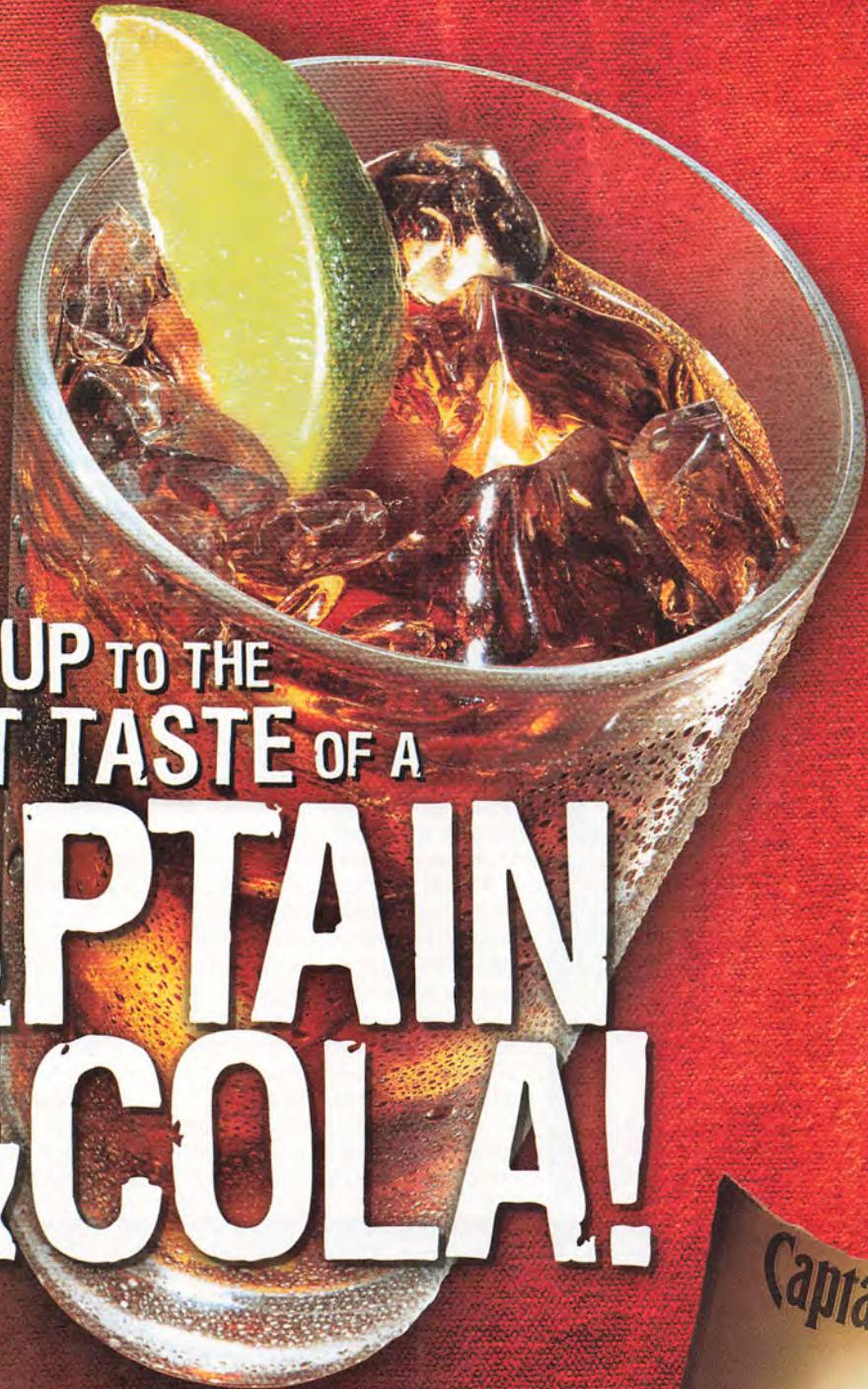
Like sharks to chum, Sagstrom's friends smelled blood, and soon the Linköping pool hall was jammed with poker-playing teens. "We call them the Swedish Mafia. They all have at least \$250,000 bankrolls, and they're, like, 18," says Daniel Negreanu. "When I was 18, I had, like, \$1,900 and I thought I was rich."

The Swedish secret? It ain't the buxom women—these kids are smart. Linköping is the home of the Swedish aviation industry.

"They all understand the game so well," Negreanu says. "The American kids who just read books have no shot against them."

Sagstrom says there's another factor at work: To him it's not a game. "Some people in the U.S. play for fun," he says. "I play to win."





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THE POKER PACK

Undaunted, Negreanu beat 375 players to take home first place and \$1.8 million.

"What we're seeing from Daniel is something that will never be repeated in poker," Sexton says. "To beat these 400- and 500-player fields on a regular basis, it's just remarkable. He's a cut above everybody else."

If you met him on the street, Negreanu may be the last person you'd

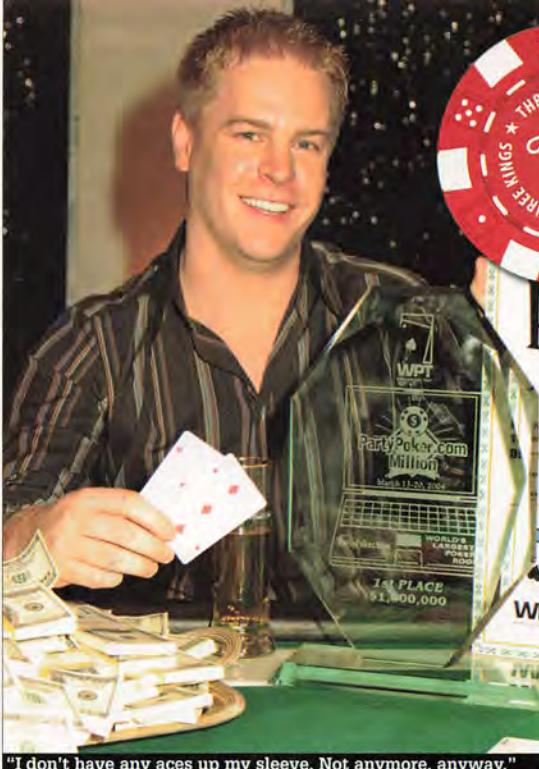


Erick wins the world's smallest trophy.

expect to be a poker superstar. At five-foot-nine and less than 150 pounds, he is far from an intimidating physical presence. His favorite hobbies are video games and stand-up comedy, and he's a vegetarian who hits casinos with dishes specially prepared by his mother.

Unconventionality is a Negreanu hallmark, especially at the poker table. He'll play any two cards, and he remains jocular even when a tournament is on the line, a ruse that masks his old-school ability to divine what opponents are holding. This unorthodox style, combined with a telegenic image, makes him one of the most popular players in the game.

"The adoration is a bit silly," he says. "You see all these guys, and they think they are



"I don't have any aces up my sleeve. Not anymore, anyway."

Dan blew \$70,000 and did not even remember it the next morning.



superstars. I'm like, 'You know what? You're just a poker player. You're not Brad Pitt or Tom Cruise.' I just play poker well; that's all I do. But I do feel a genuine responsibility to reach out to these young kids and try to guide them. This is a hard life, and they don't know that."

Negreanu knows from experience. After moving to Vegas in 1998 from his native Toronto, he struggled to balance playing poker for fun and playing it for work. And once in a while, to escape the tedium of grinding out a living at the tables, he'd go on a bender. But such therapy was expensive, especially on the night of his 26th birthday, when he blew \$70,000 gambling and didn't even remember it the next morning.

"I realized this was stupid," he says. "I had a bunch of money, and I didn't know what to do with it." As a result, Negreanu took control of

his drinking. His awe-inspiring results of late are a result of this newfound maturity.

Capitalizing on his popularity, he's quickly becoming a one-man poker conglomerate, with a book, an instructional DVD, and a video game called *Stacked* in the works. With a few million in the bank and his burgeoning business ventures, Negreanu says he could clear as much as a half-million a year without playing a single hand of poker. Instead he became a regular in the "big game" at the Bellagio, where stalwarts like two-time world champ Doyle Brunson and the legendary Chip Reese risk hundreds of thousands of dollars each night. (The buy-in alone runs into the mid-six figures.) Like all great poker players, he craves the action.

"If you told me I could play \$80 to \$160 (and make six figures a year) the rest of my life, I would shoot myself in the head. I need to challenge myself," he says. In the big game, "I could go broke," he concedes. "But I'm not worried."

As neighbors Negreanu and Lindgren see each other regularly; they hang out less often with Arie, who lives near his family in Atlanta (where Lindgren joined him for a raucous New Year's Eve). But when the gang convenes, usually at one of the \$10,000 buy-in tournaments that are held a couple of times each month, the good times and shop talk mix into a potent—and winning—cocktail. By sharing information about other players and identifying mistakes in their games, they make each other better.

"We don't sit around and talk about bad beats," Arie says. "We're trying to figure out why we lost good hands. There are things we can't prevent—namely, plain old bad luck—so if there's no way to prevent it, then there's no reason to talk about it. But if there's some- ►

GAMBLE ON

BOLD BETS

Skill trumps luck, but that doesn't stop poker pros from risking piles of cash on totally absurd wagers.



♣ Amarillo Slim Preston bet tennis pro Bobby Riggs \$10,000 that he could beat him at a game of ping-pong, with one condition: Slim got to choose the paddles. Slim showed up with two skillets—he had been practicing on the sly—and promptly waxed Riggs 21-8.



♠ As incentive to lose weight, poker legend Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson put up more than \$100,000 at 10-1 odds that he could drop 100 pounds in less than two years. After losing nothing the first year, he took off 100 the next, and his pals paid up more than a million bucks.



♦ High-stakes poker stud Ted Forrest won \$7,000 by running a marathon in Las Vegas in 118-degree heat. (Gives new meaning to the phrase, "Run, Forrest, run!") He finished in five and a half hours, but the track was so hot he separated the sole of his foot.



♥ Howard "the Professor" Lederer, a staunch vegetarian, collected \$10,000 from his friend David Grey after Grey dared him to eat a hamburger. Grey has a standing offer to win his money back if he only eats two olives, his least-favorite food, but he still hasn't done it.



♣ Three-time World Series of Poker champion and legendary madman Stu "the Kid" Ungar blew \$80,000 the first time he ever set foot on the golf course—before he even made it to the first tee. He lost it making pickup bets while duffing around on the putting green.



♦ Poker hotshot Phil Ivey routinely gets smoked in golf by his friend Erick Lindgren, but in 2004 Ivey bet Lindgren \$500,000 that he would beat him at least once in a 72-hole match in the next eight years. Ivey has hired a golf coach. The bet has yet to be settled.



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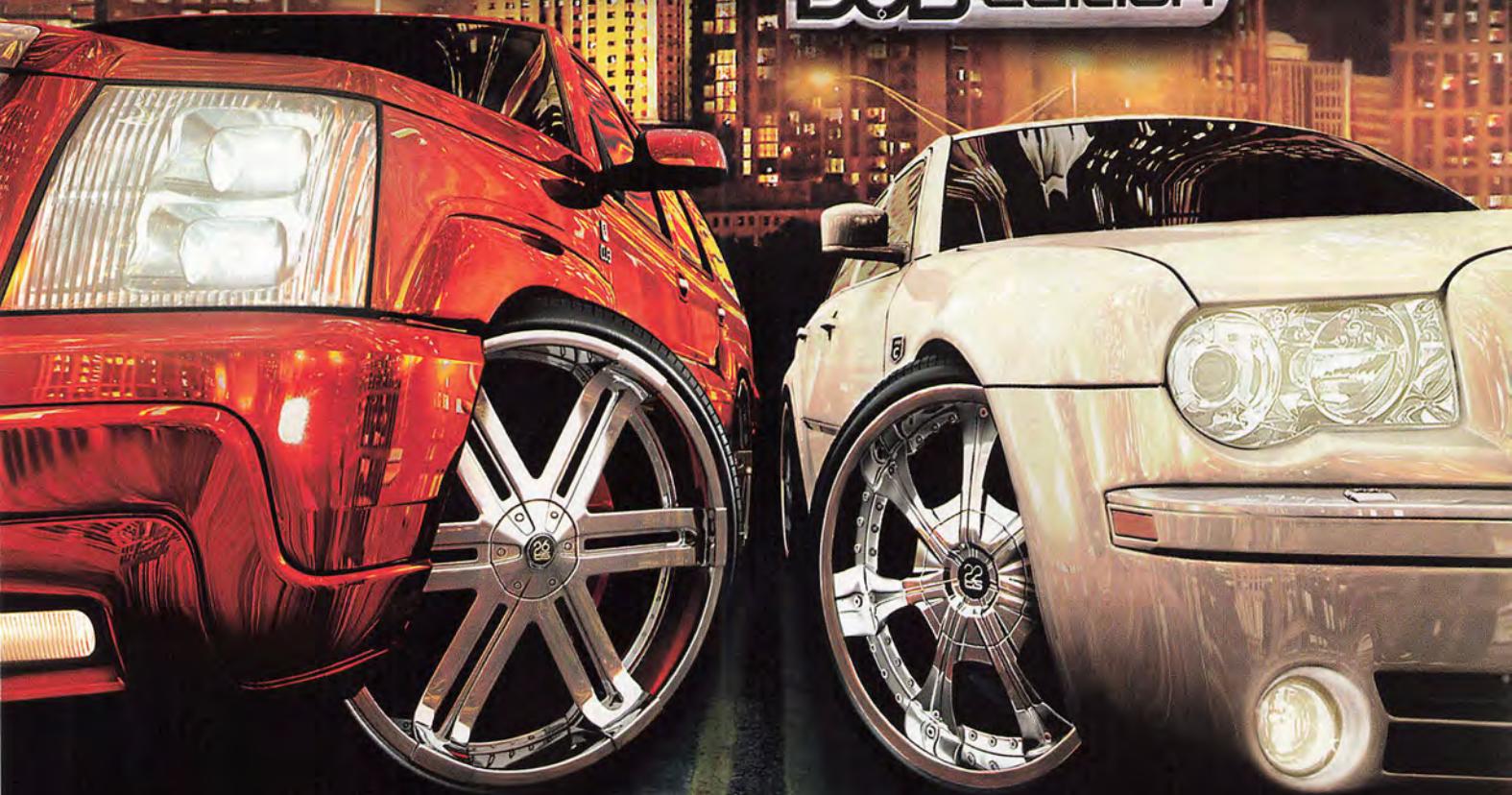


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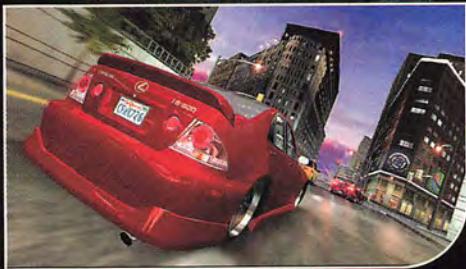
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"Let me give you a back rub and check out your cards."

thing we could've done differently, done better, we figure it out."

This time last year Arieh was a relative unknown. By hustling pool, dominating poker games around Atlanta, and playing online, he made a comfortable living, but not so comfortable that he could pony up the \$10,000 to enter the 2004 World Series of Poker.

Lindgren offered to stake him and even let Arieh shack up at his house. The investment paid off. Arieh blazed his way to the final table with a barrage of aggressive play and fearless shitting. He ultimately busted out third, winning \$2.5 million at the most lucrative event in the history of poker. (And Lindgren got half—\$1.25 million—for staking him.)

For three months Arieh was on top of the

Josh became the player people loved to hate.

For Arieh it's a fine line to walk. As he rightly points out, poker is not a gentleman's game like golf—it's a predatory competition where any psychological edge can be critical. "I can't change who I am, but I've just got to shift it so people don't know me as a cocky asshole but a colorful, confident guy," he says.

Negreanu and Lindgren publicly spoke up for their buddy, and then Arieh silenced the critics who claimed he was simply a one-hit wonder: In September he took third in the WPT Borgata Poker Open in Atlantic City, winning nearly \$300,000. He would have preferred first, of course, but Negreanu took the title.

Given the enormity of the tournament fields these days, it's remarkable that these friends would end up squaring off at a final table. But that wasn't even the first time. In March 2004, Negreanu and Lindgren were the last two standing out of 546 entrants on another WPT event, with \$1 million for the winner. At the end of that night, Lindgren won—and had to pick up the \$20,000-plus bar tab.

The Bahamas tournament, when all three busted out early, was one of the few times of late when one of the three was not in the running for a six-figure payout, but they know there will be countless friendly—yet competitive—showdowns in the years to come.

"Every one of us deeply respects the game, so when we play each other it's all out. It's like a chess match, because we know so much about each other," Negreanu says. "But I genuinely root for Erick and Josh. The bond of friendship is more important than the money, because we're all going to make enough money anyway." M

ASK ANYTHING

Q Why do royalty appear on face cards?

A In the 13th century, playing cards was common in the Mamluk empire (think "Middle East," not "large dog"), where the value of face cards was represented by ornate designs, like those found on Persian rugs. But when they were imported to

A



SADDAM HUSSEIN AL-TURKI
President

V

Europe, no one had a clue which pattern was most important, so human faces, said to represent rulers throughout history, were added. (Julius

Caesar was the king of diamonds.) "People needed symbols they could identify as important," says Kathleen Burch, playing card historian. "Kings and knaves were archetypes that they understood as important. You wouldn't have some homeless guy on one of your cards."

KNOW THE DEAL

POKER POINTERS

Want to improve your shoddy skills? Learn from a girl.

Marathon viewings of the World Series of Poker on ESPN won't make you a poker savant, but you'll dominate those home games with this advice from Erin Ness, *Maxim's* resident poker babe.

◆ TAKE ADVICE

No matter how well I play, guys always give advice. Blinded by their egos, these dopes tell me more about how they play than anything else. So grin and take their tips...then use 'em against them.

♥ BE A JERK

I played my last hand at the 2004 World Series of Poker against David Weisberger. For six hours he bobbed his head, didn't follow the action, and had me so rattled I snapped, called his bluff, and got bounced from the tournament.

♣ HIDE YOUR STRENGTHS

Hide your big chips behind a stack of smaller chips and fool people into thinking you're "desperate" to get back in. You'll have more callers than a free phone-sex line.



Josh's winning poker secret? Thinking.

♣ DRINK RESPONSIBLY

I play pool 10 times better bombed, but not poker. So at those home games with your alcoholic buddies, pace yourself, slyly pour stiff drinks, and get aggressive once the whites of their eyes go red.

♠ DON'T PLAY DRESS-UP

It's easy to spot a bad pickup basketball player—he's the one with the breakaway pants and matching sweatbands. So the next time you wear that lucky poker visor and three pairs of sunglasses to the game, you're wearing a bull's-eye.

Erin chips another nail on the flop.



Pictured: Relaxed Tank (0882), Relaxed Boxerbrief (0867). © 2005 UNDER ARMOUR® Performance Apparel.

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PHOTOS BY KELLY STUART

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TOP 5

1



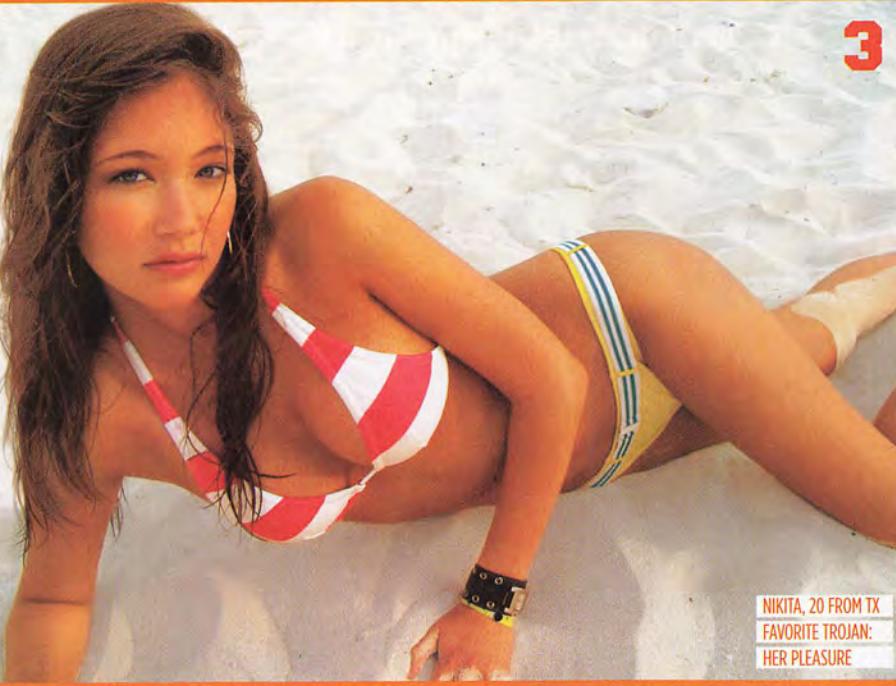
LAUREN, 21 FROM TX
FAVORITE TROJAN:
HER PLEASURE

2



CARRIE, 22 FROM FL
FAVORITE TROJAN:
MAGNUM

3



NIKITA, 20 FROM TX
FAVORITE TROJAN:
HER PLEASURE

4



TROJAN
100
THE
TROJAN
100

JENNIFER, 23 FROM MA
FAVORITE TROJAN:
HER PLEASURE

5



AMANDA, 24 FROM IL
FAVORITE TROJAN:
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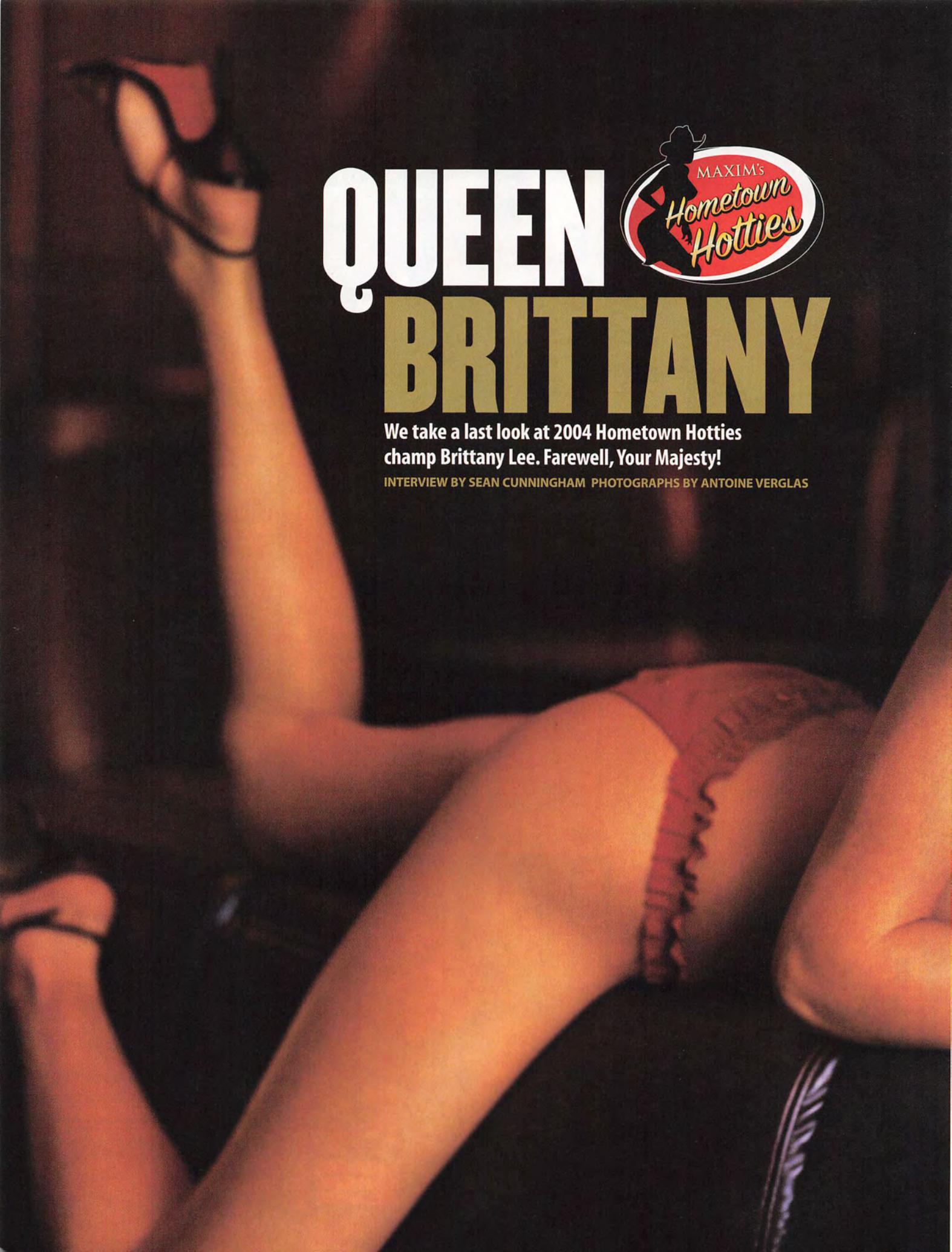
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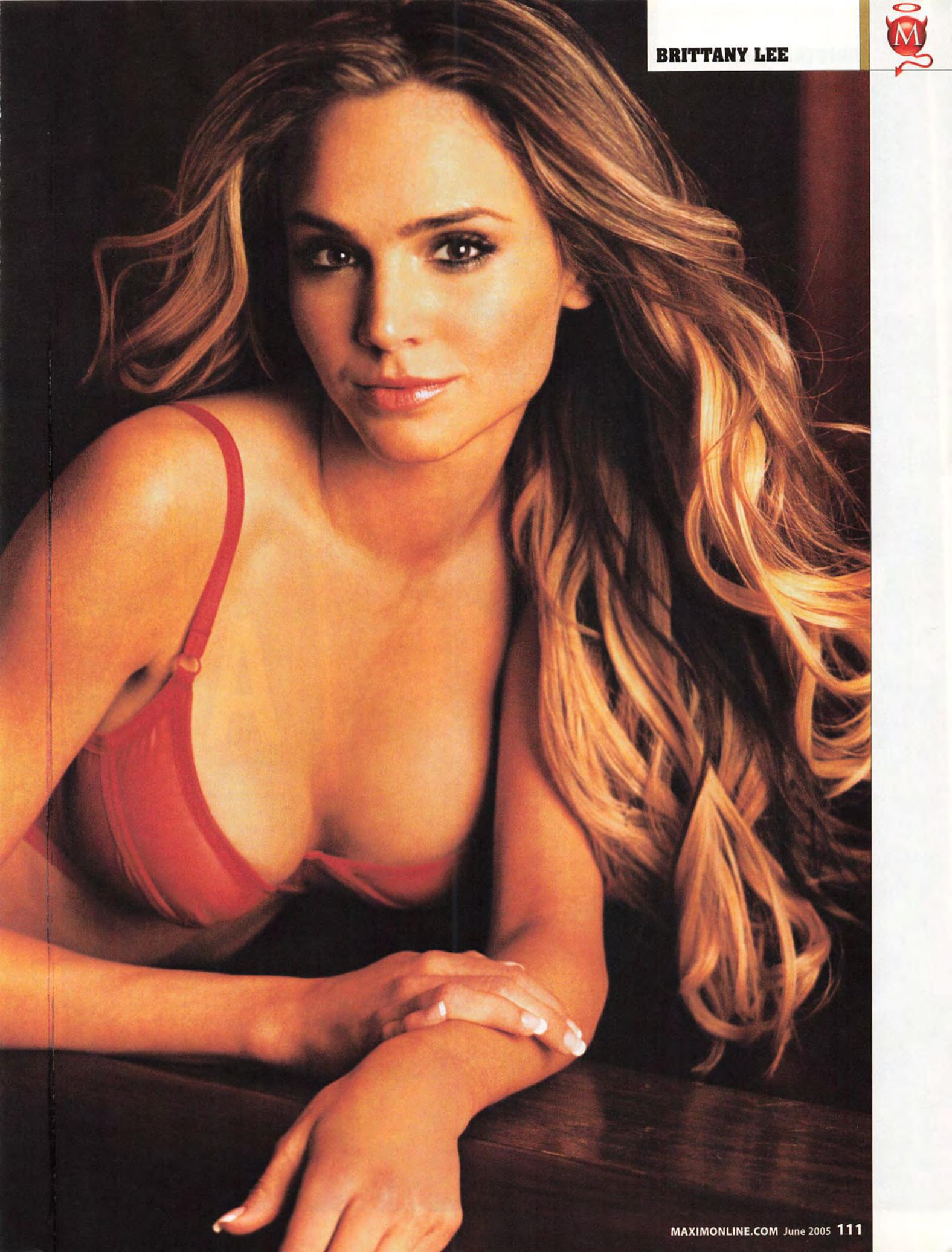


QUEEN BRITTANY



We take a last look at 2004 Hometown Hotties
champ Brittany Lee. Farewell, Your Majesty!

INTERVIEW BY SEAN CUNNINGHAM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

A full-page photograph of actress Brittany Lee. She is lying on her stomach, looking over her shoulder with a slight smile. She has long, wavy, light brown hair and is wearing a red, strapless, form-fitting top. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting her skin and hair. The background is dark and out of focus.

BRITTANY LEE



We got back together three times because of the dog.



All good things must come to an end. The Beatles broke up, Jordan retired, and Britney Spears got knocked up. So it goes with the term of *Maxim's* 2004 Hometown Hottie Brittany Lee, who is in the final months of her reign before the coronation of her successor.

This is a sad occasion, since we don't want to say goodbye to Georgia's finest export (yep, she's even better than turpentine). But it's a joyous one as well, for it gives us an excuse to run more pictures of her.

Hometown Hottie 2005, you've got a very big crown to fill.

How has your life changed since you became *Maxim's* Hottie of the Year?

I'm not such a goody-goody anymore. I'm single. I wasn't single before. I go out now. I used to not go out because I was married — well, not married, but I had a two-year relationship. We had a dog together. We got back together three times because of the dog. **Yep, breakups are always hardest on the pets. What happened to the pooch?**

I have custody.

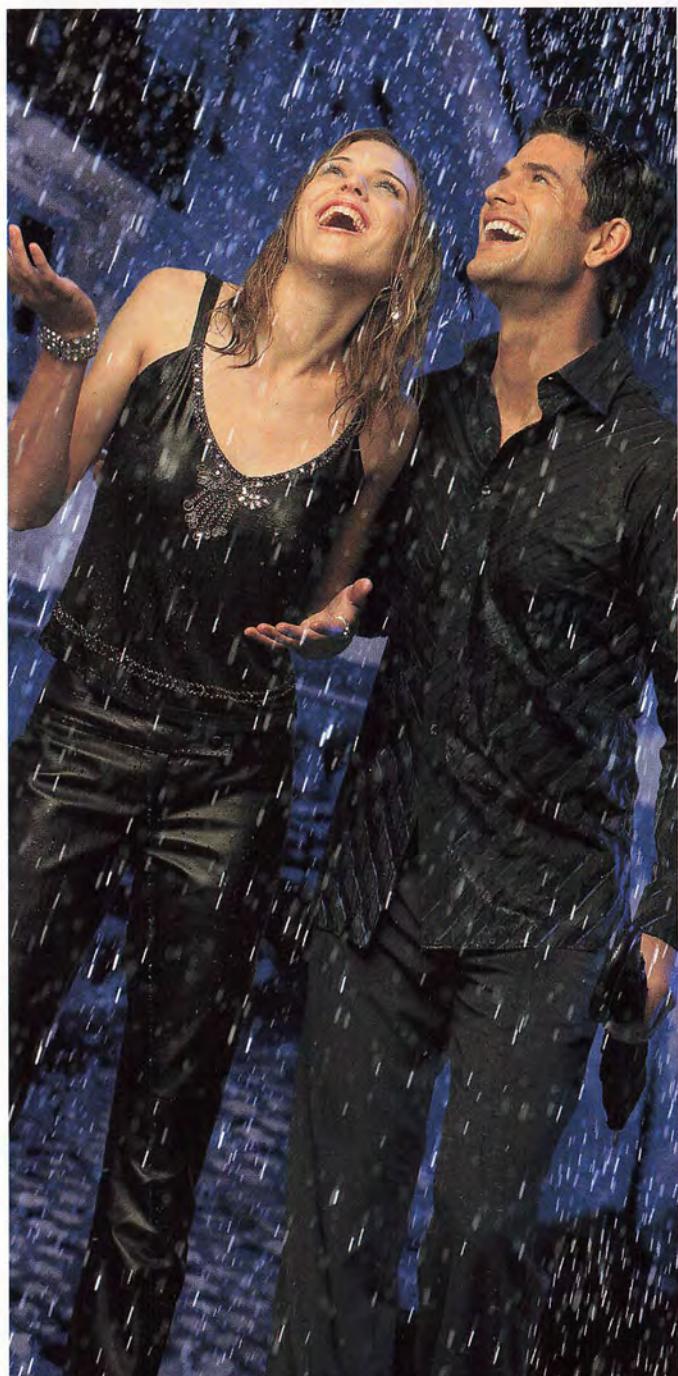
What kind of a dog is it?

A pit bull named Maximus.

We like him already. Between your new singleness and your title, have old boyfriends been all over you?

Yes! All of them have called. People I don't even remember from high school are getting in touch. They're exes for a reason. I don't

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want a boyfriend anymore. I don't have good luck with the male population.

We've heard that it's been *really* bad luck. Please offer an example.

I met a guy in Hawaii. He decided he was in love with me. I talked with him maybe 10 minutes altogether. He was calling and leaving me messages saying he was the Messiah.

The Messiah?

Yes, the Messiah. You know, he said he could walk on water. He bought me a wedding dress. And this is the third guy something that weird has happened with.

The third?

Yes. I'm just too nice, I'm stupid, because I smile and talk to everybody all the time. I don't really get that people are hitting on me. I just think everybody's friendly. I shouldn't be nice. I should be mean.

In addition to your bad luck with men, we understand you've had some equally rough stretches with your health.

About two years ago, I was in the hospital for a week. It was my intestines. They didn't know what was wrong. They cut me open. The doctors told my parents to plan my funeral. I lost 30 pounds. Cost over \$200,000. **We need to move this interview in a happier direction. Specifically, a happier direction involving nudity. What is the most embarrassing place you have ever been while you were naked?**

I sleepwalked onto my next-door neighbor's front porch. I don't remember any of that. I woke up on their front porch, ringing the doorbell, and pacing back and forth. No one came to the door, thank God.

Interesting. Where do you live again?

I'm still in Atlanta. I bought a house there two years ago. I love it. I'll probably live in the South forever. They're nicer!

Finish this sentence: "You might be a redneck if..."

You watch *Blue Collar Comedy Tour* and know it by heart, as I do.

What do you have planned for your post-Hometown Hottie winner life?

Well, I've got a marketing degree, so I might get a real job. I'm going to keep modeling. It's paid my bills for seven years, so why not?

We know models get to visit glamorous places, like the Caymans. What's the worst place you've had a shoot?

I did a shoot in Kansas. That was horrible. And I did one in Alabama for a hardware store. That was a long time ago.

So are you sick of the title yet?

No! I love everything about it.

Is there anyone from this year's crop of Hometown Hotties you would like to see inherit the honor?

I don't want to give it to anyone else. I want to keep it. Forever. ☺



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VOTING
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We're all upset that Brittany will have to pass the torch, but we need to carry on with our lives (she'd want that). So head to maximonline.com, where 100 Hometown Hotties semifinalists are waiting for you, and select your 10 favorite gals to advance to the next round. Voting kicks off June 7.



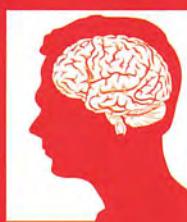
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See Maxim Lounge for Web-exclusive
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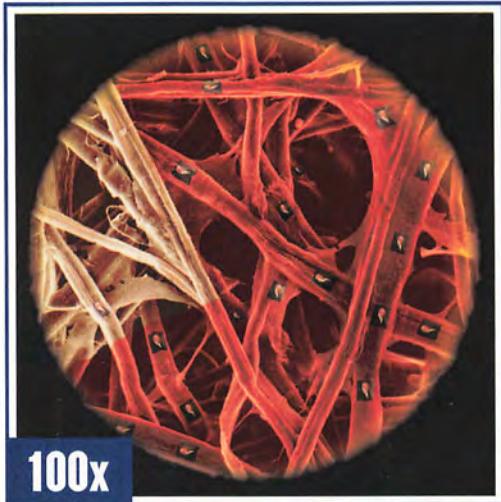
DIRECTIONS: To reset your subconscious and erase any subliminal Molson imagery from your head, stare directly at this image for 37 seconds. Incorrect use of the Brain Washer could result in adverse side effects. Like seeing Molson everywhere.



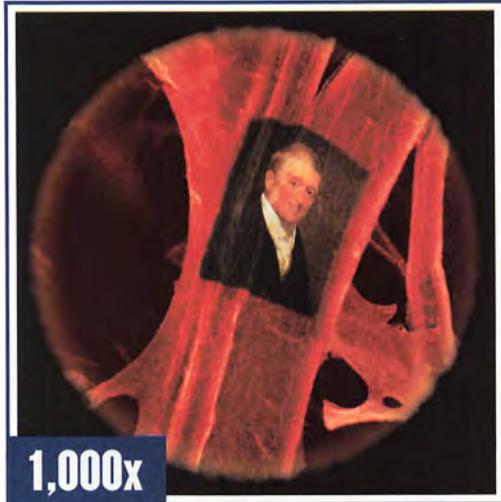
Note: Some report seeing a Molson hidden in the Brain Washer. This is absurd. Something like that would have the opposite effect.

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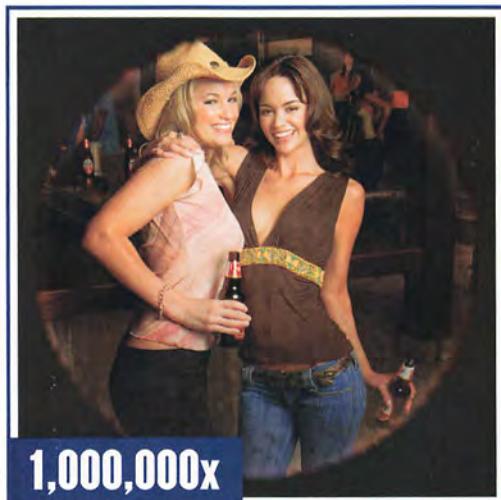
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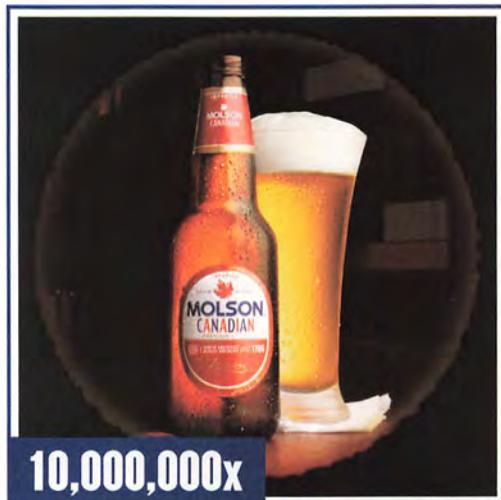
MAGNIFIED AT 100X HOWEVER, WE BEGIN TO SEE SOMETHING.



AN IMAGE OF JOHN MOLSON PRINTED ON THE PAPER FIBER OF THE BEER LABEL. THOUGH MINUTE, YOUR BRAIN PICKED UP ON THIS SUBLIMINAL CUE TO A 219-YEAR HERITAGE OF BREWING GREAT-TASTING BEER.



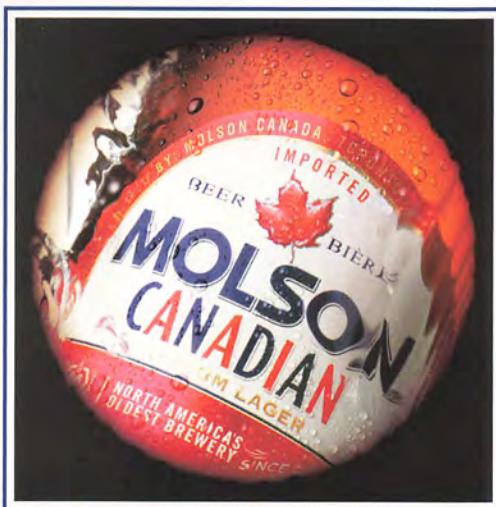
AH, THERE IT IS: AN IMAGE OF PEOPLE SOCIALIZING WITH AN ICE-COLD MOLSON.



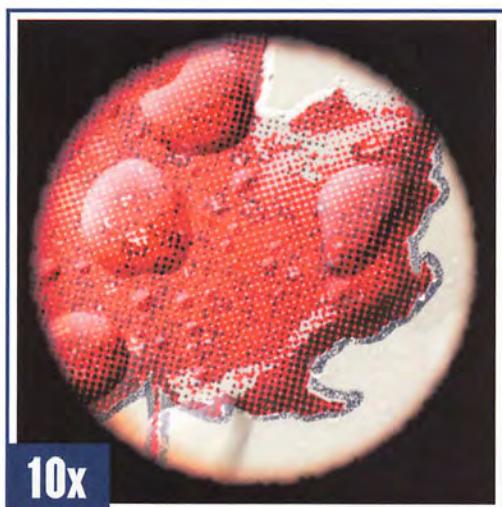
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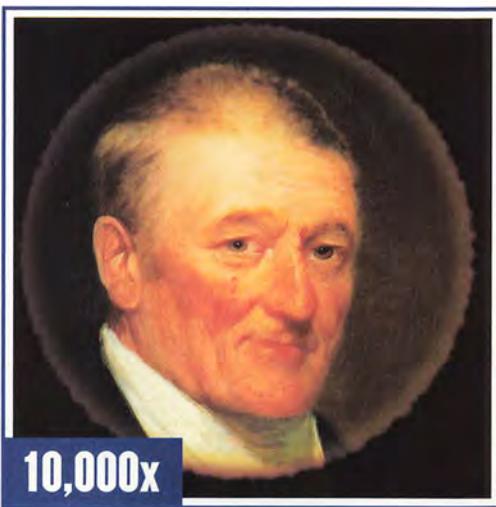
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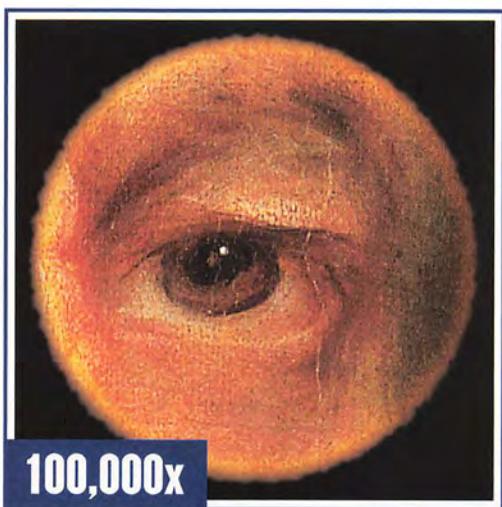


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A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress, is holding a large, metallic movie reel. The reel has the text "MAXIM'S 2005" at the top and "SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW" in large, bold letters in the center, surrounded by stars. The woman is holding the reel with both hands, and her red-painted fingernails are visible. The background is blurred, showing a car and some other people.

MAXIM'S 2005

SUMMER

MOVIE

PREVIEW

SPECIAL SECTION!

32 MOVIES REVIEWED!



ACTION!

Summer's back, and that means one thing: time to blow a small fortune at the box office!

We sort the can't-misses from the don't-bothers so you can save money for sunblock.

BATMAN BEGINS

Stars: Christian Bale, Katie Holmes, Michael Caine **Director:** Christopher Nolan
 He is vengeance. He is the night. He is desperate to erase all memories of *Batman & Robin*. "Batman Begins is a classic, epic adventure," claims script writer David Goyer, who turned C-list Marvel character Blade into a successful franchise hero. "One of the things I really wanted to see in a Batman movie was an awesome car chase," explains Goyer. "I hated in the other films how the Batmobile would just rocket down a couple of city blocks and that was it. I wanted to see one of the great car chases in cinematic history. I wanted people's jaws to be dropping." Jaws, get ready to slap the floor. "This movie



The worst part of Albert's job? Cleaning up guano.

looks utterly realistic," says Goyer. "There are no crazy camera angles or garish colors. It doesn't take place in a comic book world—it takes place in the real world." Holy crap, Batman.



Jake Gyllenhaal, Billy Crudup, Jerry O'Connell, and Joshua Jackson were all considered for the role of Batman.

FANTASTIC FOUR

Stars: Ioan Gruffudd, Jessica Alba, Chris Evans, Michael Chiklis **Director:** Tim Story
 Marvel Comics' first family finally gets the big-screen treatment. Now the only question is, will the adventures of Mr. Fantastic (Gruffudd), the Invisible Woman (Alba), the Human Torch (Evans), and the ever-lovin' blue-eyed Thing (Chiklis) rank up there with *Spider-Man* or suck goats like *Daredevil*? According to Evans, *F4* offers something the others don't: "Most comic book heroes have secret identities, but we're in the spotlight and dealing with not only the powers but also the instant fame." So shooting this sci-fi action flick must have meant long hours of suffering in harnesses? "The hardest thing about making this movie? Getting into that fucking tight blue suit!" says Evans. The silver lining to this, of course, is that Jessica Alba's wearing one, too.



Why do we have a sudden craving for Cheetos?



THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Stars: Heath Ledger, Matt Damon

Director: Terry Gilliam

After his disastrous attempt to make *The Man Who Killed Don Quixote*, what on Earth inspired Gilliam to take on another sprawling fantasy tale? Insanity? Masochism? Car payments? Whatever the reason, *Grimm* shows promise: This fictionalized story imagines the real-life folklorists Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm (Ledger and Damon) as con artists who travel from village to village spinning yarns about fairy-tale monsters and offering to off them for a hefty fee. Naturally, those made-up nightmares become reality when they find a forest with serious supernatural troubles. Cue a cast worthy of an occult *Surreal Life*, including Monica Bellucci as Queen Mirror. *Grimm* has everything ex-Monty Pythoner Gilliam excels at (fantasy, dark humor, twisted history), which will provide ample fodder for his whacked-out visuals.



CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

ACTION!



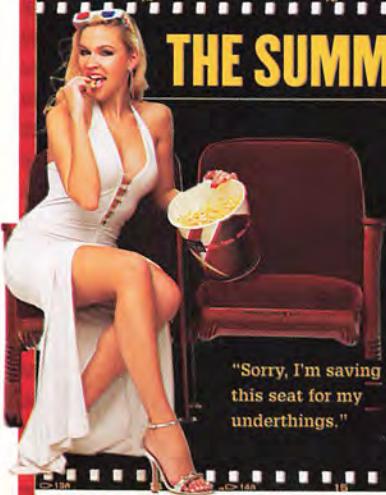
Stars: Johnny Depp **Director:** Tim Burton
Let's get one thing straight: Anyone who mentions "remake" around this chocolate factory will be shown the door faster than Augustus Gloop. "We're trying to dissuade everyone from the idea that this is a remake," says producer Richard Zanuck, who pulled the same trick when he and Burton tried to "reimagine" *Planet of the Apes*. (Maybe you should forget that one.) "This is really Tim Burton's interpretation of the original Roald Dahl book. He's going back to the source." That means this time around, only the Oompa Loompas will engage in any song-and-dance routines (that's welcome news for anyone who recalls the "old people" dance sequence—we still get the night sweats from that one), and the goings-on

within Willy Wonka's bizarre chocolate empire will be even more outlandish than before. The basic story—poor boy finds golden ticket, gets to visit wacky factory—remains in place. Even if you don't particularly care for remakes, reimaginings, or whatever the hell they're calling them, you have to admit that the idea of Depp in Wonka's velvet jacket is gold. With creepy subject matter that's tailor-made for Burton, a lead character screaming to be played by Depp, and 100 dancing Oompas, how can this one miss? "We've really gone the full distance with this," says Zanuck. "It's big, and it's Tim Burton's imagination at full throttle."



THE SUMMER SLATE

You don't want to miss a single summer flick, unless it involves women talking about their failed relationships over a box of wine. Here's the lineup:



THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN

Steve Carell, Catherine Keener
If you can relate to the title of this comedy, it's probably time to move out of your mom's house and sell some things on eBay. Just saying.



THE ADVENTURES OF SHARK BOY & LAVA GIRL

Directed by Robert Rodriguez
A boy's imaginary heroes become less imaginary, and everyone goes on superfun family adventures.



ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES

James Gandolfini, Susan Sarandon
Musical starring Tony Soprano (!!!) about a two-timing fella who has to choose between mistresses. As always, the correct answer is both.



DEUCE BIGALOW: EUROPEAN GIGOLO

Rob Schneider
Someone decided we needed a sequel to *Deuce Bigalow*, then packed it with a bevy of smokin'-hot babes. One of two ain't bad.

MORE >

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DO-OVERS!

Like day-old sushi, some things keep coming back up. Here's this year's batch of regurgitated concepts.



THE LONGEST YARD

Can the *Waterboy* quarterback the Mean Machine? Adam Sandler steps into Burt Reynolds' cleats as an imprisoned ex-pro who organizes an inmates vs. guards gridiron smackdown. Chris Rock plays... himself.



MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie play a married couple who are also highly trained assassins hired to kill each other. (Ah, matrimony.) Could be lame, but director Doug Liman did *The Bourne Identity*, so it could rule too.



DARK WATER

Hey, someone finally got the idea to remake a popular Japanese horror flick! (The sarcasm should sink in right... about... now.) At least *Dark Water* maintains one cool trend: casting hot actresses, namely Jennifer Connelly.



WAR OF THE WORLDS

Spielberg. Cruise. Aliens. Bayonne, New Jersey. All this movie is lacking is Orson Welles' narration and a free lap dance with every ticket stub. So what if it's not an original idea—it's the definition of a blockbuster.



BEWITCHED

Will, you're the man! *Old School* was an instant classic; *Anchorman* was hysterical; heck, even family-friendly *Elf* had us chuckling. So why are you involved in this vomit-inducing, extra-bland sitcom adaptation?



THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

Now, we love dem *Dukes*, but this remake looks like it could be kitschy, country-fried road kill. But there's a saving grace—Jessica Simpson in extremely small denim shorts. And Cooter's in it, too!

The Humphrey Bogart classic *The Maltese Falcon* was actually a remake of a movie made 10 years earlier.



"I think he's following me. Better get the mace ready."

THE ISLAND

Stars: Ewan McGregor, Scarlett Johansson

Director: Michael Bay

For Michael "Boom Boom" Bay, *The Island* marks the first time the director is making a movie without guidance from Jerry "I Can Afford Bigger Booms" Bruckheimer. It also marks the first time you actually need more than six words to explain what his movie's about. McGregor thinks he's been given a ticket to live in the sole uncontaminated oasis—the titular isle—in a practically uninhabitable not-too-distant future

(think East St. Louis). He soon discovers that he's actually a clone bred to provide spare parts for his original "father"—and paradise is where he'll be stripped faster than a Lexus in a bad neighborhood (again, East St. Louis). Cue a *Logan's Run*-like race against time, and a hot clone sidekick played by Johansson. Hey, at least part of the dystopian future is bright.



STEALTH

Stars: Josh Lucas, Jessica Biel, Jamie Foxx

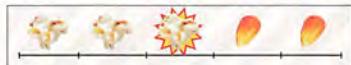
Director: Rob Cohen

When are we going to learn? Artificial intelligence used by the military-industrial complex only leads to Terminators, Agent Smiths, and War Games (artificial intelligence used by Steven Spielberg and Stanley Kubrick only leads to crap, but that's another story). In *Stealth* the Navy decides it'd be cool if a massive computerized warplane could "learn" from human pilots and eventually conduct unmanned missions. What could possibly go wrong? Pilots Lucas, Biel, and Foxx have to take on the rogue jet before it kicks off WWIII.



"Oopsie! I made poopsie!"

Director Cohen is best known for *The Fast and the Furious* and *XXX*, but this mash-up of *Top Gun* and *The Terminator* could be classic brainless summer fun.



MORE >



THE DEVIL'S REJECTS

Directed by Rob Zombie

Freaks go on a killing spree after cops raid their ranch. Finally, something that has absolutely nothing to do with the Michael Jackson trial.



STAR WARS III

Natalie Portman, Ewan McGregor, Samuel L. Jackson

Anakin Skywalker turns to the dark side, develops bronchitis, and kicks some serious ass. Hell, it can't be as bad as the last two, right?



UNDEAD

Felicity Mason, Mungo McKay

The zombies are coming to get us. Scary. Yawn. Run from the zombies. Yawn. They're coming. Run. Yawn. Stay awake from the zombies. Run.



EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

Elijah Wood

A man goes to Europe to find the girl who saved his dad in the Holocaust. Based on the best-seller, it's like "Where's Schindler?" without the red-striped sweater.



HAPPY ENDINGS

Maggie Gyllenhaal, Ray Liotta

Bullshit collection of love stories that your girlfriend will eat up like gummy bears and force you to watch while you chew out your freaking tongue.



THE SKELETON KEY

Kate Hudson

A tale about a New Orleans house that holds a secret and is haunted by scary old people who smell like mothballs. And, no, it's not set in a nursing home.



HUSTLE & FLOW

Terrence Howard, Taryn Manning

DJay's a southern fried pimp with a dream... to become a Solid Gold dancer. OK, so he wants to be a rapper and needs to make his demo tape.

MORE >



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SUMMER MOVIES

CINDERELLA MAN

Stars: Russell Crowe, Paul Giamatti

Director: Ron Howard

Someone must have put a "Random Oscar Movie Generator" on the Internet, because Ron Howard jumped all over it. Insert keywords "Seabiscuit," "Million Dollar Baby," "Rocky," and "Gladiator" and voilà!—out pops *Cinderella Man*. Crowe stars as Depression-era boxer Jim Braddock, a mook-faced palooka who's brawling his way up the boxing ranks and whose life is as dull, dreary, and bleak as, well, a movie about the Depression. Still, he manages to get in the ring with heavyweight champ Max Baer for a shot at bein' sumthin'. If you're at all surprised by the clichéd sports movie ending, we'd like to welcome you to the 21st century. (Hope the thawing process wasn't too rough.) On the bright side, Crowe spends a great deal of screen time doing what he does best—punching people—and Giamatti is sitting in his corner swabbing cuts and squirting water bottles.



Russell Crowe trained like a maniac, he dislocated his shoulder and needed to have arthroscopic surgery.



Time to design some new milk cartons...

While filming in Washington, D.C., Vaughn and Wilson tried to crash a party for Republicans. Only Wilson got in.



THE WEDDING CRASHERS

Stars: Owen Wilson, Vince Vaughn

Director: David Dobkin

Two guys (Wilson and Vaughn) spurn bars for the one hot spot where single men can truly find booze-soaked sexual nirvana: weddings. That's right, weddings. "The idea for this movie was inspired by something I did when I was younger," explains producer Andrew Panay. "I was in an area where a lot of weddings were being held, and I just wandered in. I thought to myself, *This is pretty cool. There's free food,*

dancing... and girls!" Even if the thought of cheap floral arrangements causes you to break into hives, don't fret—the jokes fly as fast and furious as the bridesmaids' dresses. "There's a dinner scene in the movie that ranks with some of the best movie comedies I've ever seen," says Panay. RSVP for this one.



DOOM

Stars: The Rock

Director: Andrzej Bartkowiak

When theme-park rides are being made into better movies than video games, things are seriously amiss. Two things can change this: One, stop hiring Uwe Boll (*House of the Dead*, *Alone in the Dark*, *Bloodrayne*) to direct them—this guy with a camera is like Ralph Wiggum with a pair of scissors after huffing a six-pack of Krylon. And two, stop picking games that have zero plot. On this front, *Doom*'s not looking so hot. The movie, starring the Rock, is based on a game that goes like this (see if you can follow): Pick up gun. Shoot



monster. Repeat. How this is going to be turned into a movie is anyone's guess, but at least there's another *Pirates of the Caribbean* flick coming out soon... M



MORE >



300

Directed by Mike Judge

An utterly average Joe goes 1,000 years into the future to discover that he's somehow become the smartest man alive. Hey, there's hope for our educational system yet!



MADAGASCAR

Ben Stiller, Chris Rock
Another animated animal movie for people who cannot get enough computer-generated talking zebras going on zany adventures with other animals. Bring the kids! Leave 'em!



MUST LOVE DOGS

Diane Lane, John Cusack
A dog lover uses the personals to try and get laid. Wait a minute! This might be date-movie crap, but that's not such a bad idea after all!



NOVEMBER

Courteney Cox
After a woman's boyfriend is shot and killed, the thin line between what is real and fake begins to blur, and she gets really scared without him around. Men. What assholes!



THE PERFECT MAN

Hilary Duff, Heather Locklear, Chris Noth
Somehow the world's tastiest mommy (Locklear) has trouble finding a man, so her daughter (Duff) helps her. That's one way to raise your allowance.



DOMINO

Keira Knightley, Mena Suvari
When some models get burned out, they make maternity clothes. When Domino Harvey got burned out, she became a professional bounty hunter.



"Gosh, but I sure am nimble!"

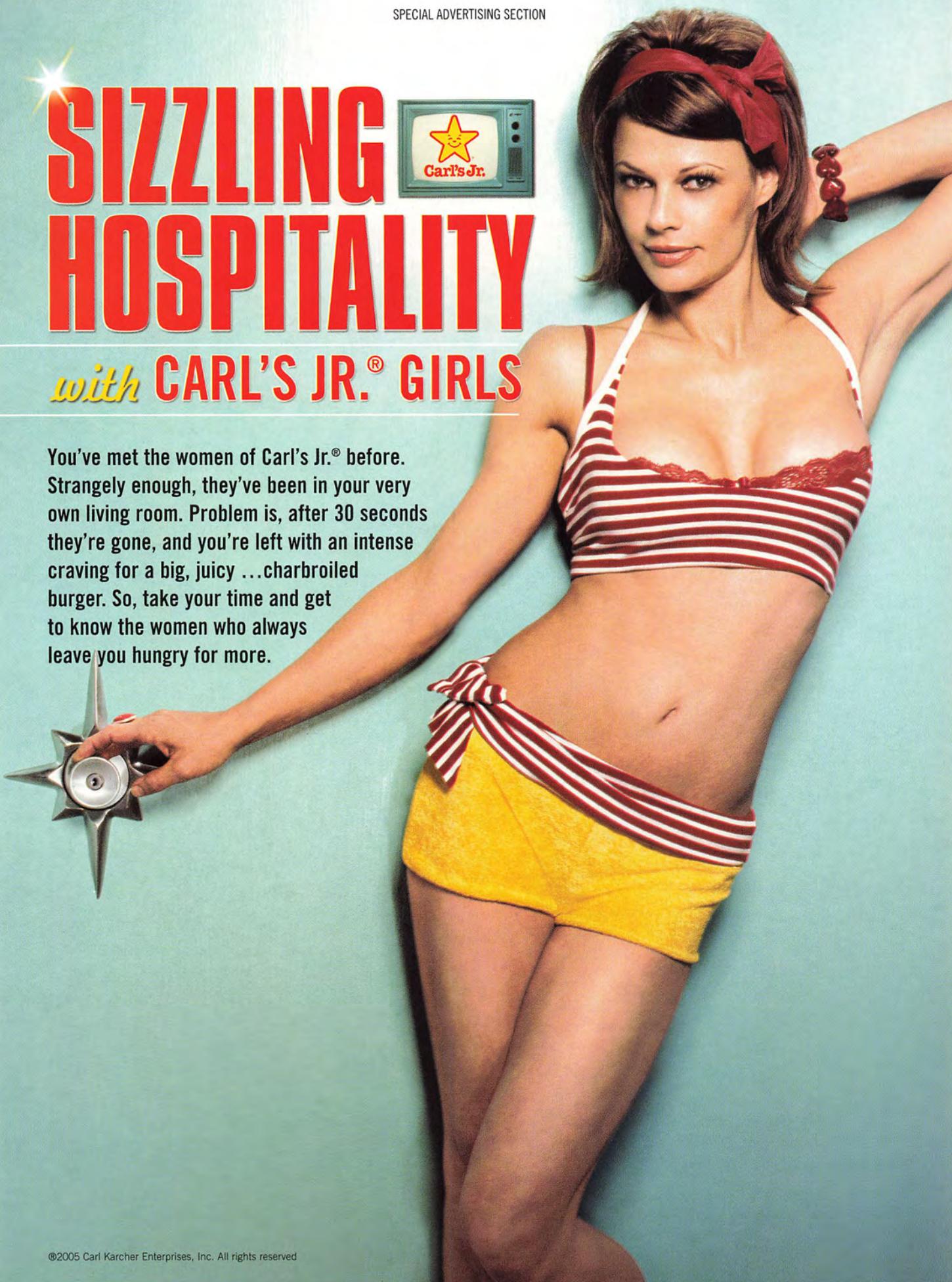
Prop styling and styling, Cannon. Hair and makeup, Ingeborg for Oliver Piro

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Laura Esposito

STARS IN: 'ITALIAN MEAT' – PASTRAMI BURGER

Just when we think the 5-foot, 10-inch femme fatale is about to walk out of our lives, she turns to flash a naughty smile as the announcer reminds us: "We all have a craving for Italian meat." Is she trying to make us drown in our own drool?

Allison Armitage

STARS IN: 'BROKERS' – SUPER STAR®

As a decidedly fine specimen of the actress-slash-model species, there's no doubt Allison's spent her life being gawked at by all manner of slack-jawed hopefuls. Does that make it right for a gaggle of suits to eye her like the stock ticker on opening bell? No, not at all.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

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Sara Overall

STARS IN: 'SALT' – THE SIX DOLLAR BURGER™

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Ivana Bozilovic

STARS IN: 'STRAW GIRL' – THE 1lb. DOUBLE SIX DOLLAR BURGER™

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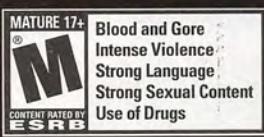


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ROCK THE HOTEL BAR

Think hotel bars are just suit-and-tie sausagefests? Well, they're also stocked with

hotties traveling on business and looking for lust. We know because we asked.

BY SANDY M. FERNANDEZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY YANN DANDOIS

That business trip to Toledo next month has every reason to suck, except one: After hours your hotel bar is brimming with liquored-up ladies looking for a knight in shining Armani amid the throng of bloated middle managers. But what does it take to get these comely power babes up to your room for a staff meeting? We hounded a bunch of them for tips on closing the deal. Just remember: Checkout's at 11.

KERRI, 25, GRAD STUDENT

Sunset Marquis, Los Angeles

Business and pleasure? "Oh, yeah. Sex while traveling is like Cinnabon at the airport: It's convenient, it's what's available, and, because you're away from home, the calories don't really count anyway. This friend of mine was staying at a Marriott in Jacksonville on business. The second night she was there, she got bored: So she bought a six-pack of beer, drank it by herself, and then went down to the hotel bar and started making out with random businessmen. She'd never do something like that at home."

Getting connected: "Men you meet while traveling are pseudo-sexy; you never know who they really are. One can sit in a bar, read poetry, and seem intellectual, when actually he never picked up a book in his life. And you're more vulnerable. Things that wouldn't matter at home suddenly mean a connection. Like, I have a Southern accent. The farther I am from the South—where everyone has one—the more it's like, 'Oh, wow, we're both from the same place; we have something in common.'"

How to work it: Instead of yammering to your dream girl about how you can bench 75 pounds, take note of any hints about her home region—her clothes, her accent, her habit of saying, "We ain't got 'nuthin' like this in Arkansas!" Then rattle off whatever key facts and landmarks you know about her hometown to worm your way into her heart...and pantsuit.

JENNIFER, 29, JOURNALIST

Hotel Gansevoort, New York

Business and pleasure? "Yes, all your needs are taken care of by the company, and you have a lot of time at night and no boyfriend or friends to spend it with. Plus, you're away from home. Who's going to know?"

Room servicing: "One time my work sent me to Mexico City for two weeks. It was this gorgeous boutique hotel right in the nightlife center of the city. But for a week and a half I sat in my room every night because I had no one to go out with. So I called my live-in boyfriend and said, 'You've got to come.' He hemmed and hawed and finally said he had too much to do.

In Mexico City, I brought a coworker's cousin back for totally nasty sex. It kicked ass!

So I went out with a coworker—and brought her cousin back to my hotel for some totally nasty sex. When I got back home, I broke up with my boyfriend, not because he was a cheap bastard, but because I realized how bad he was in bed. The cousin kicked ass!"

How to work it: Women like to commiserate, and they're prone to vengeance. If her boyfriend didn't tag along with her, your girlfriend (real or imagined) didn't, either. So you both have lame significant others? Then they deserve to be cheated on, now don't they?

MELISSA, 29, LEGISLATIVE AIDE

Jurys Washington Hotel, Washington, D.C.

Business and pleasure? "Not with strangers, unless you want to have a one-night stand with a married man. Hooking up with a coworker while traveling is *much* easier—you already know them, and lots of times there's already an attraction there. The best thing is when you sleep with someone you work with and then the next day you have a presentation, and while they're talking, you look at them and think, *I had dirty, nasty sex with you last night, and no one here knows*. It's that feeling of power."

Room servicing: "When I'm in town for business, I'm usually too tired to go through all the trouble. But when I was in Italy once, I met this guy who offered to take me to a neighborhood place for dinner. We rode around on his motor scooter through the streets of Florence. How ►



"Seen my briefcase?
I've got a meeting in,
like, five minutes."

FIELD TEST

CHECKING OUT

Are hotel bars really chock-full of beddable women? We sent two sly editors, Jon and Steve, to find out...

LOCALE: HOLIDAY INN, NEWARK, NJ

Target: Low-rent business ladies on a one-night layover

Our rap: Ad execs from Portland

The score: The only females in the booze hovel were two North Carolina stewardesses who claimed to have

a 6 A.M. wake-up call. Our boys snagged the cute one's digits but failed to check out her landing strip.

Lesson learned: If the girl you're chasing has to get up early, move on.



"You're not our waiter?"

LOCALE: MARRIOTT MARQUIS, NEW YORK CITY

Target: Wide-eyed tourists

Our rap: Children's book authors meeting with publishers

The score: Steve and Jon ensnared two vacationing Swedes with the tale of Spike, the surly porcupine in

their new book. The boys got invited to a rock concert but, predictably, wussed out.

Lesson learned: Foreign girls on holiday are good bets—they don't recognize dorks.



"The Swedish things"

LOCALE: HOTEL GANSEVOORT, NEW YORK CITY

Target: Trend whores of all ages

Our rap: A&R men for an indie label in L.A.

The score: At this hip rooftop bar, Jon played wingman as Steve schmoozed a music-loving PR gal by referencing

obscure bands. He later claimed to have "strummed her G-string."

Lesson learned: (1) If you're gonna lie, lie about what you know. (2) One of our editors is full of shit.



"Lady and the chump"

perfect is that? I was a little drunk, he was a little aggressive... we went back to his place."

How to work it: in the office, invest in your sexy cubemate with regular compliments and gentle flirting. On the road, cash in on the goodwill by buying drinks and dropping hints. If she says, "But we work together," she's looking for an excuse to hook up. Which is, "We're not at work."

ALISON, 33, AIRLINE EXECUTIVE

Jurys Washington Hotel, Washington, D.C.
Business and pleasure? "I've never slept with a stranger in a hotel room. That's when you get raped and killed. But clients—the people I'm visiting on business—are another story. Sex on the company dime is the best because your drinks, dinner, and room are free."

Luxury points: "If I'm in a good hotel, that actually makes me want to hook up with someone more, just so he can come see the really cool

'Sex on the company dime is the best because your employer is paying for everything.'

room I'm in. Really expensive hotels are always full of women in their 30s, trying to find husbands. I have friends who get all dressed up on Saturday nights and go to the Renaissance Mayflower Hotel because they know wealthy businessmen will be staying there."

How to work it: If you're poorly paid like us, it's easy to rationalize abusing the company expense account. Especially if it's to help you get laid. So if some beautifully shallow honey is biting on your line, reel her in with a bottle of champagne. Make it Dom, and watch her slip off her barstool and into your Daddy Warbucks arms. How will you explain the tab on your expense report? Who gives a shit?

MICHELLE, 34, ADVERTISING EXEC

Sixty Thompson, New York
Business and pleasure? "Maybe. I think women fantasize about it more than they do it; it's so sexy to think about getting laid on a busi-

ness trip, but that blow-hard on the next barstool is actually not that cute."

Room servicing: "Years ago I was working for a small company when a really aggressive intern hit on me. We went out with the whole group, but then she (yes, she!) and I ended up making out back at my place. But then I felt like I had to stop it—I was the boss. Then just a year ago, my company sent me to the town where she's living now. A few drinks, some dancing, and we finally finished the job in my hotel room bathtub. The sex wasn't that great, but I had this total feeling of accomplishment—like a weight had been lifted. I told all my friends. I don't think she ever told her boyfriend, though."

How to work it: Next time you're headed to a big city, Google former interns and secretaries—the hot ones, anyway. One of them is bound to work nearby, so give her a call to "see how everything's going" and arrange drinks near your hotel. After all, you're not the boss anymore. ▶

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"This is room service?
Where the hell are
my eggs Benedict!?"

MARIA, 28, NONPROFIT DIRECTOR

Jurys Washington Hotel, Washington, D.C.
Business and pleasure? "If someone talks to me, I ignore them. But the nonprofit I work for has a yearly conference, and it's always crazy. It's someplace warm, people are working really tightly together, and things just happen—usually in the last couple of days, when most of the hard work is over. Last year a friend of mine slept with her boss. She was 26; he was twice her age. There are always stories like that."

How to work it: If your girlfriend's going to a week-long conference, send flowers midweek,

'This guy and I had adjoining rooms. We had drinks, then bam! I didn't sleep in my half that night.'

when she's becoming vulnerable to the overtures of other sleazeballs just like you.

CHLOE, 32, GRAPHIC ARTIST

Doubletree Crystal City/National Airport, Arlington, VA
Business and pleasure? "Depends." (i.e., yep!) **Room servicing:** "I work with all guys, and it's a small group, so anything that happens has to be kept quiet or it's a feeding frenzy. But it does happen. I work with my now-boyfriend; we'd been circling each other for months but hadn't done anything. Then, on a trip, we had adjoining

ASK ANYTHING

Q What's the world's priciest hotel room?

A Despite what you tell your mistress, it's actually not the deluxe suite at Days Inn. Nope, the Guinness World Record goes to the Imperial Suite at the Hotel President Wilson in Geneva, Switzerland. Reachable only by private

elevator, it fills an entire floor with four bedrooms, a 26-seat dining area, and a living room replete with pool table, cocktail lounge, and library. And it's got bullet-proof doors and windows—making the \$33,000-a-night pad an ideal headquarters for any wealthy industrialist bent on world domination.



Nice, but do they have a mini-bar?

rooms. We had a few drinks, then bam! I didn't sleep in my half that night. Of course, he was too drunk to remember it the next day."

How to work it: A big company outing in the works? After the travel office makes reservations, call the hotel and arrange adjoining rooms for you and that hot associate who likes the drinky drink. After the soul-crushing conference, feign surprise about the rooms, then suggest watching *Friends* reruns together. Choose the right moment to tell her she's prettier than Rachel and her panties will hit the floor within seconds.

MORGAN, 28, RESTAURATEUR

Hotel Helix, Washington, D.C.

Business and pleasure? "Absolutely. Especially if it's somewhere expensive; the higher prices keep out the riffraff. If you have a nice room, a basket of flowers, maybe a bottle of wine, you need to share that with somebody else. Plus, if it turns out to be a mistake, you'll never run into them at your grocery store."

Room servicing: "I went to a bar in New York near my hotel and met a guy from the New York City Opera. We hit it off, and went back to my room. The sex was satisfying but not crazy. The next day I caught a plane home. No one talked about it going any further. I don't do long distance, and he knew it. Quick and easy is good."

How to work it: Help create a fantasy for women traveling alone on business. Stake out a swanky hotel bar, and if a lady asks you what you do for a living, for God's sake don't tell her you shovel shit in Louisiana—tonight you wrote the screenplay for *Spider-Man*... you almost-famous devil, you! M

LOW PLACES

SLEAZY TARGETS

Hotel-bar liquor sinks aren't the only sitting ducks. Check out these other wide-open hot spots.



BOOKSTORE SELF-HELP SECTION

You'll find women looking to improve themselves by losing weight, making more money, and looking hotter. Why not get in on the ground floor?



KARAOKE BAR

To quote a female *Maxim* staffer: "It's tons of drunk single girls dying to meet someone who can do a mean rendition of *Free Bird*." In other words, if you can sing, you can score.



CHARITY WALK

Women are suckers for guys who love boobs—especially if that means helping to raise funds for breast cancer research. If the high female-to-male ratio doesn't grab you, the spandex will.



RENAISSANCE FAIRE

The bad news: It'll be overrun with chunky, chain-mail-clad geeks. The good news: If any fair wenches actually show up, they're yours for the taking. Tallyho!

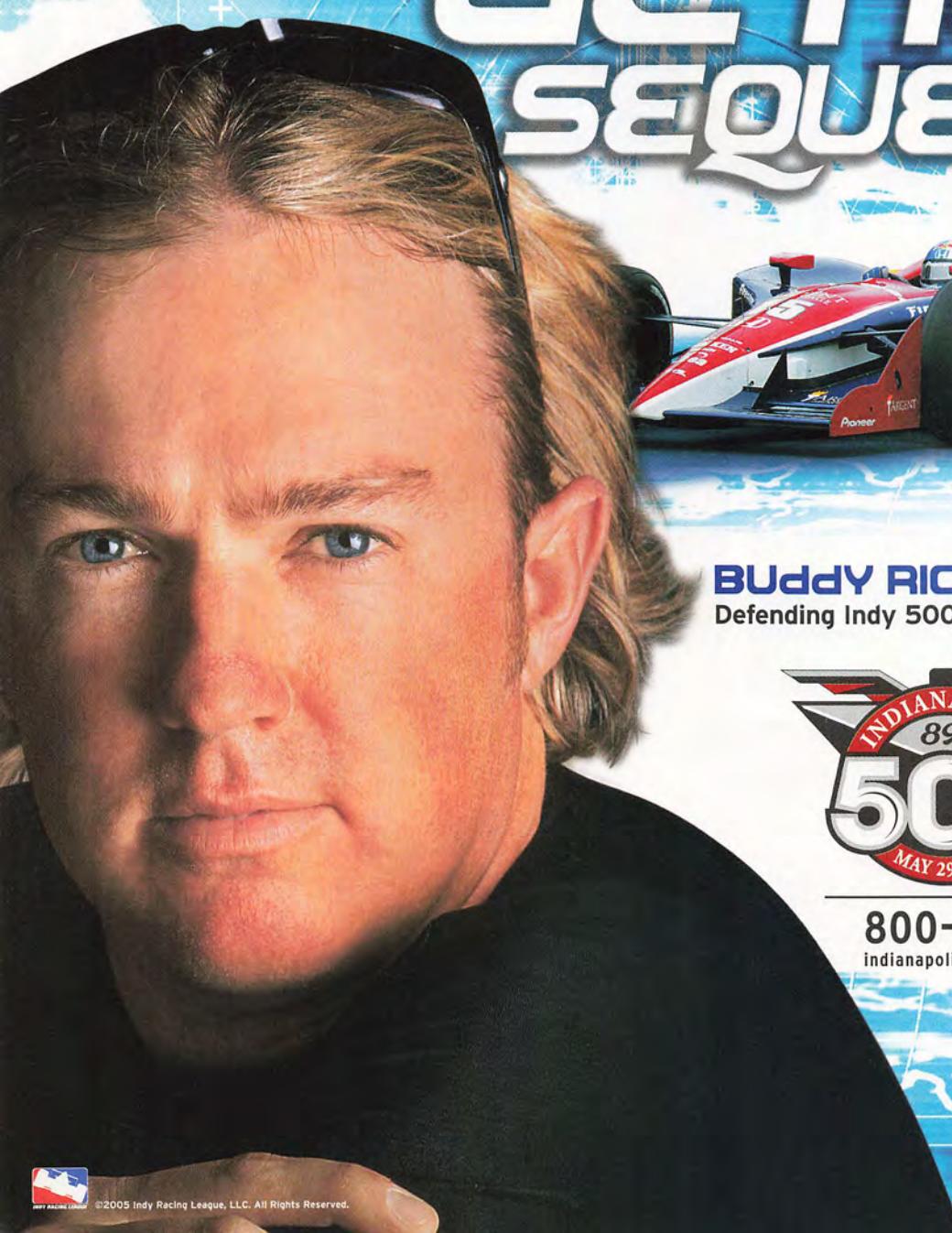


HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

It's a well-known fact that the nearness of death turns women into horndogs. Show up in borrowed OR scrubs, say something trite about saving lives, and you're in!

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FIGHTIN'



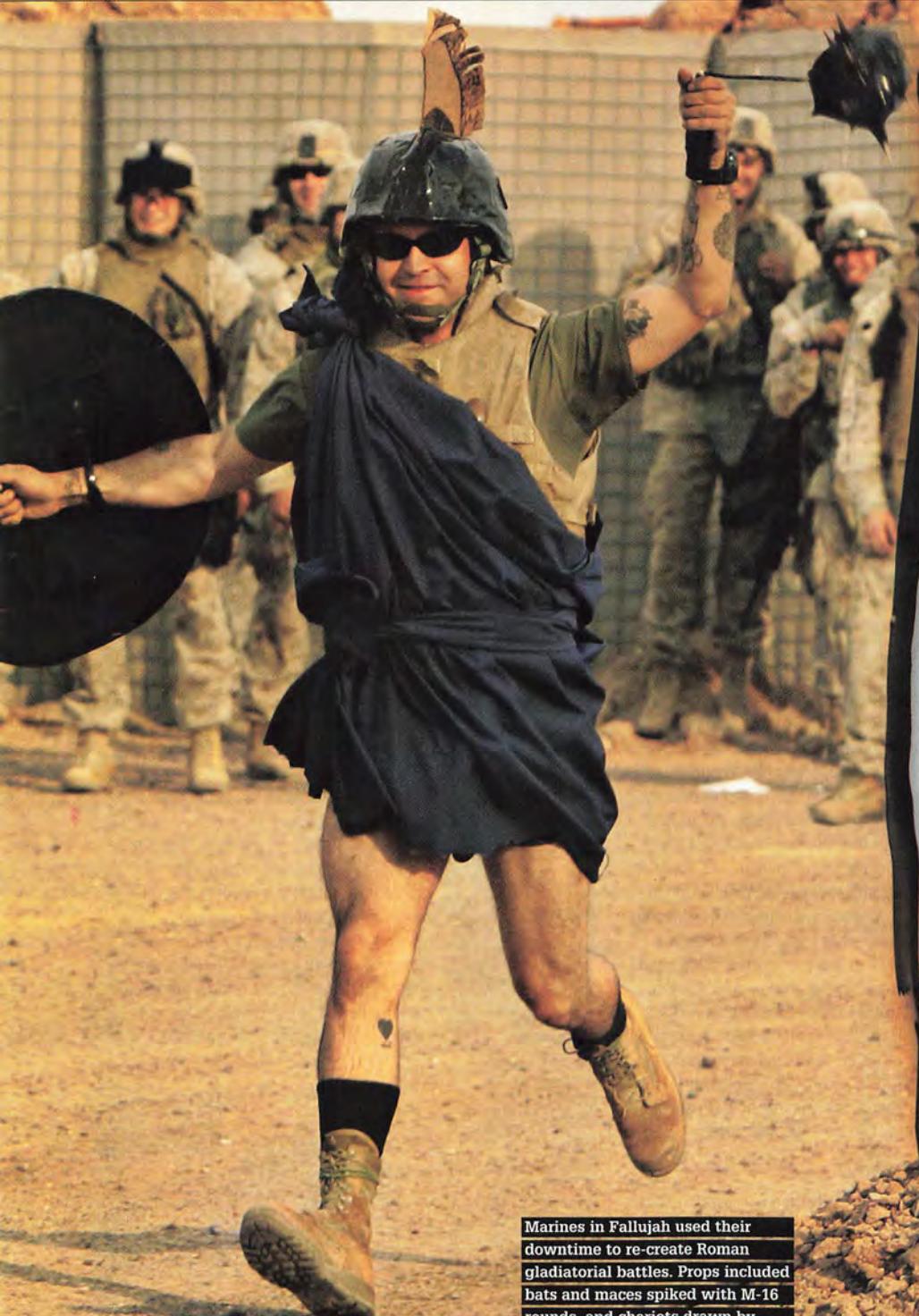
BURGESS

INNOCENCE



We asked our soldiers in the Middle East to do an end run on the embedded shills and give us their uncensored stories from the front. They fired back with tales of blood 'n' guts, cheating girlfriends, and flying naked combat missions.

WORDS



Marines in Fallujah used their downtime to re-create Roman gladiatorial battles. Props included bats and maces spiked with M-16 rounds, and chariots drawn by local Iraqi horses.



BALL-BUSTER

After dismounting from a Humvee during patrol, I happened to walk near a land mine, which exploded and sent shrapnel from my feet all the way up to my right elbow. It wouldn't have been so bad except that one nice-size piece found its way into my right nut. As bad as that sounds, it gets worse. The problem, other than possibly losing my nut, is that I only have the one! My other was taken from me by cancer when I was young. Growing up, it really didn't bother me, but this was a whole new ball game. I was sent to Germany to recover. First priority: Learn how to walk, as my feet were both badly injured. Second, get up the nerve to test my recovering nut's functionality. Luckily, all went well. I was awarded the Purple Heart for my suffering and given an all-expenses-paid one-way flight—right back to Baghdad!—*Spc. Eric Forbis*

POTATO MASHER

Late last year our section was told to pack for up to two weeks in order to camp outside Fallujah at a compound called "the potato factory." Our mission was to assist mortuary affairs personnel in removing dead insurgents from the streets of Fallujah. The bodies would be stored in the factory's giant reefer. As team leader of a scout vehicle, my job was to roll up to the bodies, dismount, and look them over for any ordnance or IEDs (improvised explosive devices). Since most of the corpses had been there for up to 10 days, even the quickest of glances seemed too long. A lot of the time, they weren't even full bodies. You might see just a torso, an arm, or—no shit—a pair of legs with a bare ass attached to them, just hanging out. I couldn't help but laugh in disbelief at what I was seeing.

Once my team deemed the bodies clear, a grappling team of two transport marines would hook the body, shout, "Prepare to pull!" and give 'em a good tug while everyone else took cover. This was to prevent any injuries or fatalities from explosives that may have been rigged to the corpse. Next came the stretcher bearers, body baggers, and shovelers, who put the corpses into body bags and scraped up any loose ends. We did this block by block through Fallujah.

We slept in a building next to the makeshift morgue. The stench was ever-present. We spent Thanksgiving at the factory. That night, after a game of football played on the cement lot between the morgue and a minefield, the potato factory marines sat down to a Thanksgiving meal of turkey with all the traditional fixings ►

SOLDIERS' STORIES

sent from the chow hall at a nearby camp. The holiday would never be the same, but the mission that some were dying to be a part of was damn near over. Now, could you pass me a leg and the gravy?—*Cpl. Joshua D. Harincar*

MADE FOR TV

A big mission came down that was hush-hush. It was so secret that we had to make sure all the Iraqis we employed were off the camp by 1500. At 1700 we were eating dinner, watching the news on TV. We were talking about the night's mission when, lo and behold, right there on CNN, a reporter was talking about it. We all looked at each other stunned. We'd only found out about our orders two hours prior, and now it was all over the news. That pissed us off, to say the least, because just about every Iraqi home has satellite TV.

Cut to the mission: Our company is searching homes for weapons and bad guys. We enter a house, and the woman who lives there greets us with tea and sodas. She asks us, in very good English, "What happened? We saw the news and thought you guys were going to be coming last night." Big shock, we didn't find any weapons or bad guys. I love the news media, but I ask one favor: Can they at least hold on to the story until after we hit our targets?—*A grunt*

An infantryman takes his comrade to school during a pickup game at Saddam Hussein's former Tikrit palace.



BUZZ KILLERS

Pesky insurgents? Relentless sun? Here's what raises our guys' temperature in Iraq.



NONALCOHOLIC BEER



SUICIDE BOMBER



RUMSFELD



LAND MINE



BURKA



MORTAR



MRE



AK-47



SAND

CANTEEN HALF-FULL

I have seen a buddy get shot, another get his legs blown off completely, and yet another pay the ultimate price. I have been pushed to the limit, to the point where I thought I was breaking. I've been in situations where I didn't think I was going to live, then been amazed and humbled when I did. I have been untouched after a hidden explosive went off 25 feet away, killing Iraqi citizens who were driving in their cars more than 250 feet away. As cruel as the environment can be here, I have grown to love the people of Iraq. I have grown spiritually, growing in the faith that God will deliver me out of this place if I do my part.

The sunsets here are beautiful. When you watch one or two, you remember how beautiful the world really is if you stay optimistic. I wouldn't change this experience for the world. I wish I could say that all soldiers feel like this, but it would be a lie. I know soldiers who are completely bitter about the whole "package" here, hating the people and hating the military. When I talk to them, I feel really bad that they see things so poorly instead of trying to look at the good things.—*Spc. Josh Galer*

FINE RED MIST

We arrived in Fallujah the second day we were in Iraq. We were relieving the guys in the 82nd Airborne Division. The next morning there was a demonstration in front of our compound. They were pissed because the 82nd had killed a lot of them. In the middle of the demonstration, some

LINGO

CHAIR FORCE:
A pejorative term for the Air Force, which other service branches often accuse of riding out the action from a comfortable altitude

Iraqis shot at us and a convoy of gun Humvees that were passing. We returned with heavy firepower, and so did the Humvees, which were equipped with .50-caliber machine guns. I saw one Iraqi get his head blown off at point-blank range. His head turned into a fine red mist. A lot of Iraqis died that morning.

Later that night we'd just gone to bed when a couple of grenades were tossed over the wall near where a lot of people were sleeping. Shrapnel hit 10 people, including eight guys from my unit. Thank God no one got killed. I remember pulling some of the guys into the building aid station, not wanting to look at their injuries for fear of seeing missing limbs.

After we got our injured out of there, everyone was up and on the roof or on a wall. Whenever a vehicle passed, you could hear everyone switching their weapon from "safe" to "semi-" or "burst." Around 0330, the squadron commander had to leave and head back to the rear base, and I had to follow in a Humvee. ▶

"Is there a Taco Bell nearby?
Dang!"



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SOLDIERS' STORIES



FIGHT SIMULATOR

Wanna know what it's like to be stationed in Iraq? Peep these tips circulating on the Net, maggot.

1. Invite all your neighbors—especially ones you don't like—to visit for a few weeks.	4. Mount a garden hose at chest level for a shower. Leave a minimum of four inches of cold water on the shower floor at all times.	7. Occasionally deployed-latrine experience, use the shitter of a neighbor who lives at least a quarter-mile away. Don't flush.	10. Leave wet, freshly laundered clothes in a ball in the corner where the cat pees. After a week, unroll them and proudly wear to work and family gatherings.	13. Spread gravel throughout your house.
2. Sleep everyone on canvas cots.	5. Urinate everywhere except in the toilet. For a more realistic	8. Take apart every major appliance you own and then put it back together.	11. Leave wet, freshly laundered clothes in a ball in the corner where the cat pees. After a week, unroll them and proudly wear to work and family	14. Sandbag the
3. Set an alarm clock to go off at intervals throughout the night.	6. Replace your windows and garage door with green plastic sheets.	9. Get a haircut from the paperboy.	12. Shoot bullet holes in walls for proper ambience.	15. Decide the family dog is a disease vector, then shoot it. Throw the dog in a burn pit dug in your neighbor's yard.

Just as we were about to cross a bridge that was almost out of town, some motherfucker shot at me. I spent a whole magazine on one guy. That night I was done with thinking all Iraqis can't be bad. —*Specialist Murphy*

BAD JOKE

You asked for funny army stories, and I've got one. I spent three years stationed in Vilseck, Germany. I was honorably discharged in May 2003. On a Friday the 13th in 2004, I received a letter reactivating me into Kuwait. Now, if that's not funny, I don't know what is. If I had a home in hell and a farm in Kuwait, I would sell my farm and go home. —*Specialist Schwegel*

BROKEN DREAMS

As 2003 kicked off, everything seemed to be on track. I had a house and a secure job at a bank, and I'd been accepted to law school. Best of all, I

LINGO

BUTT STROKE:
A blow, typically to the head, groin, or kidney, administered with the butt end of a rifle

was very much in love with my live-in girlfriend. In fact, I allowed myself to believe she was the one, honest and faithful, unlike all others. Then my unit was activated as part of Bush the Deserter's lust for war.

When I returned home, I discovered that my girl had been sharing my house and bed with another "man," if you call the sniveling, pencil-neck coward who would do such a thing while I was overseas serving my country, ostensibly protecting his freedom, a man. Needless to say, I didn't take it very well. I took it so poorly, in fact, that I threatened them both with a firearm. For this I am now serving two and a half to six years in prison for assault. So much for law school.

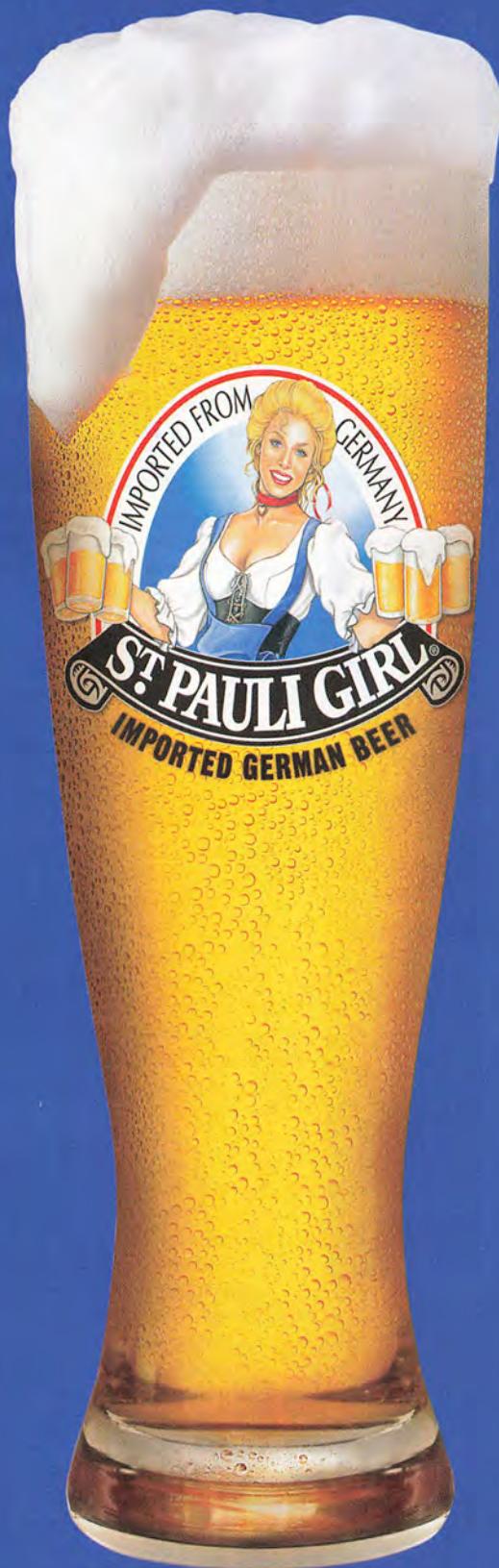
—*Sean P. Duros, Mid-Michigan Correctional Facility*

FREEDOM FIGHTER

I am currently stationed at Abu Ghraib Prison.

Recently, some shitheads who thought their balls were bigger than they really were attacked our base. My squad was activated and went to a position where we could return fire and support the towers. We had armored Hummers with machine guns mounted on top. The squad arrived at the spot, and it was World War III for about 30 minutes. My squad shot about 3,000 well-aimed rounds at these motherfuckers. It was a bad day to be an insurgent.

That's the case all over Iraq. These people are raised to be cowards. They are not individuals, and seldom face a confrontation head-on by themselves. They are group-oriented and have one guy who is the speaker for the rest of them. They will take a couple of potshots and run behind their families, like the shitheads who get their children to build bunkers for them on top of the houses because we won't shoot innocent children. What kind of sick fuck uses his child ▶

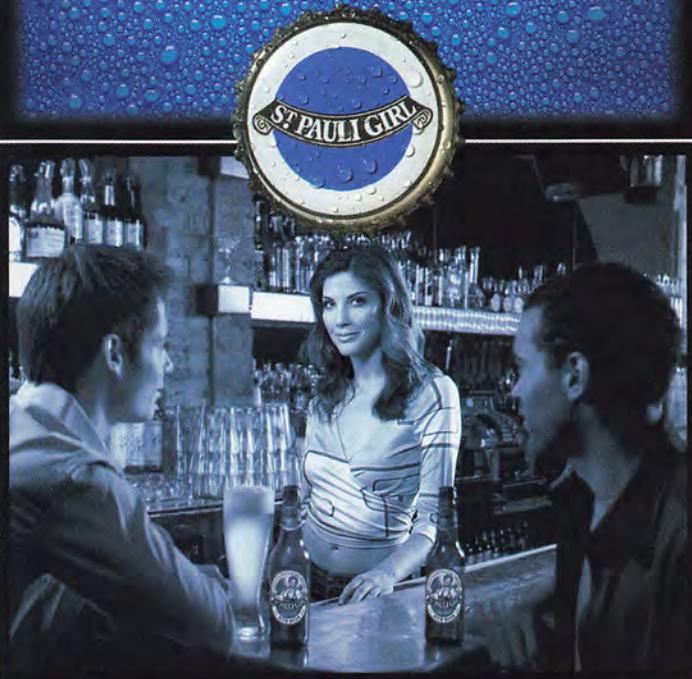


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SOLDIERS' STORIES

to make a bunker? Anyway, you all in America can rest easy knowing that the marines in this country are kicking ass and taking numbers. Shit, we even do the army's job.

—Sgt. Matthew D. Schrecengost

LIEUTENANT DUMB-ASS

As a combat medic, I was pulling morning perimeter security with two of my soldiers in Mosul. At 0445 our brand-new 22-year-old, dumb-ass platoon leader started running beyond the perimeter and screaming, "I see



enemy activity in that building!" The building was 200 meters away, and as he began running toward it, without a helmet or flak vest, I said to him, "Sir, don't go out there." He told me, "Staff Sergeant, don't tell me what to do." He got about 30 meters and then he took a round in the neck. I called out to my soldiers, who were each in their own foxholes, "Watch my lane. I'm going to get dumb-ass." After I stopped the bleeding with a pressure dressing, I got shot in the stomach through my flak vest. When I returned to the world, his parents wrote me a letter thanking me for saving their son. I wrote them back, asking them why they let their dumb-ass son join the army and told them he was going to get himself or someone else killed. Now I have a hole and a tube in my stomach. Just doing my job. —Staff Sergeant J.D.

CRAPPY FLIGHT

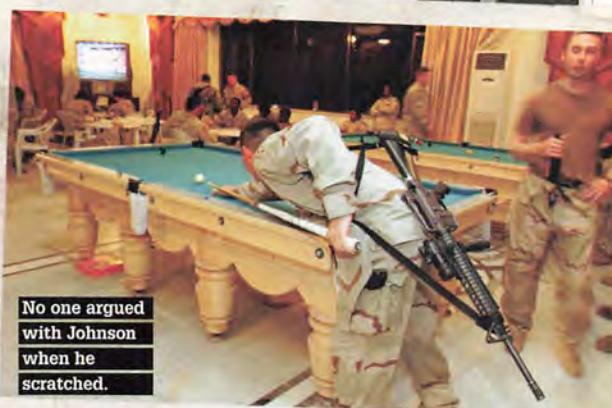
As a naval flight officer, I've flown numerous missions over Iraq in the EA-6B, called the Prowler, an electronic warfare aircraft. When you look at the plane, you'd never believe you could fit four grown men (or women) inside. We strap ourselves into our ejection seats, find a place for whatever gear we require for the flight—and the concept of personal space evaporates.

Recently, I set out on a flight that would be unlike any other. "Smack" was in the back right seat next to me. I didn't know him very well, but he seemed like a good guy. Everything went smoothly as we pressed out of our home base in Saudi Arabia. We were to spend three hours over Iraq before we pressed home, making the flight a total of about six hours, a long

time to sit in an ejection seat. Imagine strapping 40 pounds of gear to your torso and then being tied to a hard, straight-backed chair.

About five minutes after we crossed the border into Iraq, Smack looked at me with what can only be described as sheer terror. He said, "Guys, unless they have something critical for us to do today, we might have to go home now!" I saw him reference his map for possible divert fields. Suddenly, I realized what was wrong. "Are you going to shit yourself?" I asked. To which he responded, "I am doing the Thai pinch right now!" At this point "Fish" from the front seat began laughing uncontrollably and said, "If Smack says he is doing the Thai pinch, he knows what he's talking about." Smack and Fish had been in Thailand together.

Then I remembered that in my nav bag (where you carry all your pertinent mission publications) I had a one-gallon Ziploc bag. I looked at Smack. He was pasty white with beads of sweat rolling down his face. I offered up the bag. He grabbed it and asked us to "safe" our seats, meaning effectively disable the ejection seat. He was going to have to take off all his flight gear and realized that if someone were to pull an ejection-seat handle inadvertently, he



A soldier flips over Uday Hussein's former palace pool.



LINGO

MOUSEHOLING:
Entering a house or building by blowing holes in walls rather than entering through the front door and triggering booby traps



would become a half-naked meat missile covered in liquid shit screaming to the ground in Iraq. We all safed our seats... and that's when Smack undertook one of the most impressive acrobatic feats I've ever witnessed.

Starting with his helmet, Smack removed every piece of gear from his body down to his knees. Right when I thought he was ready to take care of business, he hesitated. He took off his shirt and was now completely naked. None of us could think of what he might be doing. I remembered the *Seinfeld* episode where George took off his shirt every time he took a crap, and I thought I was witnessing a similar idiosyncrasy. But what Smack was doing was an act of genius. He lined his ejection seat with his shirt to capture any spillage, since toilet paper is not part of the standard combat load on the plane.

Now he was ready. While carefully balanced, completely naked, flying in combat over Iraq, he successfully crapped (exploded is more accurate) into a Ziploc bag. The stench that filled the airplane was indescribable. We were all forced into our oxygen masks for the rest of the six-hour flight. While maintaining his balance, he then used his T-shirt to clean himself, put the shirt in the bag, zipped it, and stored it. He got back into his gear and informed us that we could rearm our seats.

For the remainder of the flight, I couldn't look at Smack without completely losing control of myself in convulsive laughter. I have heard stories from this war of courage under fire, and I am unimpressed. I witnessed a man battle physiology and win. I have even thought about designing a new medal just for him. After a great deal of thought, I have determined that it should be a brown bull's-eye and that it should be the U.S. military's first scratch-and-sniff medal. —Captains Stoner and Yeti

ALLEY OP

One night my squad (known as Joker) went out to do a security patrol. About ►

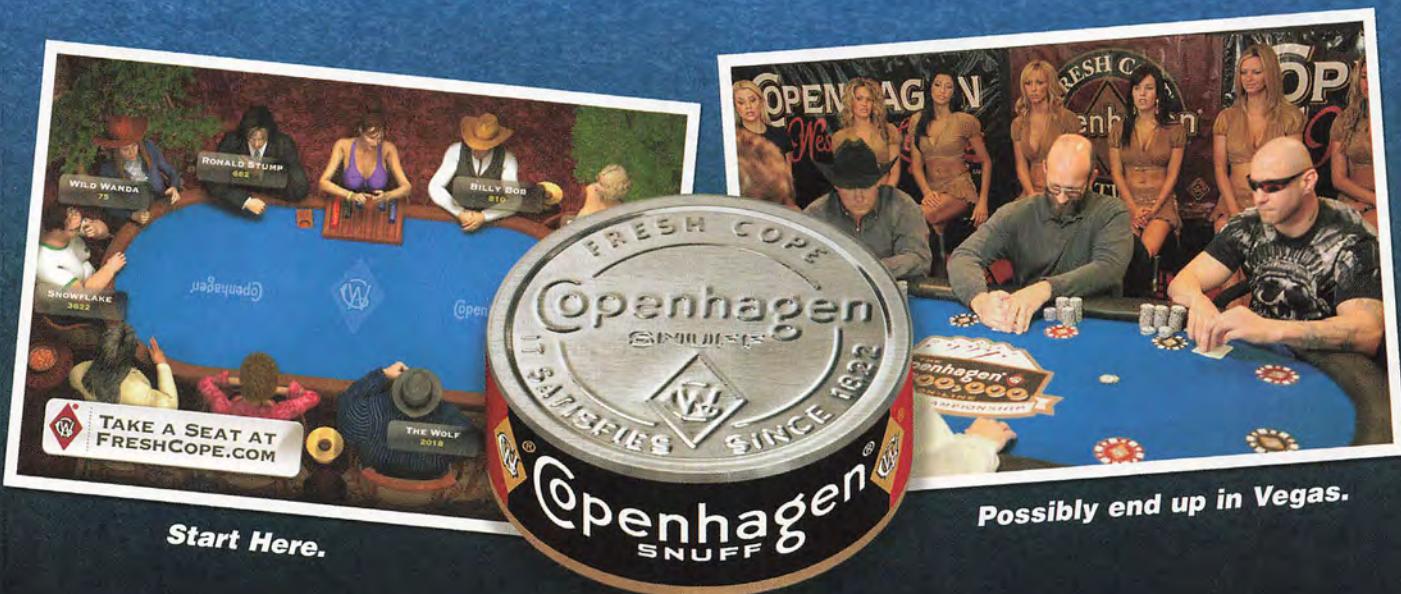
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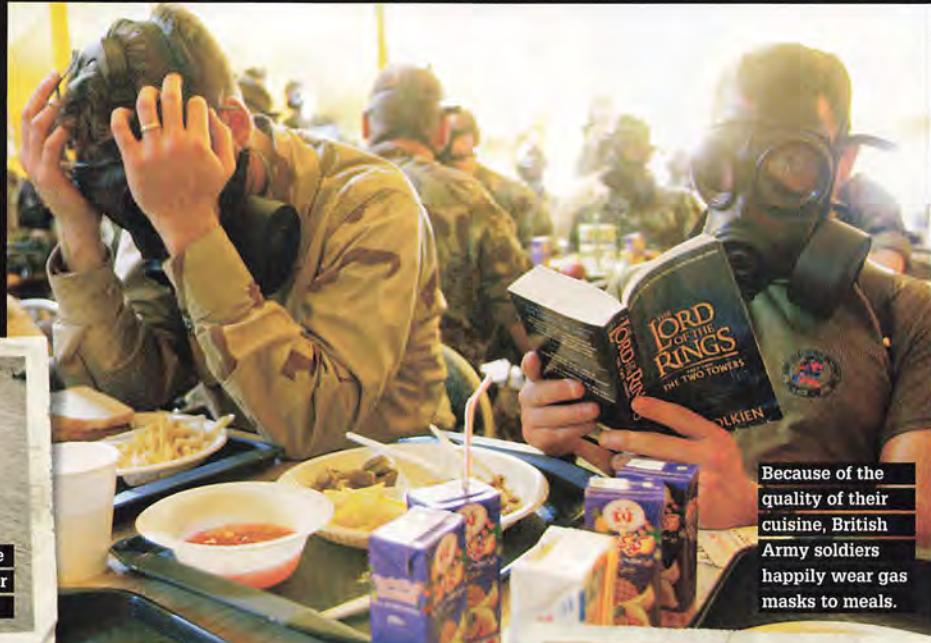
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SOLDIERS' STORIES

four blocks from our base, roughly half the squad had made it into an alley when we heard the crack of AK-47s. The flashes from their muzzles lit up their position as the bullets impacted just above our heads. It was "friendly" Iraqi soldiers shooting from a perimeter security post. It scared the shit out of us. The only thing we could do was take cover and hope they didn't



His bunker game was vastly better after Iraq.



Because of the quality of their cuisine, British Army soldiers happily wear gas masks to meals.

send out a reaction team. To think we work hand in hand with them pissed us off even more.

When we thought it couldn't get any worse, another Marine squad started lighting up our position with illumination. That squad didn't know we were being engaged by friendlies. When we finally got word to the Iraqi soldiers and the Marine squad, the firing stopped. My squad was forced to hunker down because our position had been compromised. After about an hour and a half of scanning, we returned to our base to get about two hours of sleep before our next patrol. —*L.Cpl. Bert Jendrzejczyk*

NO NECTAR

The only thing we miss more than family and friends is the one thing that makes a man a man...beer! We have plenty of the world's finest NA beer available, although you have to be a raging alcoholic to enjoy it. But how can we complain when we went from burning our feces to getting them pumped from our luxurious Porta-John? —*Sgt. Todd Hodge*

LINGO

HVT: high value target
IED: improvised explosive device
FOB: forward operating base

PALACE GUARDS

My home in Iraq is a run-down, burned-out building with broken windows, no electricity, and no plumbing. As far as family, that consists of my fellow soldiers or "battle buddies." Most of the time we are stressed out because we are a group of hardworking men who come from different backgrounds to fight for the same cause. Our chain-of-command lives the life of luxury in one of Saddam's palaces while my battle buddies and I fight the battle not only outside the wire but in our living quarters as well. We fight a continuous battle against scorpions, sand fleas, and mosquitoes in hopes that one of us doesn't get seriously ill. As for the platoon leader, Lieutenant "Butter Bar," all he does is think about himself. He could care less about his troops as long as he gets a bed to sleep in and a shower to clean himself. For the past six months, he has squashed all our morale and is stubborn to all ideas. —*Spc. G.I. Joe*

BEER GOGGLES

Contrary to popular belief, life in Baghdad isn't all bad. We have air conditioning, cable TV, beautiful women...but not for the touching, unfortunately. I really get mad when the chow hall runs out of chocolate syrup for my ice cream! I mean how hard is it to keep that in stock? We had a "sports bar," where we watched sporting events, but that burned down last week. You can get a massage for two dollars. It is so horrible here I can't begin to tell you. The only thing I am really deprived of—besides sex, convenience stores, half-naked women on hot days, and good food—is alcohol. We are scheduled to rotate back to the States soon. It will be a crazy drunkfest then. They should really think about that rule: no alcohol in country. It's going to be like letting the hungry lion out of his cage to get the steak after looking at it for a year. Not good. —*Spc. Brant Gilmore*



Ricky Williams isn't playing football here, either.

THE OTHER WAR

I am currently in Afghanistan, attached to an infantry platoon. This place ain't bad, if you like killing people and blowing shit up, which is what I do. I'm a combat engineer. I mess with land mines. I get to do all the infantry shit, but basically I'm here to blow up shit.

U.S. soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan deserve a lot more pay than what we get. I've been shot at, rocketed, mortared, and IED'd. This place is no joke. But every year you get some lame-ass that sits on his ass and votes against a pay raise for the military. I've done everything the military has asked me to. I've been to Bosnia (1997-98), Korea (2001-02), and now here. Another thing I'm pissed about is that pretty much the whole world has forgotten about us. Some Americans don't even know that there are still troops in Afghanistan. It's bullshit. —*Sgt. Todd McGuire*

PUPPY LOVE

Our unit was in the second taking of Fallujah. Everyone says it's the biggest thing next to Hue City during Vietnam. Being shot at sucks, especially when you have no idea where it's coming from. When I saw my first dead insurgent, I was like, "Holy shit, that's fucking cool." It got pretty old, though. I got tired of counting bodies, so I stopped. The only kill I got over here was a dog. I mean, I'm not cruel to animals, but we're authorized to shoot dogs because they eat the dead bodies. —*Cpl. Moua Lee* M

ASK US ANYTHING

Q Have any American women been killed in combat in Iraq?

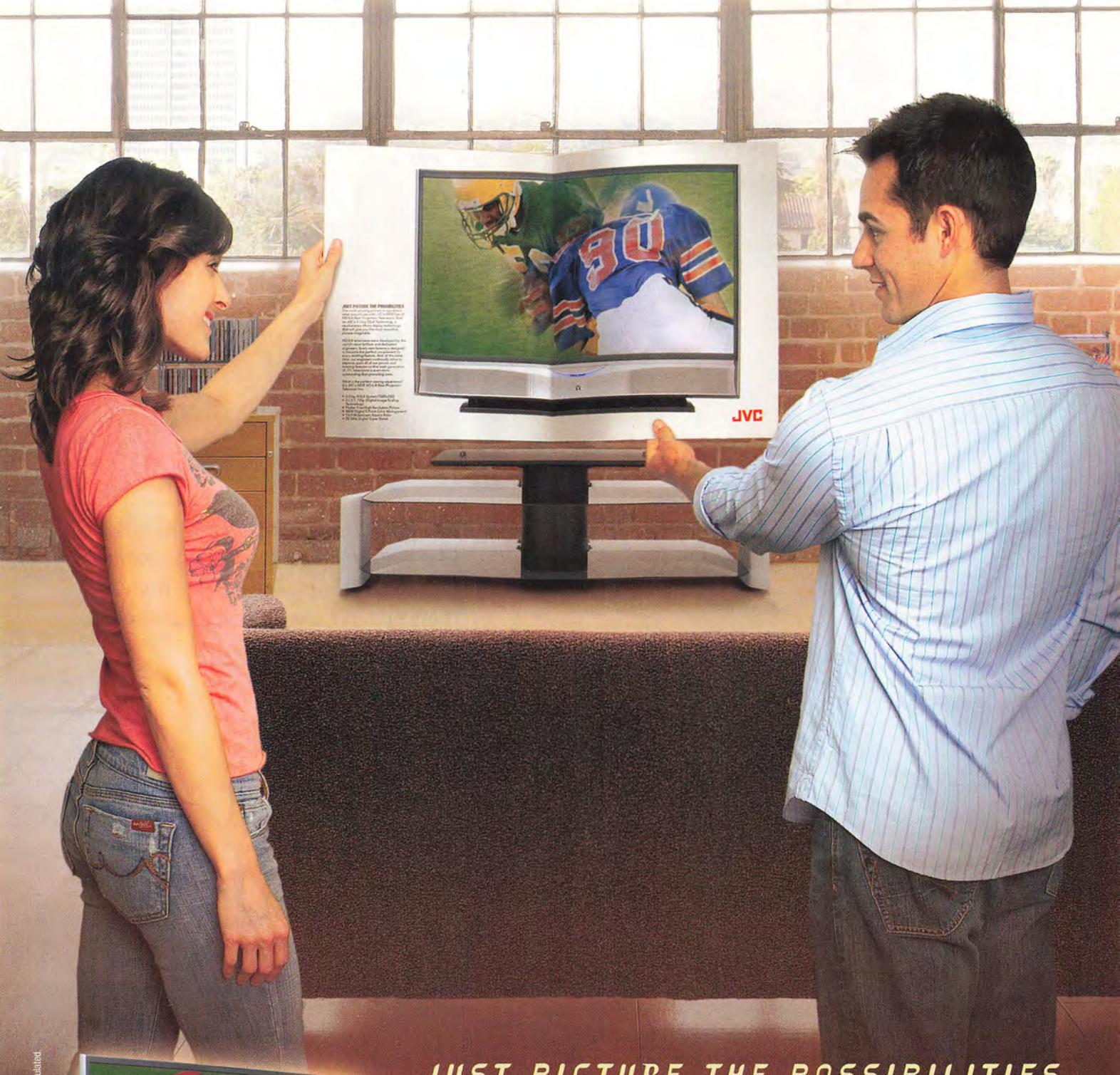
A The definition of what is or isn't combat is debatable. In 1993 Secretary of Defense Les Aspin allowed women to pilot combat aircraft, and in 1994 Congress allowed women to serve aboard ships engaged in combat, though

not in submarines, infantry, or armored units. But as mixed-gender support units in Iraq deployed (illegally) in combat zones often find themselves

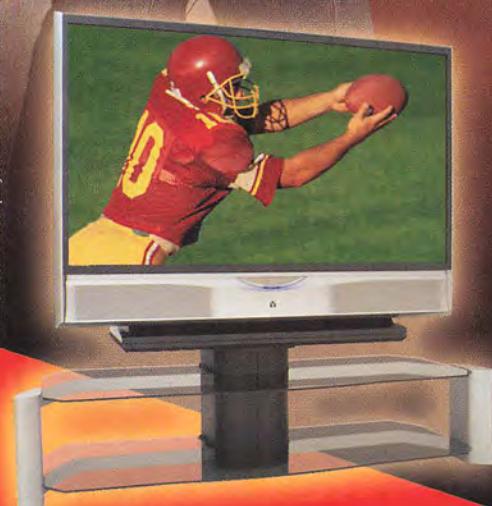


War is hell.

under attack, the front lines have blurred. So far 21 American female soldiers have been killed by hostile fire in Iraq. On February 9, Sgt. Jessica M. Housby of Rock Island, Illinois, became the most recent woman killed in action when an IED detonated near her convoy as it was en route to Baghdad Airport base.



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JUST PICTURE THE POSSIBILITIES

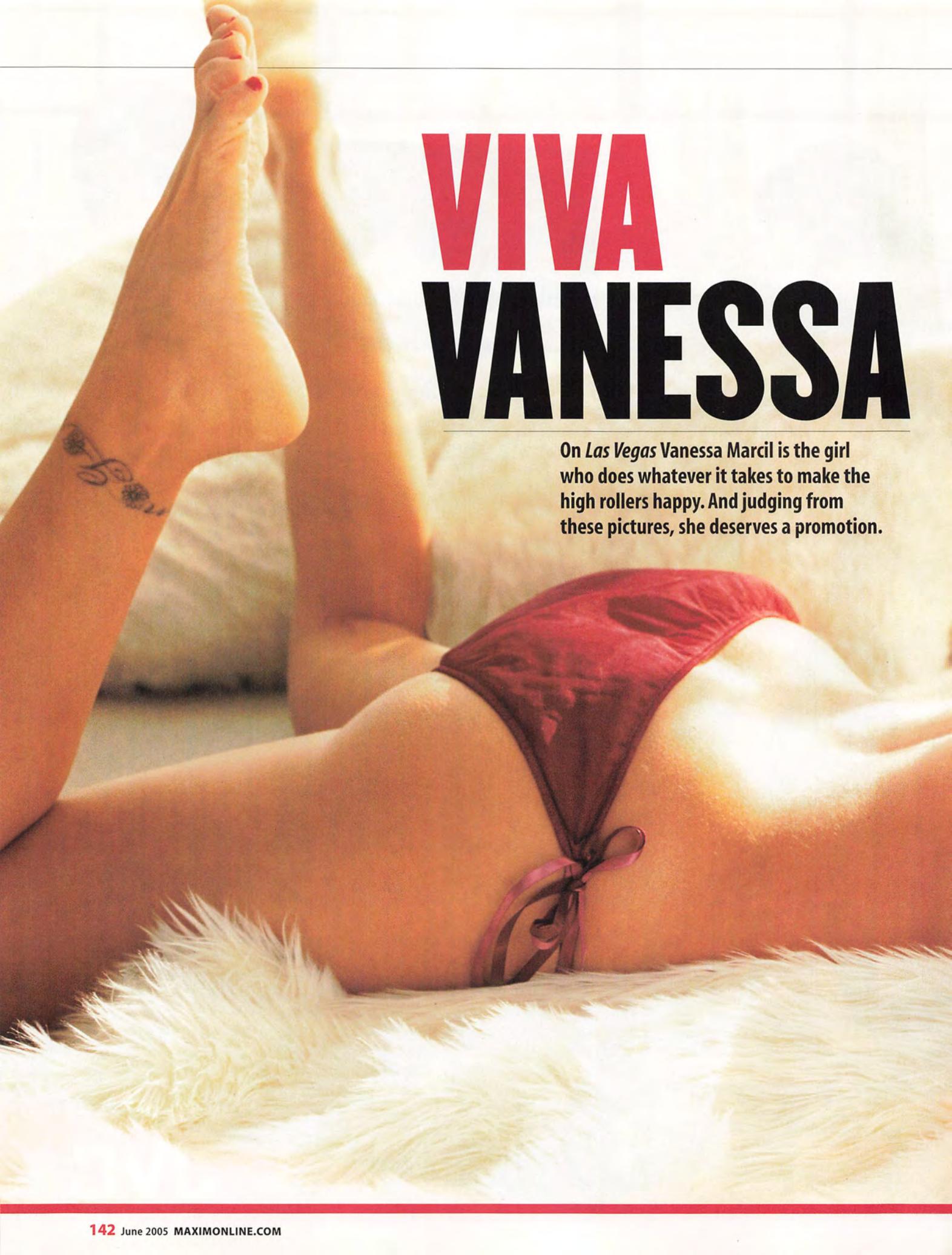
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VIVA VANESSA

On *Las Vegas* Vanessa Marcil is the girl who does whatever it takes to make the high rollers happy. And judging from these pictures, she deserves a promotion.



S

o... are you going to take off your clothes during the interview?" jokes Vanessa Marcil, wearing only a white terry cloth robe and panties. Apparently, she wants us to match.

Naughty, naughty. But what else would you expect from the actress who plays spitfire casino host Sam Jane on NBC's *Las Vegas*? After all, she regularly faces off against drug runners and card counters and even puts professional tough guy James Caan (who plays security chieftain Big Ed) in his place. "Sam is a hard-ass," Vanessa explains. "A little attitude, and all about power and money. She couldn't give a shit whether you like her or not."

When it comes to TV, Vanessa's been getting her bitch on for more than a decade, first playing the pill-popping, knife-wielding model Brenda Barrett on *General Hospital*, which netted her a mantel of awards... and almost got us to watch soap operas. She hit prime time with her turn as Gina Kincaid, the scheming thorn in goody-goody Donna's side during the dying days of *Beverly Hills 90210*. Even worse, she had sex with Nicolas Cage in *The Rock*, giving us yet another reason to hate him.

Vanessa's not some cookie-cutter, powder-puff starlet, however. Born and raised on the mean streets of Indio, California, she did her

share of drugs and drinking in her teens—surviving break-ins into her house, girl gangs in her 'hood, and a stint in juvie hall—before cleaning up her act and landing on *GH* at 17. But don't think you have to be some womanizing, alcoholic, rock'n'roll douchebag to win her heart. In fact, she prefers Pillsbury Doughboys with a penchant for psychoanalysis. "I've always liked nice guys," she says. "A guy who's been in therapy is the hottest thing to me."

Maybe that explains why she was linked to former child star Corey Feldman (back in his unfortunate Michael Jackson impersonator phase), Prince (who is rumored to have written "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" about her), and her *90210* costar Brian Austin Green, the father of her three-year-old son, Kassius.

Deep down Vanessa's just a tomboy trapped in the body of a hellcat, readily tagging along with her guy friends to strip clubs, kicking their ass in *Halo 2*, and totaling her vintage muscle cars. And while her tastes—and body—are definitely high-performance, Vanessa's shockingly low-maintenance. "I think it's sexy to be in a T-shirt with no bra and little cotton

'How did this happen? I was the geek with braces and frizzy hair.'

panties," she says. "And actually, the boys I know think that's sexy, too."

Yeah, boys can be funny that way.

You went from juvenile delinquent to cover girl—not too shabby.

I know! How did this happen? I was the geeky girl with braces and frizzy hair. It's so funny—throughout my career I've always played these sexpots, but I've never been overtly sexy.

According to you.

I never took off my clothes. Ever. It was pretty unbelievable to be on a soap for five years and never take your clothes off, but I was never in lingerie, never in a bathing suit. Even when I did *The Rock* with Nicolas Cage, they wanted me to be topless in a scene, but I said no. The funny thing is, I love my body.

OK, prove your nerd cred.

I'm a gadget junkie. I like cars, video games—I buy a new phone every three weeks. Now I have a Treo 650, and it's the greatest phone ever. Before that I had a Sidekick II. Before that I had a picture phone. This one holds 600 pictures, it's got video, it's an MP3 player, it's e-mail, and the phone service is the best I've had.

What's your game du jour?

Right now I have a \$10,000 bet with one of my guy friends on a *Halo 2* tournament. I'm determined to win. I get very competitive.

Sounds like you had a calling for Vegas.

I want to win, but I'll only wager with people I know. As far as going into a casino? I'm frugal. I'm not giving my money to them.

So what the hell do you do in Vegas?

After I got the show, it wasn't easy to hang out in Vegas anymore. It's comical; people are so alarmed to see me. So we walk through Vegas, experience it for a minute, then I usually go to private parties or hit the strip clubs with my guy friends. When I do hit the casinos, I'll sit next to one of my friends who's a high roller and watch him play. The pit bosses, who are usually very serious, will eventually lean over and whisper, "I know who you are," then walk away.

What's the worst thing about Las Vegas?

All the bad clothing and cheesy hotels. Visually, it hurts. You don't want to look at it during the day. At night everything is cool because they throw lights over it, but during the day it's bad.

You don't actually film in Las Vegas, right?

We couldn't shoot in Vegas, because there's no good time to shoot there. Somewhere else you can shoot at three in the morning, but people are up that late in Vegas. And you put Josh Duhamel in a casino and he'd be swarmed by screaming girls. I've heard we're the second-largest set ever built for a TV show. I think *The West Wing* is the largest one. You walk onto our set and you feel like you're inside the Bellagio. We even have working slot machines.

After the first season, critics thought your show was going to be canceled, and you survived. Got any words for them now?

I didn't know that! I don't read magazines or watch much TV. I isolate myself from that, because there's so much crap. A good friend of mine said if you believe the good things, you have to believe the bad things, too. So when we started working on this show, what was most important to me wasn't the ratings or what anyone else thought—it was about having a good time. And I'd literally work craft service on a show just to hang out around Jimmy [Caan].

He doesn't bore you to tears with stories about *The Godfather*?

We'll be waiting for a scene, and he'll pull me over to the side and start telling a story. The producer will come out and say, "Uh, Jimmy? We're ready for you; the camera's ready." But if he's in the middle of it, he's got to finish.

So you like working with the legendary Sonny Corleone?

It still feels funny. There's always that speck of a second when I realize Jimmy Caan is answering the phone—and I'm calling him. My family ►



didn't have any money growing up. I'm just a girl from the ghetto, from Indio, California. I'm still amazed that someone doesn't call me upstairs and say, "You're fired."

You grew up in the ghetto?

Yeah. Our house used to get broken into all the time. I'm half Mexican and half white, so I had a hard time fitting in and had a lot of problems with the girl gangs. Our fights were pretty one-sided. It was them kicking my ass and shoving me into lockers. Although I've gone home a few times, and suddenly they're my friends.

'We didn't have any money growing up.'

Sam has a golden tongue on the show. What's the trick to talking your way into getting free stuff from a casino?

Be a high roller. Casinos have ways of tracking who everybody is, where they play, how much they play for, so unless you're supercharming, there isn't a way. On our show we can scan a face and find out where they played, how much they play for, what kind of money they have. The security surveillance routine is pretty serious.

Yeah, but that's just TV, right? Right?

There's a reason why Caan's character has a CIA background on our show. I'm sure a lot of this underground, Big Brother stuff is going on.

So what happens in Vegas doesn't really stay in Vegas?

I've never really understood that ad campaign, because there's no place else in the world that has more cameras than Vegas. Go someplace else if you want some privacy. It's ridiculous.

Are you a smooth talker like Sam?

Some people might say yes, but I don't think so. I'm pretty honest. I'm not good at manipulating people or talking my way into things.

C'mon—you've never even flirted



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**your way out of a speeding ticket?**

I'm more up-front, like the girl who says, "I understand. I understand. Fine, give me the ticket." I'm a little more New York about stuff.

Have you always been a closet New Yorker?

I think it's been evolving. Sam is fun to play because she does things I would never do. Lying doesn't bother her. I'm definitely more tortured, guilt-ridden, and conscious of myself, to the point where I'm really hard on myself—Sam doesn't give a shit if you like her. My goal is to not give a shit what anyone thinks of me.

Well, we think it's pretty cool that you're a muscle car aficionado.

I'm an adrenaline junkie. I like to drive fast. But I've had bad luck with some of my cars. My

'My Aston Martin burst into flames on the side of the road.'

friend completely totaled my white 1964 Mustang, the first car I had. It was my baby. And my Alfred Dunhill Aston Martin DB7—number 17 of just 150 or so—burst into flames on the side of the road. I'm not kidding. Look, I have a picture [scrolls through photo files in her Treo, and shows a flaming car parked by the highway]. It was totally destroyed. Luckily, nobody was hurt. Now I have a 1972 Ferrari Dino with all the original parts.

Nice! How's Sam's luck holding out?

She's contemplating a possible love interest, which is rare for her, because she's very anti-love. She's like a dude in that sense, just wanting to get laid, thanks, buh-bye. Which I'm not.

So are you the marrying type?

Not really. That dream of getting married someday and being the princess and having your hair done sounds like being at work all day. I have no desire to have the big wedding with the dress. I'm not a fan of the idea of marriage in general. Someone might change my mind someday, but I don't like to break promises. I couldn't imagine promising someone that I'd be with only them until death. What if we change?

What do you look for in a guy, then?

Funny men are the sexiest men on the planet. I always say hot is fleeting but funny lasts forever. I think Jeremy Piven is the funniest man in the world—he's a good friend of mine. Steve Zahn is hysterical. I like people who are comfortable with themselves; it's not sexy when you try too hard. A funny boy with a wrinkled shirt who doesn't work out every day? That's sexy.

Weren't you married to Corey Feldman?

I never married Corey. He's just a kid I did drugs with when I was a teenager. If I had a gift for every time someone said I've been married...

Well, we've heard that Prince thinks you're "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World."

Apparently, I met him when I was really young, and he's been an amazing influence in my life. Unfortunately, when you really care about people, it's better not to talk about them, because everything gets misconstrued.

Prince and Corey Feldman... You were a wild child, weren't you?

Well, yeah. I got arrested a lot as a kid. I got arrested for truancy, for stealing, for having alcohol on campus. I would go to court, and the judge would say, "If you don't stop skipping school, you're going to juvenile hall." I think I had 40 truancies in one semester, and I ended up there for a few weeks.

What's it like to go to juvie?

I was the only girl there. They put me in the section for really little kids, and I was scrawny and my hair was short, so I let them believe that I was a boy. But right when I left, I lifted my T-shirt and flashed the boys I had been hanging out with. They were hysterical.

How did you turn your life around?

Sometimes all someone needs is for one person to believe in them. That's all it took. When people are in trouble, the worst thing someone can do is say, "You're such a loser! Why did you do that?" What that person needs to hear is, "You're really great." People told me those great things, so I didn't want to let them down.

And then you landed on 90210. Who's stranger, soap fans or 90210 junkies?

Definitely 90210 fans, because they hate themselves a little. They'll come up to me and say, "You were on 90210, weren't you? I watched that every week. It sucked." I mean, what the ▶



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IT CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE.
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hell? It's almost like they're embarrassed to have liked it so much.

What's the most bizarre encounter you've ever had with a fan?

I was on a flight between New York and L.A., and the woman sitting next to me just starts in with the *General Hospital* questions. "So, when Brenda was arrested . . ." And there's nothing you can do when someone's sitting next to you. It's not like you can say you're too busy, because she's right there. So I'm trying to answer all her questions, even though I really wanted to sleep.

'A guy who's been in therapy is hot to me.'

And then, at the end of the flight, I realized this woman was a stewardess! I hadn't looked at her clothes, and I just assumed that every time she got up, she was going to the bathroom. But she was serving meals and pouring coffee. You know how the flight crew usually sits in the back of the plane during the flight? She decided to sit next to me because I had an empty seat.

What actresses do you find sexy?

Salma Hayek. And Meryl Streep, because there's no role she's afraid of. There are a lot of girls who are hot, but hate themselves. They date awful guys, they're uncomfortable with their bodies, and it's like, huh? Then there are women like Maya Angelou, who's seventysomething, and she's like, yeah, I'm hot! Or Oprah! Oprah is extremely hot!

Speaking of hot, what's it like to be a MILF?

What's a MILF?

A mother I'd like to...

Oh, right! [laughs] I don't know about that, but I think my 30s have been the best. I'd hate to be in my 20s again. I'm really happy with my life now. And if I'm a MILF, all right. ☺

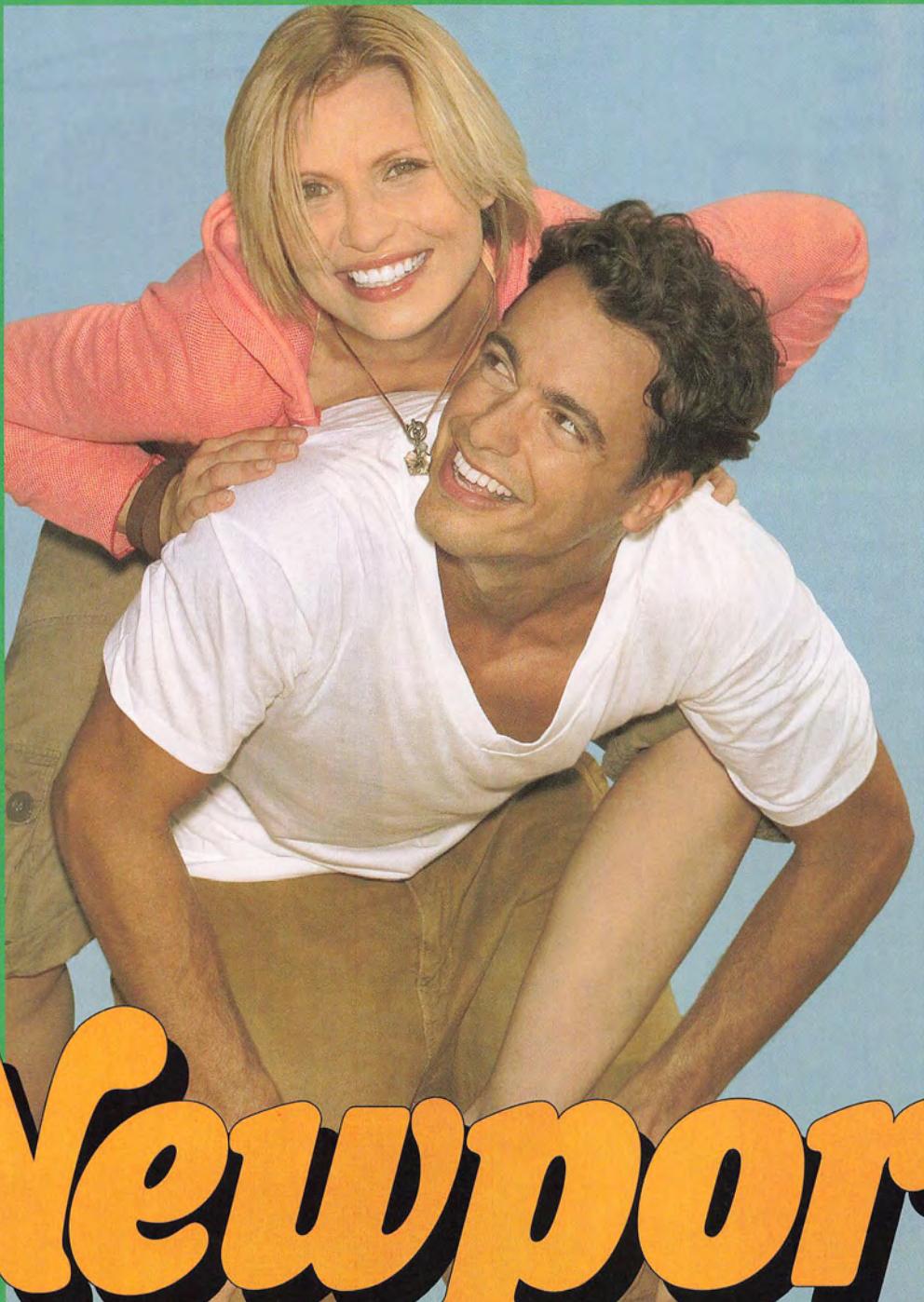


THE MAXIM LOUNGE

See exclusive Vanessa photos at maximonline.com.



Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Bernhard Tamme for cloutieragency.com using Matrix; makeup, Monika Blunder for Scott Barnes for celestineagency.com; prop styling, Kyle Kannenberg. Shot on location at the Viceroy, Santa Monica.



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THE GOOD GIRL

Likes the Dual Screen action. Top or bottom, she's always in control

Likes the soft, sensitive feeling of Touch-Screen technology

Likes how the DS Voice-Recognition responds to her sweet voice

Likes how she can play with her sorority sisters all night long...using Nintendo DS wirelessly

Likes to dot her "I's" with hearts using the stylus in PictoChat

**LIKES TO
PLAY NICE**





THE BAD GIRL

Likes the Dual Screen action because two is always better than one

Likes to touch as hard or as fast as she wants

Likes how the Voice-Recognition does her bidding and never ever talks back

Likes how with wireless gaming, she can kick the living crap out of 16 total strangers

Likes to send her little secrets using PictoChat

**LIKES TO
PLAY AROUND**

NINTENDO DS
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touching is good.



WE WANT ANSWERS!

KEVIN DILLON

In real life *Entourage*'s Johnny Drama has been on both sides of the velvet rope, after appearing in movies like *Platoon* and *The Blob*. He prefers being on the inside. Go figure.

QUICK PICKS

Kevin Dillon's hangover solution



VITAMINS

"Chug down some vitamin B and lots of liquids. That'll revive you."



FOOD

"Get some food. Something smooth, like biscuits and gravy."



SWEAT

"Go to the gym and steam out your hangover a little bit."



DRESS UP

"It doesn't matter if you feel like shit as long as you look good."

***Entourage* makes the life of a young actor seem like every guy's dream.**

It is... when you're making Vince Chase's kind of money. He's making the big bucks. My career's been up and down. I've done really well, and I've had lows where I haven't worked for a year. It stresses you out. I've been in this business for 22 years, and I still have to audition for everything.

Sounds like Johnny.

I am a lot like him in terms of my career. I've had more success than him, but Drama worked—he had *Viking Quest*, his guest spot on *Melrose Place*, he had *Pacific Blue*. It's a good thing he's got Vince to get him a job once in a while. Johnny and I both have more-famous brothers. The parallels are there.

Do you tap into any real feelings of sibling rivalry for the role?

There's no rivalry between me and Matt. You don't need anyone rooting against you; this business is tough enough. If we're playing basketball, we bump and grind a little, but when it comes to work, we root for each other.

Have you ever let a girl think you were Matt in order to get laid?

In the past I've used "I'm Matt Dillon's brother" to get laid, but I never let anyone actually think that I was Matt.

If you could cast any actress to be a love interest for Johnny, who would you cast?

Dude, you're gonna get me in trouble—I just got engaged. But maybe if I name a few girls I won't get into as much trouble. Jennifer Love Hewitt—she always looks smokin'. Jessica Alba, who is just incredibly hot... but she's been on the show, and she's become a good friend.

Everywhere you guys go on *Entourage*—a diner, the gas station—you're awash in a sea of hotness. Is it really like that?

We know the hottest diners around, man! This is L.A. If you go to Canter's after the clubs close, there's gonna be a lot of hot chicks there. I go to clubs sometimes, and I'm like, "These chicks are better than an *Entourage* set." And that's saying something, because I don't know anyone who's worked on a show with so many hot chicks.

You're from New York. So which city has better parties—L.A. or the Big Apple?

New York. There are better clubs, better bars. Plus, the 2 A.M. closing time in L.A. is no fun. In New York you can really find a place that's all night long. But as far as girls... I think L.A. might be better. It's tough, because New York has some great girls, but they're all bundled up!

Ever been tossed out on your ass?

Yeah. I was at a place that had one of those photo booths, you know? I put in five bucks, and we didn't get the photo. So I told the guy, "Hey, man, we didn't get the photo." The guy says, "I can't help you." And I'm like, "What do you mean you can't help me? You owe me five bucks!" Then my buddy got involved asking for a manager. Cut to: Bang! Doors flying open! I think it was, like, 10 guys who grabbed us—physically carried us—and then tossed us on our asses. We were banged up. I just wanted my five dollars, man—this was during the lean years. All the bouncers but one walked away, and I turned and clipped him. They all ran back to get me, and we took off down the street. Then when I got far enough away, I screamed obscenities at them. You know... from a distance.

What's rock bottom for an actor?

When you haven't worked in three years, like Johnny. After the first year, you realize, "I'm at a low point right now. A whole year has gone by and I haven't worked." Things are looking up for Johnny; he might even get a job next season. But Johnny has a way of shooting himself in the foot. He'll give a great audition, then tell someone to go fuck themselves, and walk out. He's self-defeating in that way.

You ever do that?

Not really. You usually want the job so bad, but I've definitely been in situations where I've wanted to do that. I wish I had the balls to tell producers, "Fuck you guys—I don't need this fucking job." You bust your ass on auditions. It's nerve-racking. I tip my hat to Johnny Drama for having the balls to do it.

Some of your movies are out of Johnny's league. You worked with Oliver Stone twice. Are you a masochist?

I'd work with him again in a flash. Well, maybe not on that last movie, *Alexander*. That one was a little rough.

What was it like being "in the shit" during the making of *Platoon*?

We landed in the Philippines right in the middle of a revolution. Do you remember that? They were overthrowing Marcos at the time. So we show up, check into the hotel, and they say, "All right, put on these fatigues, bring your toothbrush, and get into these trucks." We drove four hours out into the jungle. And then they trained us! We were field-stripping M-16s, making booby traps. It was one of the greatest experiences of my life.

How about *The Doors*? Did you have to call Val Kilmer "Jim" the whole time?

No. I guess some people did, but I didn't have to. We got along great. I loved working with him again on *Entourage*. He was really funny. When he came on to play the sherpa pothead, a lot of people didn't even realize it was him.

Do you think he gets a bum rap?

You know what it is? He takes his work really seriously, and you can't fault that. On *The Doors* he had the grips build him a tent because he didn't want people coming up to him. But he did such an amazing job. If that's what he needed to do, then so be it. If you hurt some feelings along the way, that's just too bad.

Have you ever gotten seriously injured making a movie?

Those action movies can be rough. I got hurt so many times, like on *Platoon*. They'd tell you, "OK, run from A to B, and there's going to be bombs going off near you." But you don't know where the bombs are, so you're just running. Crazy shit. It's amazing no one got killed on that movie. The guy next to you will be firing his M-16, and the spent shells are landing on you—those things come out red-hot, man! I also have a permanent neck problem because I had to roll out of a Jeep during this movie I did called *A Midnight Clear*. Our Jeep was dangling on a cliff, and we all had to jump out. I thought it would be cool if I rolled out backward. I did it great every time except the last time. My neck went crack! I thought it was broken. I've had neck problems ever since.

Is it true you convinced Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore to become an actor?

Yeah. But I didn't really convince him. He had an interest in it; he just didn't know how to go about it. He's one of my boys from New Rochelle. I set up a meeting for him with my agent, and they loved him. It's great how he threw it back at me. I was just helping out a friend, but he's been spreading the word.

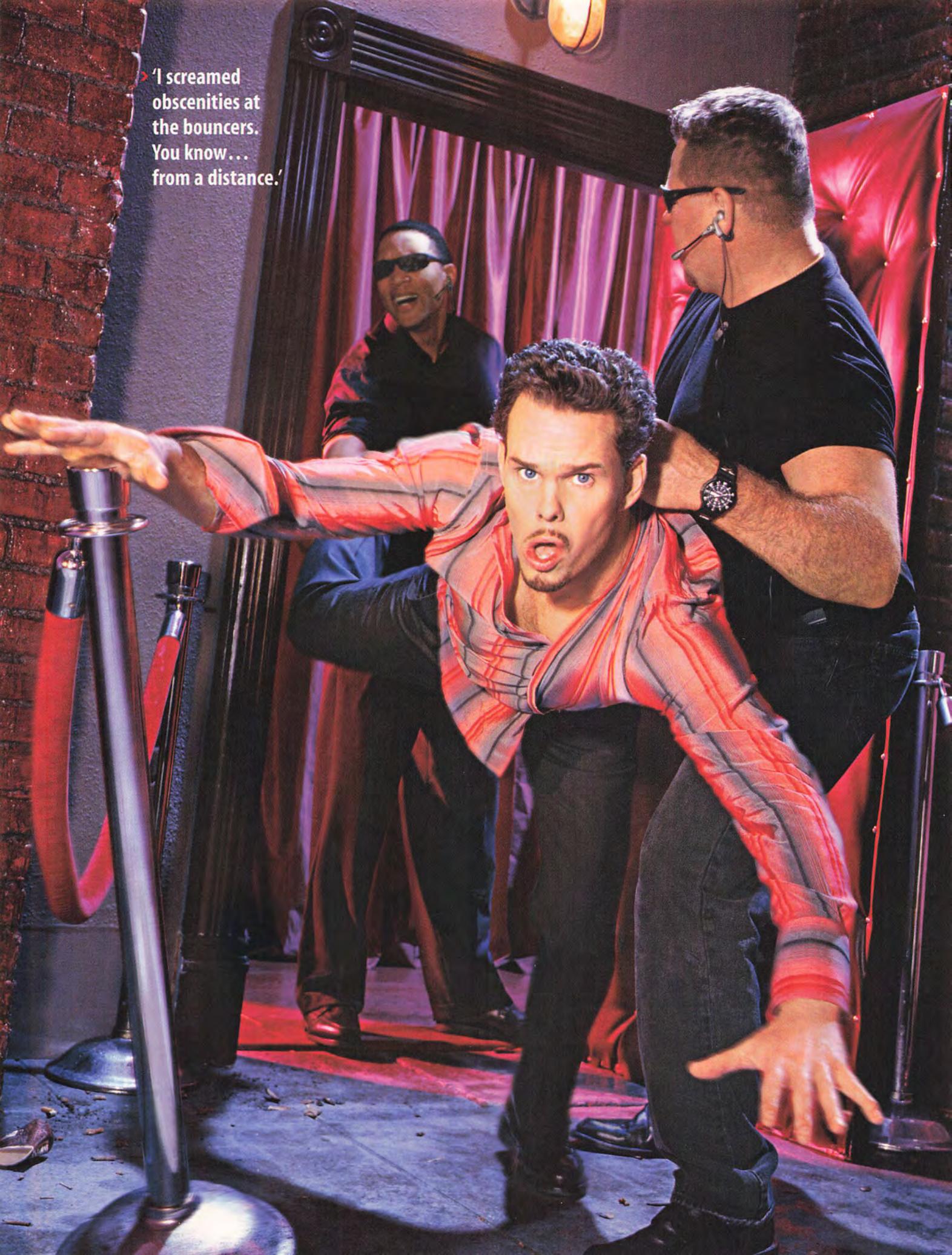
You've done some comedy, some drama, some action. Are you dying to tackle anything else?

You know what? I'm kind of happy the way things have been going. I tell you, this is a career part here. Johnny Drama is just a great role. I fucking love this guy.



Interview by Eric Alt. Tag along on *Entourage*'s second season, which airs on HBO June 5.

► 'I screamed obscenities at the bouncers. You know... from a distance.'



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PALM PILOT

Multiple bogeys at 12 o'clock—engage!

Did that lazy eye kill your dreams of becoming a Navy aviator? Or, was it that they asked and you told? In any case, a virtual trip to the danger zone is now only a push of a button away with Saitek's X52 Flight Control System for PC gaming. The 360-degree joystick, with its two-stage metal trigger, four fire buttons, pinkie switch, and 3-D rudder twist, lets you show your stuff above the hard deck. Feel the need for speed? The throttle's got all the thrust you'll require, along with two more fire buttons. After splashing them MiGs, find your cruising altitude and use the built-in multifunction LCD screen to set up some of the more than 300 programmable commands—and get readouts on stats like elapsed flight time—to further transform your grimy couch into a grimy fighter cockpit. Get a call sign and a bitchin' Kenny Loggins soundtrack to complete the effect, flyboy. (\$130, saitekusa.com)

Styling, Krisana Palma; prop styling, Lina Mati; set builder, Chris at Konduit; grooming, Deborah Altizio for Artists Loft



GRAB BAG

The final *Star Wars* movie has arrived—and so has all the collector's schwag!

BY JASON BUHRMESTER



SITH SNACKS (\$1.090)

If there's one thing sedentary *Star Wars* fans sure could use more of, it's snack food! Between episodes, make sure your Republic guests are well fed by churning out buttery kernels in the *Revenge of the Sith* corn cart. The 50 watt light pops enough in three minutes to feed a hungry Hutt or two. (snappypopcorn.com)



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Hasbro signed a \$590 million contract for the exclusive worldwide rights to *Star Wars* toys in 1997.

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Sure, Darth Vader helps command the Empire with a shiny helmet—but can he catch a baseball? The official Vader baseball and football jerseys commemorate the tall guy's dual-sport career as #77. Wear one in your office league and use it as an excuse to throw a vicious Force choke on that dweeb from accounting. (starwars.com)

SWING AWAY (\$50)

Practice your battle moves at home, young Padawan, with the *Star Wars* Lightsaber Battle Game. The self-contained training unit plugs right into your television; equip and activate its wireless saber to face off in a series of showdowns, ending with Vader himself... Nice knowin' ya! (hasbro.com)



READY, SET, COLLECT (\$6-\$20)

Whose basement doesn't already have buckets of dusty *Star Wars* figures? Well, it's time for reinforcements! More than 56 new figures, including Mace Windu with Force Combat and Chewbacca with Wookiee Rage, add up to an action-packed way to overdraw your bank account before your McDonald's paycheck clears. (hasbro.com)

BLOCK PARTY (\$7-\$90)

The best part about LEGOs is the massive amount of time they waste. Assembling the 800-plus-piece Clone Turbo Tank can easily kill a sunny afternoon of waiting in line to see *Episode III* for a fifth time. Just make sure you clear room in your starport (a.k.a. the top of your dresser) when you get home, trooper! (lego.com)



TRY, YOU MUST (\$30)

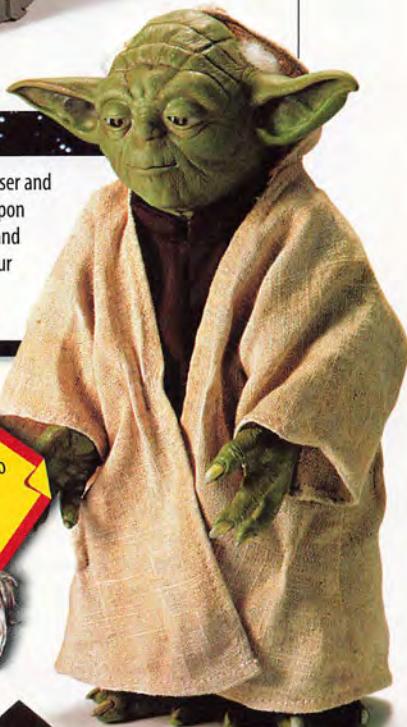
With 800 years of experience, Jedi Master Yoda is a wiser and slightly younger version of Bea Arthur. Hasbro's Call Upon Yoda doll tells *Star Wars* stories, tests you with trivia, and offers wisdom such as "Troubled I sense you are... your questions should I answer?" and "Your career at the comic store has seriously stalled, dude." (hasbro.com)

FAST FACT!

Yoda's face was originally created to look like Albert Einstein's.

Who's your daddy?

I have no idea!



LIGHT INFANTRY (\$119)

Constructing a lightsaber can take months, even for a seasoned virgin, er, Jedi like you. Cut down on production time with Master Replicas' Anakin and Vader lightsabers. Movie-accurate light blades and sound effects set the stage for an epic battle as you face off against a friend for that last Mountain Dew. (masterreplicas.com)

FAST FACT!

An original Stormtrooper helmet film prop sold on ebay for \$30,000.

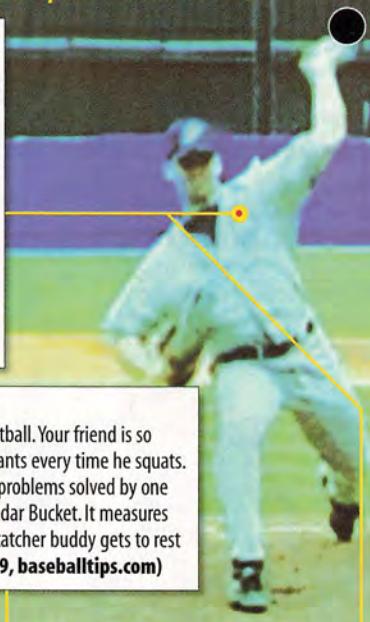


FIELDER'S CHOICE

Pick up this baseball paraphernalia that'll separate the pros like you from the pros who use steroids.

1 THE BIG PICTURE

Use the training system four MLB teams employ! ProBatter's multispeed pitching machine, with its life-size projection of the ball-slinger on his mound, throws you into the most realistic batting situation this side of Fenway in October. (\$75,000, probatter.com)

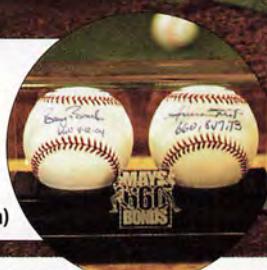


2 RADAR LOVE

You want to clock your fastball. Your friend is so overweight he splits his pants every time he squats. Two seemingly unrelated problems solved by one amazing invention: the Radar Bucket. It measures up to 150 mph, and your catcher buddy gets to rest his rump for a while. (\$239, baseballtips.com)

3 BALL TWO

Barry Bonds and Willie Mays have a lot in common: the Giants, 660 home runs, and they both autographed baseballs for this limited edition set. Hey, a play's gotta eat! (\$1,296, bonds.auction.mlb.com)



5 BAT'S ALL, FOLKS

The craftsmen at Louisville Slugger have given us great wood since 1884. Now they offer the TPX271, made of northern white ash and ribbed for your pleasure with resin-filled grooves to prevent shattering. Swing for the fences, pappy. (\$80, slugger.com)

6 A FINE CUBANO

Support expansion with your Habana Leones Pro-Stripes Jersey, which pays tribute to the glorious days of pre-Commie Cuban League baseball. It uses the finest American materials (ah, warp-knit polyester!), and there are four teams to pick from. (\$175, negroleagueshop.com)

7 GOT HAND?

Looking to improve your swing and your cool-guy image? The Mizuno Pro uses cabretta leather for a snug fit, and breathable mesh prevents your palms from getting all sweaty. Pick up a pair and start dominating your T-ball league today! (\$34.95, mizunousa.com)



UNWIND. THE NEW JEEP® LIBERTY RENEGADE. Step 1: Turn key. Step 2: Leave the world behind. With a rugged exterior and legendary Jeep 4WD capability, anything is possible. jeep.com

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> MASSAGE THERAPY

TOUCH & GO

Our tense gear editor got his tender handles squeezed at three different spas. Which gave the best rubbing?

BLISS SPA (\$125/75 min.)**Massuse hotness:** High**The rubdown:** This trendy oasis for celebrities, stockbrokers, and metrosexuals offers more options than a Taco Bell, including "rapid rub" and "lymphatic drainage."

(We chose the basic Blissage 75.)

Attendants swaddled our young Scott in robes and led him into a hospital-like examination room, where an enthusiastic masseuse busted his massage hymen with aromatherapy, paraffin wax foot bags, and full-on Swedish treatment. Afterward, flushed and covered in oil in a lounge replete



with cucumber slices and issues of *Better Homes and Gardens*, Scott commented, "I felt like I was deflowered by a veterinarian... but the cheese in the waiting room was good." (blissworld.com)

**CRUNCH** (\$70/60 min.)**Massuse hotness:** Medium**The rubdown:** Members aren't the only ones who can get their pecs pounded at this clubby fitness chain. At New York's 83rd Street branch, Scott set up a session with their blind superstar masseuse, Nicole—who, we were warned, gives excruciating deep-tissue jobs. Good thing Scott had just gotten lobstered on vacation!

In a Zen-themed room filled with flute music, Nicole set her magic fingers in motion and eased Scott's fears. "Incredibly, it was mostly painless," Scott chirped



afterward. "He needs more work," noted Nicole, unaware that Scott can barely afford lunch, much less tactile pleasures. Still, at almost half the price of Bliss, an underpaid editor can afford to make a return trip. (crunch.com)

**ASIAN MASSAGE****PARLOR** (\$90 + "tips"/45 min.)**Massuse hotness:** Low**The rubdown:** What goes down in massage joints? Our editor snuck off to a local underground parlor (literally in a basement) with a camera-packing intern to find out. First the pushy Korean hostess forced Scott into communal showers to rinse off with other creepy naked men; they even made our intern take a shower. Afterward, behind a curtain, a mole-covered matron mercifully removed Scott's glasses before walking on his back. "She said it was shiatsu, but I thought


my spine was going to snap," he said. "Then she grabbed my egg roll, asking, 'You like? Fifty dollar extra. Shh, don't tell, OK?'" So, did this nice Jewish boy endeavor to become a whoremonger? May his mother never find out.



"Too bad Gold-member was a flop, eh, Mike?"

> SAME DIFFERENCE

ENERGY DRAIN

Which batteries will last all summer long?*

**DURACELL COPPERTOP**
(\$5.49/4-pack)

Bulb time: 7:05

Snapshots: 661

The standard alkaline—nothing fancy or anything—held its own in a flashlight but revealed flabby muscles in a digital camera. If you're OK with shelling out for an emasculated battery, be our guest.

**ENERGIZER E² TITANIUM**
(\$5.99/4-pack)

Bulb time: 7:47

Snapshots: 838

Titanium compound and special cell construction mean a longer life for these disposables, putting a mild beat-down on traditional alkalines in both the flashlight and camera tests. They're mildly super!

**PANASONIC OXYRIDE**
(\$3.99/4-pack)

Bulb time: 0:58

Snapshots: 1,107

These oxynickel hydroxides claim to run twice as long as the competition's, and it's true... in a camera. But their high voltage fried two of our innocent light bulbs. You've been warned.



The once-over:
As used in the
battery test

CASIO QV-R62
(\$299)

Catch her topless
before she notices!

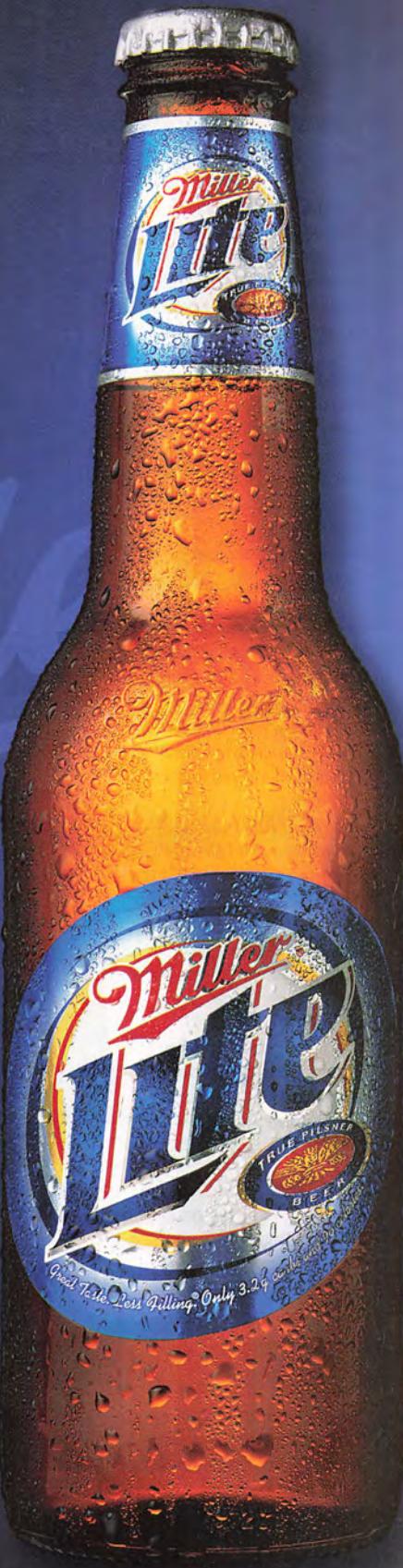
- ✓ Six megapixels
- ✓ Multiburst
- ✓ Runs on AAs
- ✓ SD card slot
- ✓ 3x zoom
- ✓ Two-inch LCD
- ✓ Takes MPEGs
- ✗ X-ray lens

(casio.com)

*We tested the batteries in a Casio QV-R62 digital camera for number of snapshots and in a Mini Maglite for total hours of bulb life.

**EVEN THOUGH MILLER LITE
IS LESS FILLING AND HAS
HALF THE CARBS OF BUD LIGHT,
IT CANNOT GIVE YOU
WASHBOARD ABS.**

**ON THE OTHER HAND,
SIT-UPS CANNOT GIVE
YOU GREAT TASTE.**



Great Taste. Less Filling.

Miller Good call.

> TOP GEAR

NERD ALERT!

Bend science to your whim with these toys in your secret underground laboratory (a.k.a. your basement).

1 FLASH IN THE PANTS

(\$80-\$700) Pocket Rocket USB 2.0 key chains hold up to 8 GB of flash memory—enough for two DVD-quality movies or your whole *Star Trek* fan blog archive. (memina.com)

2 HOT ROCKS (\$15-\$150)

Formed in the '80s by an ex-Los Alamos scientist, United Nuclear offers low-level radioactive ore. Still, they warn, "Don't keep in your pocket for more than two weeks." (unitednuclear.com)

3 THAT'S HOT (\$20)

ColdHeat's battery-powered soldering tool reaches 800 degrees in just one second thanks to an Athalite tip that heats up only when contact with metal is made. Use on your robot girlfriend—or your friend's braces! (coldheat.com)

4 SPACE CADET (\$2,669)

Throwing a mobile LAN party? Alienware's Area-51m 7700 laptop is as powerful as a gaming desktop, with two optical drives, two hard drives, and a jacked up Pentium 4 processor. Damn, those aliens are smart. (alienware.com)

5 POWER TOOL (\$20)

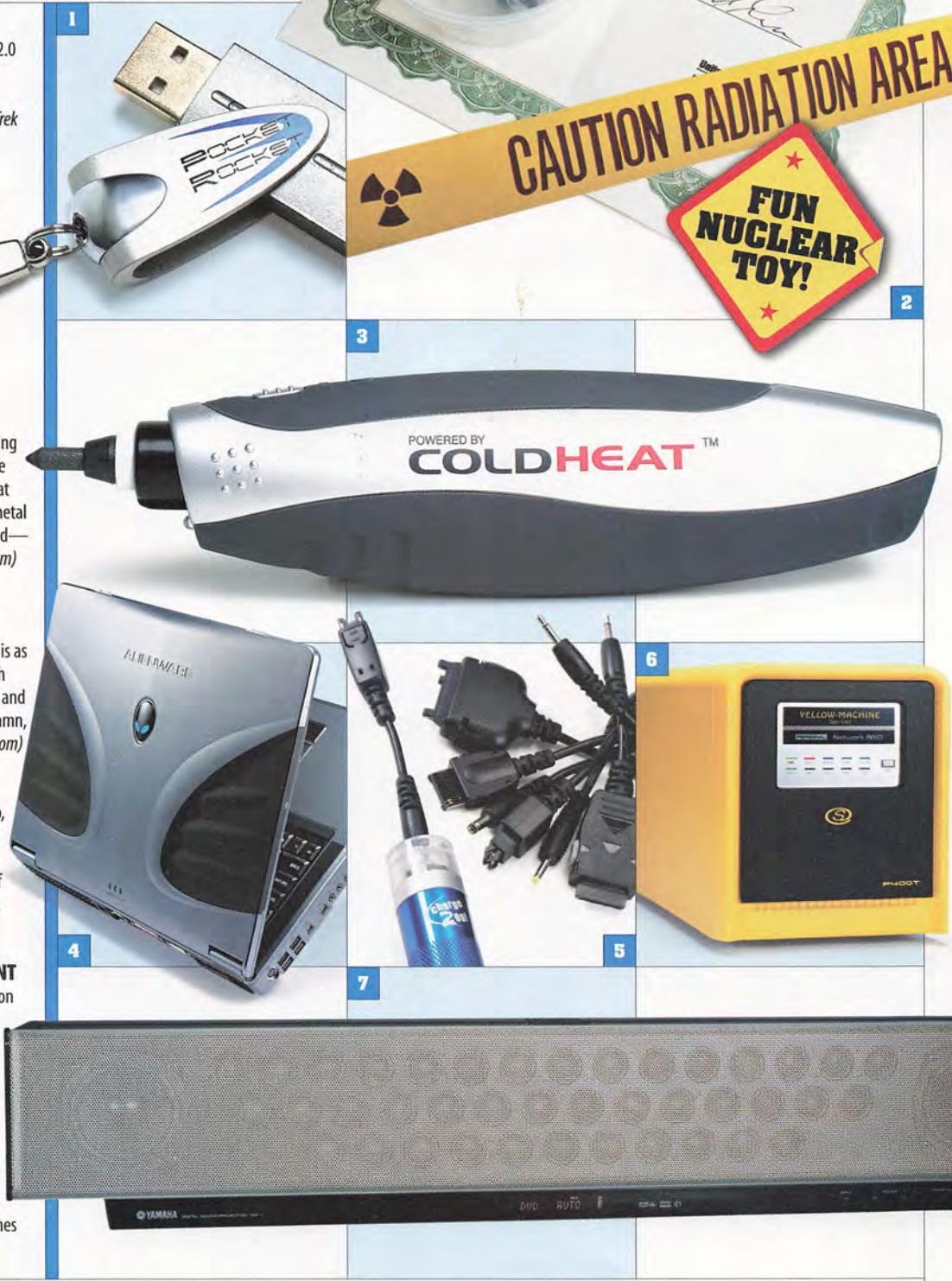
Plug one AA battery in Charge 2 Go, a portable, reusable cell phone charger, and get three hours of additional talk time. Or, for those of you with girlfriends, listening time. (charge2go.com)

6 LITTLE, YELLOW, DIFFERENT

(\$2,995) 1.6 TB—that's 1.6 trillion bytes of storage—live in this toaster-size Yellow Machine's brain. It's an evil genius must-have. (anthologysolutions.com)

7 SOUND STRIP (\$1,499)

For sweet surround without wires, Yamaha's YSP-1 uses 42 separate drivers in a single front speaker for holographic sound. No 3-D earphones necessary. (yamaha.com)





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FASHION

Turn on your X-ray vision to some cool summer accessories.



For buying information, see page 183.

Briefcase, \$1,100,
by Dooney
& Bourke

Key chain, \$15,
by A|X Armani
Exchange

Z Zegna scent,
\$57, by Ermene-
gildo Zegna

537 aviators,
\$365, by
Robert Marc

Meisterstück
pen, \$695, by
Montblanc

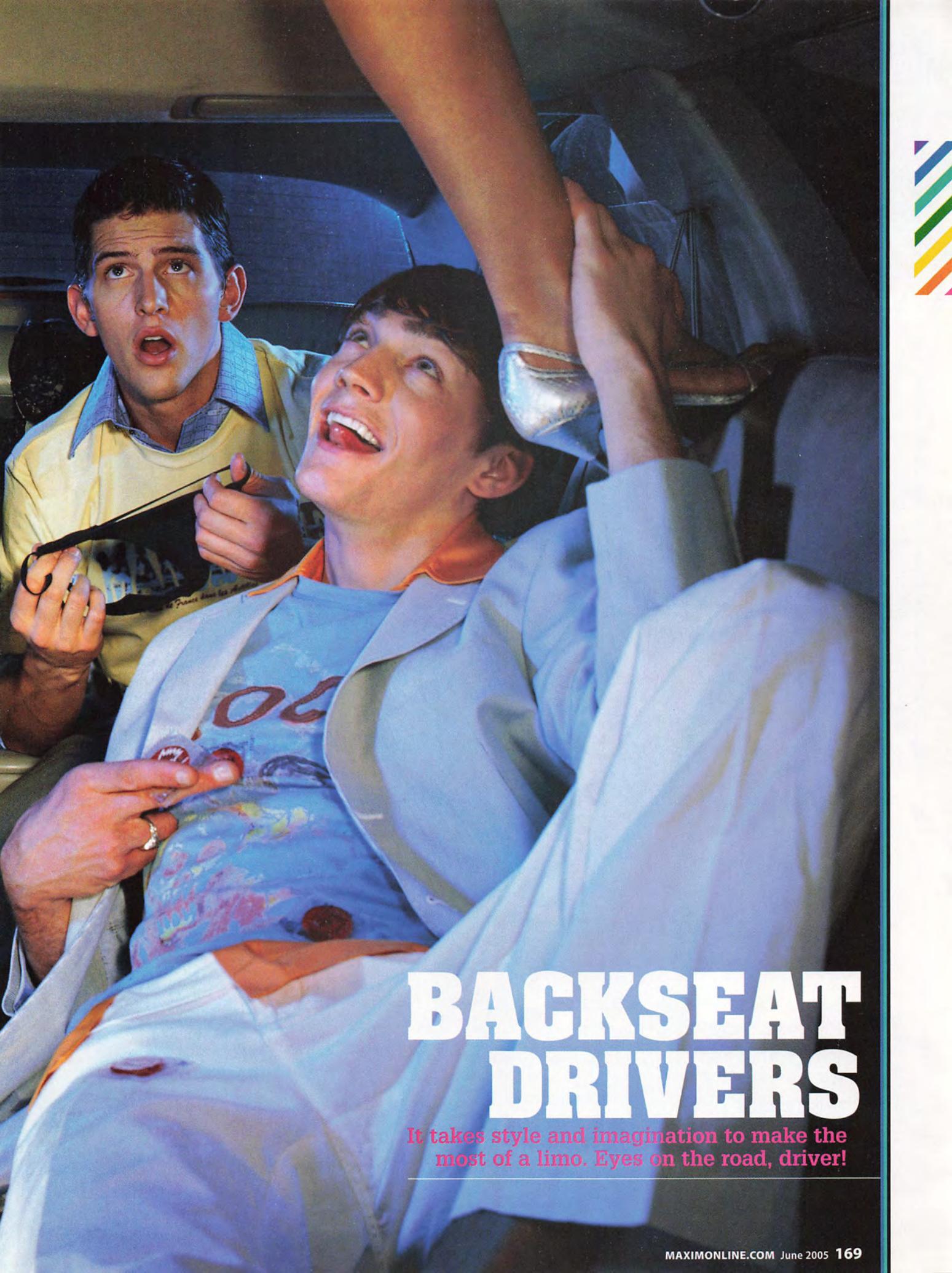
Mint Tingle
condoms, \$9
for 12, by Trojan

m:robe 500i MP3
player/cam, \$500,
by Olympus

Oxford button-
down shirt, \$38,
by Van Heusen



(from left) Uranus denim blazer, \$620, by Notify; Stark woven shirt, \$70, and Heythrophe flat-front pants, \$65, both by Tommy Hilfiger; polo, \$40, by Abercrombie & Fitch; boots, \$116, by Durango. Luxe geo-print French-cuff shirt, \$88, by Express Design Studio; T-shirt, \$35, by Tyler Speed; Sonora pants, \$79, by Guess; Barrett loafers, \$90, by Rockport. Seersucker blazer, \$1,200, and knit shirt, \$175, both by Moschino Uomo; Bad Dude and Throbbin T-shirt, \$44, by French Connection; Glacier drawstring pants, \$80, by Marc Ecko.
On her: Model's own shoes by Steve Madden.



BACKSEAT DRIVERS

It takes style and imagination to make the most of a limo. Eyes on the road, driver!



(from left) Tuxedo, \$2,375, silk bow tie, \$130, and wing tip shoes, \$685, all by Giorgio Armani. On her: Dress and accessories from the Bridal Garden, N.Y.C.; Day to Nite shoes by Kenneth Cole New York Bridal Shoes; Bouquet and boutonniere from Belle Fleur, N.Y.C.; Vega Flutissimo champagne flutes by Baccarat; wrapped gifts from the Registry at Bloomingdale's; champagne by Moët & Chandon.





(from left) Wool pinstripe suit, \$1,695, dress shirt, \$185, and tie, \$95, all by Dolce & Gabbana; 7100T phone from T-Mobile, \$200, by BlackBerry. On her: Handmade corset by Lara Corsets; rubber shorts by DeMask; Nyla boots from Trash & Vaudeville, N.Y.C.; bondage accessories from the Pleasure Chest.



Bride, dominatrix: prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; hair, Laurentius Purnama at aarist Loft.com; makeup, Amanda Redgrave for aarist Loft.com. For buying information, see page 183.

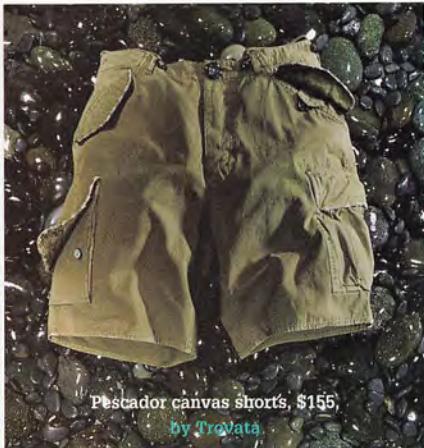




Destroyed cargo shorts, \$37,
by American Eagle Outfitters



Camo cargo shorts, \$40,
by Gap



Pescador canvas shorts, \$155,
by Trovata



Fowler cargo shorts, \$55,
by Nautica Jeans Company



Tupelo canvas cargo shorts, \$50,
by Polo Jeans Co., Ralph Lauren



Khaki cargo shorts, \$50,
by Calvin Klein Jeans



Collins shorts, \$59,
by Club Monaco

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MA59476 - Green Day	Boulevard of Broken Dreams
MA65053 - Omarion	O
MA65190 - Fat Joe	So Much More
MA65171 - Craig Morgan	That's What I Love About Sunday
MA65186 - T.I.	Motivation
MA65180 - Gwen Stefani	Hollaback Girl
MA65189 - Fabolous Feat Mike Shorey	Baby
MA65177 - Perfect Circle	Passive
MA65167 - Amerie	1 Thing
MA65188 - Cassidy Feat. Jay-z	I'm A Hustla
MA65195 - Usher	Seduction
MA65206 - Lloyd Banks	I'm So Fly
MA65210 - Ciara	Oh
MA65194 - Luadcris	Potion

COOL WALLPAPERS



JAVA GAMES



NOTE:
Compatibility Chart
Nokia • Sony • Samsung • Siemens • Motorola
*A game with a color dot, i.e., RED, is compatible with SOME models of the corresponding make, i.e., Nokia. You will still need to go to www.dirtyhippo.com to ensure it is compatible with your model.

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MA65181 - Destiny's Child	Girl
MA65030 - Good Charlotte	I Just Wanna Live
MA59713 - Jennifer Lopez	Get Right
MA65007 - LL Cool J	I'm About To Get Her
MA65191 - Mario	How Could You
MA65036 - Jennifer Lopez Feat. Fat Joe	Hold You Down
MA59672 - Gavin DeGraw	I Don't Want To Be
MA65006 - Chingy	Leave Wit Me
MA59684 - Alicia Keys	Karma

FUN WALLPAPERS



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HIP - HOP

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MA65125 - Mr Cheeks	Lights, Camera, Action
MA65032 - Nelly	N Dey Say
MA59708 - Shaggy & Rayvon	Big up
MA65140 - Method Man	Judgement Day
MA59551 - Ja Rule	New York
MA65024 - Trick Daddy	Sugar gimme some
MA59474 - Ciara	1 2 step
MA65016 - Snoop Dogg	Let's Get Blown
MA65106 - Juvenile Feat Manny FeshIn My Life	
MA65003 - R. Kelly & Jay-z Feelin You In Stereo	
MA59683 - JadaKiss ft Mariah Carey U Make...	
MA59757 - Cypress Hill	Hits From the Bong
MA59541 - Lil Jon & Eastside boyz I Don't Give A...	
MA65080 - Gang Star	You Know My Steez
MA59530 - Nas	Thief's Theme
MA65173 - Sasha	Dat Sexy Body
MA51731 - Dr Dre	Nuthin but a G Thang
MA65138 - 50 Cent	Realest Niggas

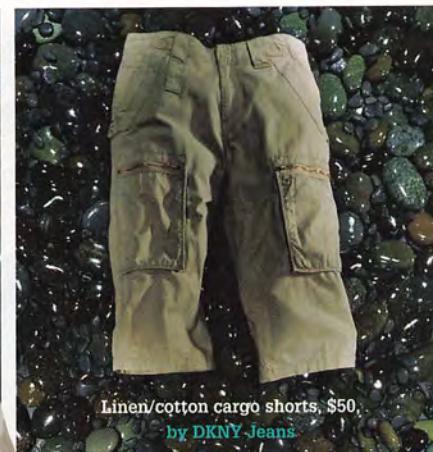
ROCK

MA65115 - 3 Doors Down	When I'm Gone
MA59433 - Slipknot	Vermilion
MA65145 - Crossfade	Cold
MA59674 - U2	Vertigo
MA52243 - Green Day	American Idiot
MA59484 - Incubus	Drive
MA65176 - Staind	So Far Away
MA65175 - Shinedown	Burning Bright
MA59436 - Three Days Grace	Hate Everything..
MA59760 - Default	Wasting My Time
MA59709 - Kid Rock	Back From the Dead
MA65114 - 3 Doors Down	Kryptonite
MA65123 - Godsmack	I Stand Alone
MA59487 - Simple Plan	Perfect World
MA65082 - Rage Against The Machine	Calm Like A Bomb
MA59479 - Aaron Lewis	Outside
MA59673 - Three Days Grace	Home
MA59482 - Linkin Park	Breaking The Habit
MA65113 - 3 Doors Down	Away From The Sun

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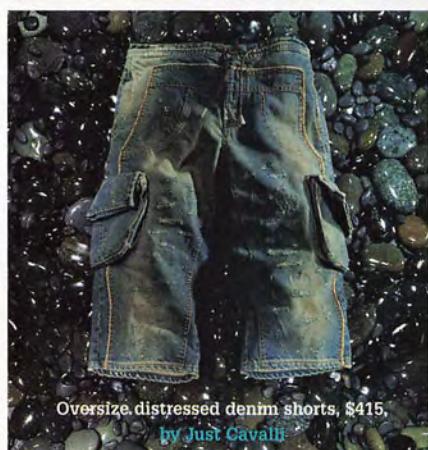
ESSENTIALS



Linen/cotton cargo shorts, \$50,
by DKNY Jeans



Khaki cargo shorts, \$140,
by Replay



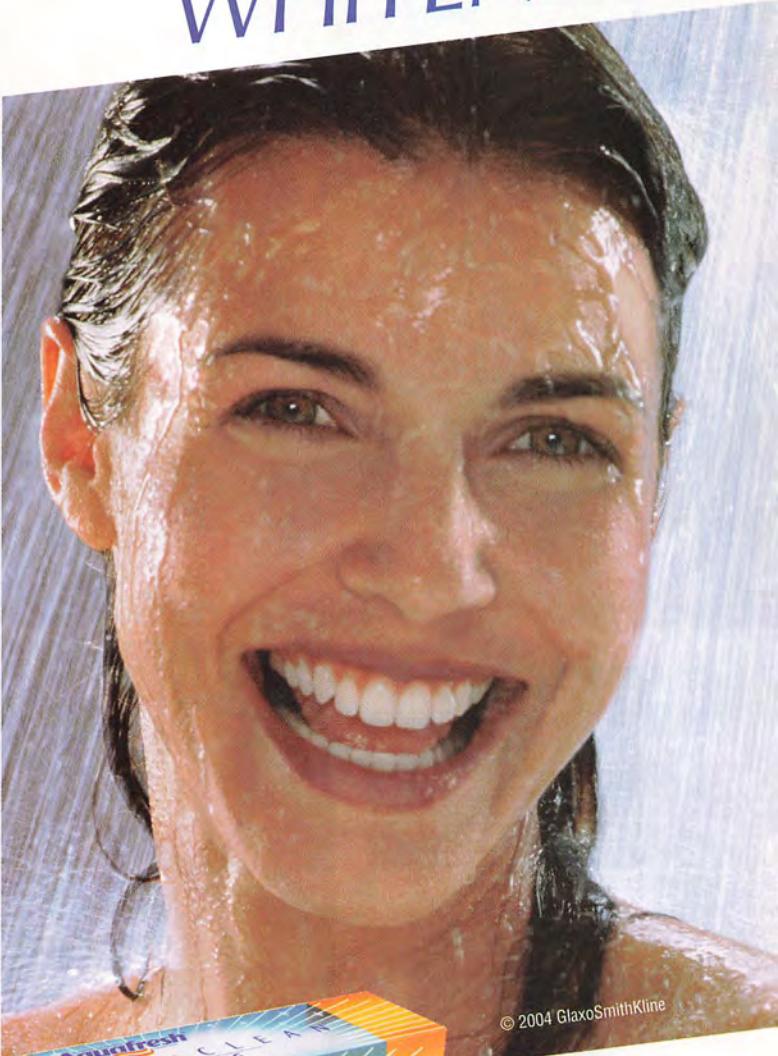
Limited-edition cargo shorts, \$65,
by Phat Farm



Piston cargo shorts, \$20
by Wrangler Jeans Co

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TAKE THE FEELING OF CLEAN  TO THE EXTREME

NEWS

SHOE SMARTS

Forget about foot pain while jogging with the Adidas 1. Juiced by a battery-operated system, the \$250 shoe automatically adjusts the sole's cushion to its terrain and your workout. At select retailers and Adidas Sport Performance stores.

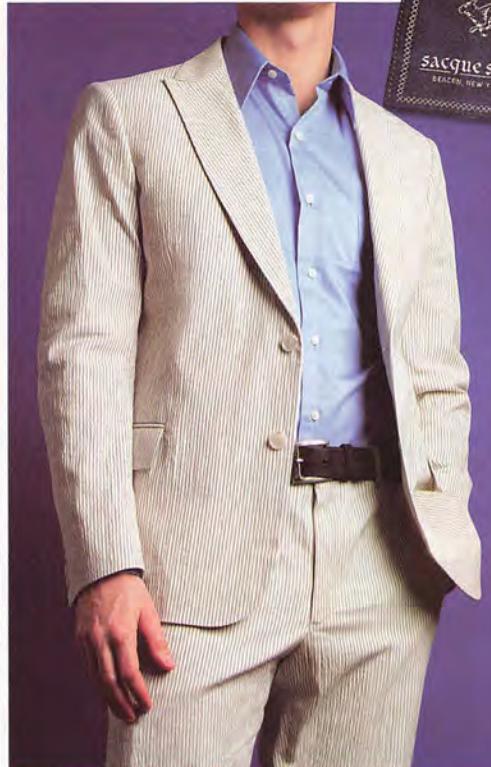


06.05

If it's June, it's got to be the start of bikini season. So if you want to do better than just spectate this year, it's time to kick up your wardrobe and revise your tired old grooming routine.

RACER'S EDGE

Gillette revs up with a new M3Power Nitro razor and Mach3 Comfort Gel. The battery-powered razor, \$12, provides stimulating micropulses, and the accompanying gel, \$4, is packed with antifriction properties. At drugstores.



THIS MONTH'S LABEL: SACQUE SUIT

Fashion scribe Thomas Cunningham has turned his skills toward making suits. Sacque Suits, designed for young guys who can't spend a ton of cash, have a slimmer, shorter silhouette that'll bring out your skinnier side. This seersucker version, \$595, sells at Atrium, N.Y.C.; Premium 93, Dallas; and Bloke, Nashville.



PIT STOP

Degree's new deodorants stop underarm odor before it starts, while its antiperspirants wipe out those grimy sweat rings. They sell for about \$2.50 at drugstores.



NEW ORIGINALS

Original Penguin now has a jeans collection. These go for \$139 at the Original Penguin flagship store N.Y.C.; Barneys New York; Fred Segal, L.A.; and Octane, Dallas.

FOOT TRAFFIC

With the introduction of a new footwear collection, Calvin Klein is now ready to outfit your feet. Ranging from \$80 to \$140, they come in a variety of styles and colors. Available at stores like Macy's, Lord & Taylor, Dillard's, and David Z., N.Y.C.



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Figure 1.
 Advanced Jackknife ■ Regular Crunch ■ Ab Lounge

Ab Type	Regular Crunch (%)	Ab Lounge (%)
Upper Abs	~75	~75
Lower Abs	~75	~75
Obliques	~10	~268*

Includes Ab Lounge™ Owner's Manual, Jump Start Plan, University Study, Healthy Eating Guide, Rosalie Brown's Workout Video

Scientific Proof!
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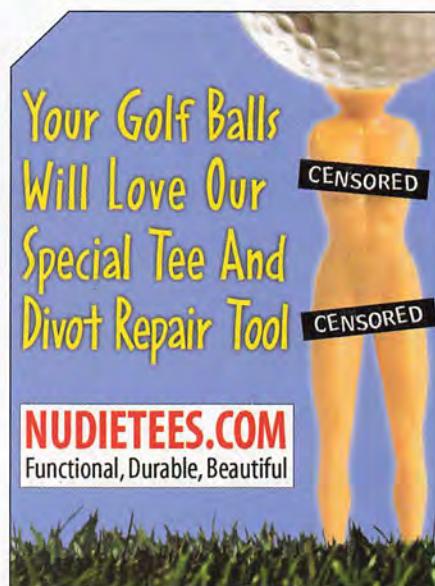
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I'm Not OK - My Chemical Romance	real967
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Let's Go - Trick Daddy	real969
No Problem - Lil Scrappy	real970
Overnight Celebrity - Twista	real971
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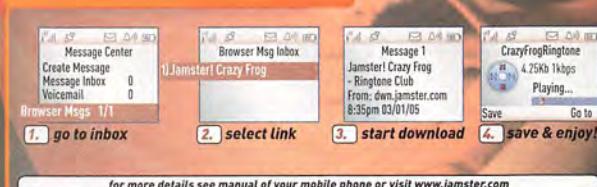
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Page 167: Briefcase, \$1,100, by Dooney & Bourke, visit dooney.com. Key chain, \$15, by AJX Armani Exchange, at AJX Armani Exchange stores; or visit armaniechange.com. Scent, \$57, by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna; Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus; Bloomingdale's. Aviators, \$365, by Robert Marc, at Robert Marc store, N.Y.C.; or visit robertmarc.com. Pen, \$695, by Montblanc, call 800-995-4810; or visit montblanc.com. Condoms, \$8.99 for 12, by Trojan, at drug, mass, and retail stores. Camera, \$500, by Olympus, visit olympusamerica.com. Shirt, \$38, by Van Heusen, at Macy's; Robinsons May; Hecht's.

BACKSEAT DRIVERS

Page 168-169: (from left) Blazer, \$620, by Notify, at Jake, Chicago. Shirt, \$70, and pants, \$65, both by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Polo, \$40, by Abercrombie & Fitch, at Abercrombie & Fitch stores; or visit abercrombie.com. Boots, \$116, by Durango, at western retail stores; or call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com. Shirt, \$88, by Express Design Studio, at Express Men's stores; or call 877-451-4511; or visit expressfashions.com. T-shirt, \$55, by Tyler Speed, visit guyshop.com. Pants, \$79, by Guess, at Guess stores; or call 800-99-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Loafers, \$90, by Rockport, at Rockport stores; and select department and specialty stores; or call 800-Rockport; or visit rockport.com. Blazer, \$1,200, by Moschino Uomo, at Traffic, L.A. Shirt, \$175, by Moschino Uomo, at Avedon, L.A.; \$150, Dallas; \$110, Bal Harbour; F.R. Riccardi, Boston. T-shirt, \$44, by French Connection, at select French Connection stores. Pants, \$80, by Marc Ecko, at Macy's; Burdines'; Robinson May; Carson's, Limo provided by magimicromo.com.

Page 170-171: (from left) Tuxedo, \$2,375, tie, \$130, and shoes, \$585, all by Giorgio Armani, at select Giorgio Armani stores; or visit giorgiarmani.com. On her: Dress and accessories from the Bridal Garden, N.Y.C.; all proceeds go to Sheltering Arms Children's Service. Shoes by Kenneth Cole New York Bridal Shoes, at Kenneth Cole New York stores. Bouquet and boutonniere from Belle Fleur,

N.Y.C. Champagne flutes by Baccarat, at Bloomingdale's; or call 800-232-1854. Wrapped gifts from the Registry at Bloomingdale's, visit bloomingdales.weddingchannel.com. Champagne by Moët & Chandon.

Page 172-173: (from left) Suit, \$1,695, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores; and Bergdorf Goodman; or call 877-70-DGUUSA. Shirt, \$185, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores; Saks Fifth Avenue; Fred Segal Finery; or call 877-70-DGUUSA. Tie, \$95, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores; and Saks Fifth Avenue; or call 877-70-DGUUSA. Phone, \$200, by BlackBerry, at T-Mobile stores; or visit blackberry.com. On her: Corset by Lara Corsets, visit laracorset.com. Rubber shorts by DeMask, at Demask, N.Y.C. Nyla boots from Trash & Vaudeville, N.Y.C. Bondage accessories from The Pleasure Chest, N.Y.C.; and L.A.; or visit pleasureshests.com.

HOT POCKETS

Page 174: (clockwise from top left) Cargo shorts, \$37, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Cargo shorts, \$40, by Gap, visit gap.com. Cargo shorts, \$155, by Irovata, at Barneys New York stores. Cargo shorts, \$50, by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren, at Macy's. Cargo shorts, \$40, by Aeropostale, at Aeropostale stores; or visit aeropostale.com. Cargo shorts, \$59, by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco stores, N.Y.C.; L.A.; and Dallas; or visit clubmonaco.com. Cargo shorts, \$50, by Calvin Klein Jeans, at Macy's; and Bloomingdale's. Cargo shorts, \$55, by Nautica Jeans, at Jansport; or visit nauticajeans.com; or call 877-NAUTICA.

Page 176: (clockwise from top left) Cargo shorts, \$50, by Abercrombie & Fitch, at Abercrombie & Fitch stores; or visit abercrombie.com. Cargo shorts, \$50, by DKNY Jeans, at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Nordstrom; or call 800-777-4524. Cargo shorts, \$140, by Replay, call 212-673-6300; or visit replay.it. Cargo shorts, \$20, by Wrangler, at mass market retailers; or call 888-784-8571; or visit wrangler.com. Cargo shorts, \$65, by Phat Farm, visit phatfarm.com. Cargo shorts, \$415, by Just Cavalli, at Just Cavalli stores, L.A. and West Hollywood.

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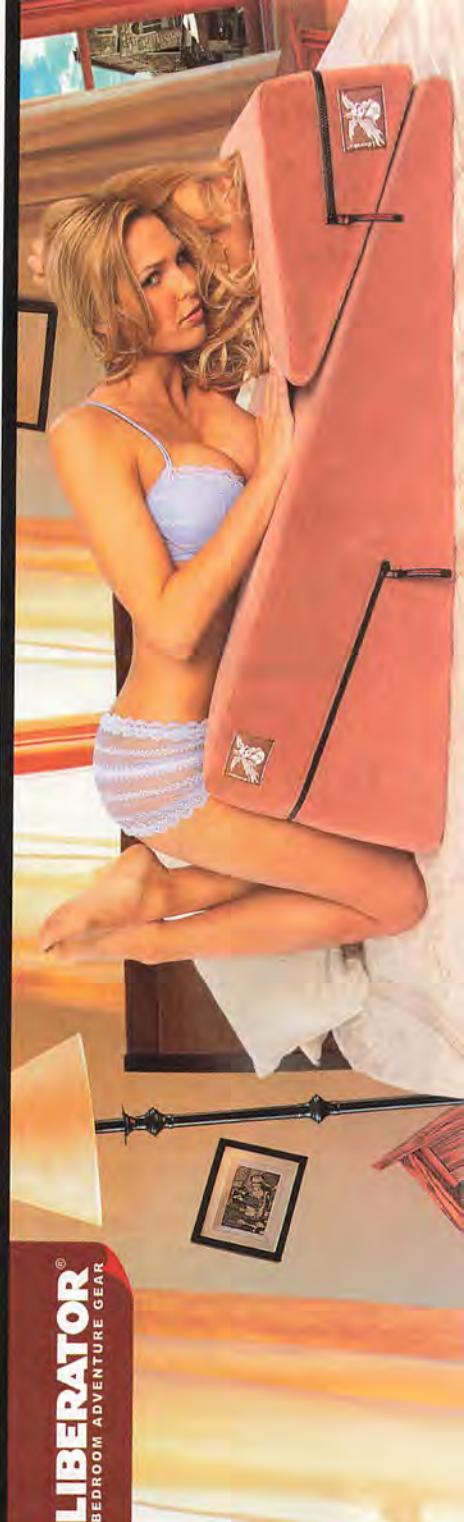
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Q HOW DOES THE FCC DETERMINE OBSCENITY?

A Like all unnecessary trouble, it starts with a goddamn tattletale. The Federal Communications Commission doesn't actually monitor airwaves; it merely responds to complaints. Every year it receives more calls about fewer programs because of mobilization efforts by busybodies like the Parents Television Council, who raised hell after Janet Jackson's udder popped out at the Super Bowl. Once a complaint is filed, potential violations are investigated by an enforcement bureau using guidelines that can be summed up like so: "If we think it's offensive, it is." If the FCC detects filth, a broadcaster is warned that a fine may be levied for offending the public's puritanical sensibilities. Usually both sides settle the matter by creating a plan to ensure that there'll be no further violations, and then money exchanges hands—a "voluntary contribution" to the U.S. Treasury. Of course, the FCC has no authority over magazines. So, on behalf of broadcasters everywhere, we say, "Suck our balls, FCC!"



FCC: dairy-free

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

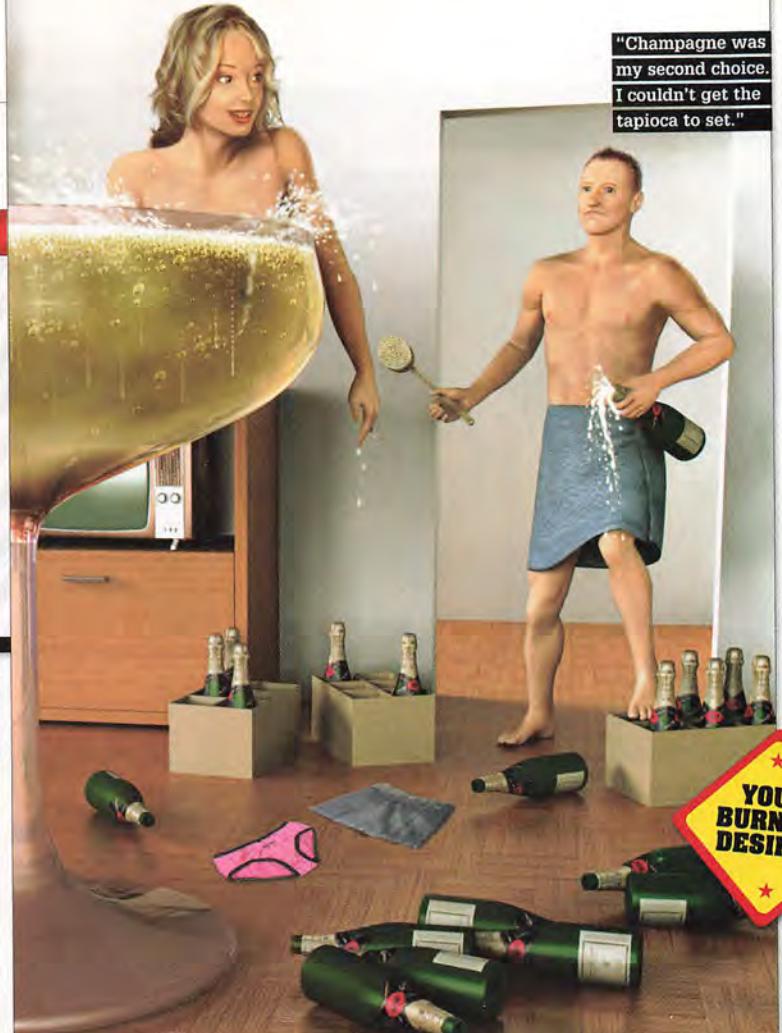
Do Canadians receive mail on Saturdays? **NO**

Is "Hang On Sloopy" recognized by state legislators as the official rock song of Ohio? **YES**

Is it legal to marry a dead person in France? **YES**

Does obsessively cracking your knuckles lead to arthritis? **NO**

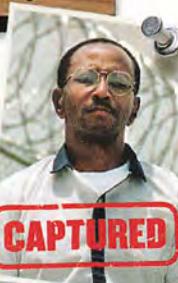
You ugly? **YES**



YOUR
BURNING
DESIRE

Q ARE CHAMPAGNE BATHS BAD FOR A WOMAN'S FLOWER BASKET?

A If your kind of champagne bath is anything like a golden shower, we can't help you. But if you're asking because you saw Beyoncé splashing in bubbly in the "Naughty Girl" video, please avoid imitating everything you see on MTV. First, it would cost about \$150,000 to fill your tub with Cristal, so the romance factor isn't worth the damage to your wallet. More importantly, consider the health of your woman's hoo-hoo. "Champagne contains alcohol and sugar, two of the worst things you can put in the vagina," warns Ava Cadell, Ph.D., author of *The Pocket Idiot's Guide to Oral Sex*. "It will upset the vagina's perfect pH balance, and her natural secretions will smell stronger." Not bad enough for you? Heed this warning: "If you had intercourse in champagne," Cadell says, "you would experience a burning sensation." Wow! We recommend you save the sauce for drinking.



Q HAS FBI PROFILING EVER DIRECTLY LED TO THE CAPTURE OF A SERIAL KILLER?

A Just because you're still a free man doesn't mean profiling doesn't work. But to be sure, we asked one of the world's top profilers, John Douglas, former chief of the FBI's Center for Analysis of Violent Crime. Since he helped nab several serial killers, Douglas' short answer is yes. But he's quick to add, "Police solve the case; I just provide an investigative tool." For example, after a rash of child murders in Atlanta 25 years ago, the media began reporting that police were finding clues on the victims' bodies. Douglas postulated that the killer would see the news and start dumping corpses in rivers to destroy the evidence. So police staked

out bridges and, sure enough, caught Wayne Williams trying to sink his dirty work. Of course, profiling doesn't always help, which is why, say, Chandra Levy's murderer is still free. And there are plenty of hacks in the business, too. "The media want talking heads to shoot their mouths off," Douglas says, "and there are plenty of self-ordained 'profilers' who do it." Great, now we feel guilty for being self-ordained bikini inspectors... Nah, we don't.



GOT QUESTIONS?

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UNBELIEVABLE

IT'S A FACT

Trust us. We wouldn't lie to you, cupcake.

■ The average American woman is 5'4" and weighs 140 pounds. The average American female model is 5'11" and weighs 117 pounds.

■ Around 60 percent of circulating American currency (approximately \$370 billion) is held outside the U.S. Damn you, Mexico!

■ The oldest captive pet goldfish on record lived for 43 years in Yorkshire, England, from 1956 to 1999. Oi!

■ During a normal lifetime, a filthy human will shed 90 pounds of dead skin.

■ It takes up to three weeks to make a Jelly Belly jellybean.





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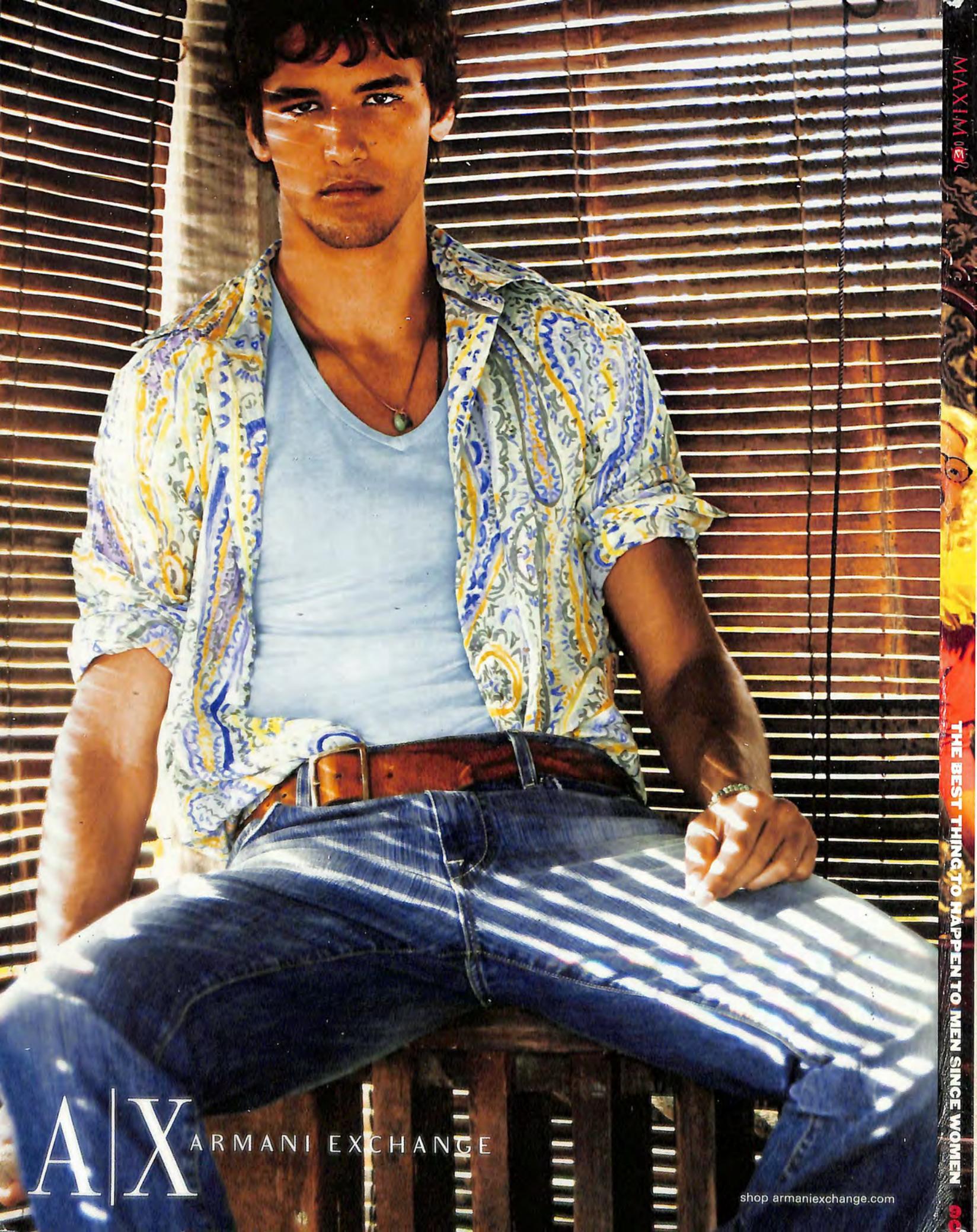
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